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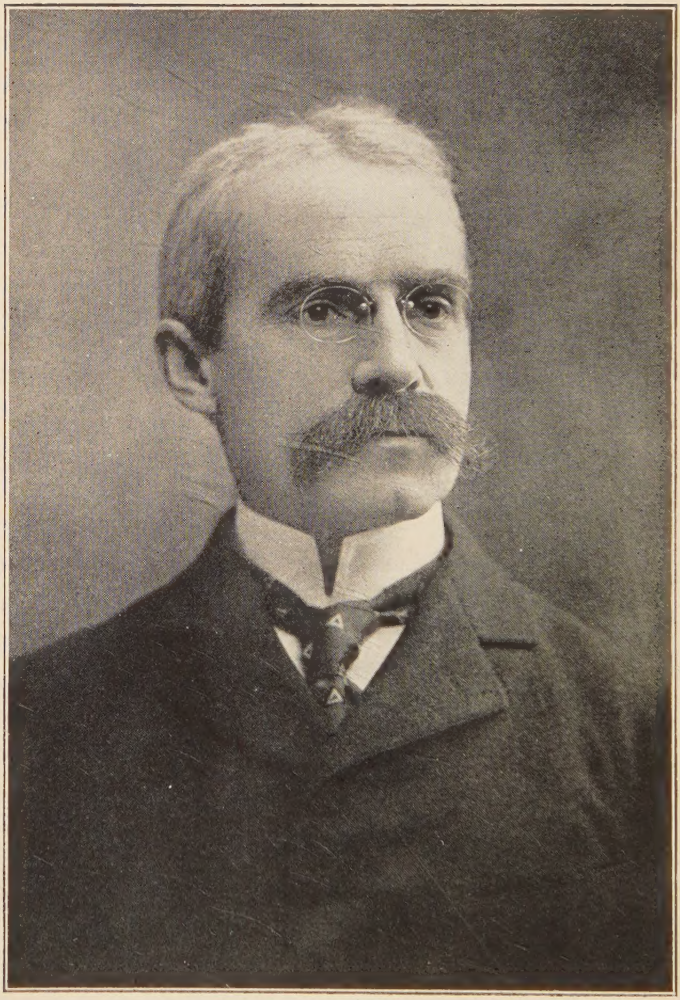

J. P. Cochran.

"The Hakim Sahib"

THE FOREIGN DOCTOR

A BIOGRAPHY OF
JOSEPH PLUMB COCHRAN, M.D.
OF PERSIA

By

ROBERT E. SPEER

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London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

PREFACE

The extensive use of medical missions in the foreign missionary enterprise is so familiar to us that we are apt to forget that it is a modern development. There were, of course, many physicians among the pioneers,—Parker, Livingstone, Hepburn, McCartee, Chamberlain, and many others,—but mutitudinous responsibilities fell upon these men. They had to do sometimes the work of exploration, translation, education, as well as evangelization, and with many of them the medical work became subordinate, and by some of them was given up altogether. In the biographies of these pioneers, accordingly, medical missionary work occupied a secondary place. And of the modern school of medical missionaries who, in the broader development and the more definite specialization of the work, have been able to devote themselves primarily, if not entirely, to the maintenance and extension of medical missions, there are few whose lives have been recorded in any biographical story. There are such biographies, but all who are interested in medical missions have felt the need of more, especially of such as can show the medical missionary at his work, with the problems he meets, the policies he adopts, and the influence he exerts. Dr. Cochran's life furnished rare material for just such a biography.

But he was far more than a doctor. He was a man of the broadest interests, a rare and delightful personality, with a flavour of distinction which added

charm to all that he said and did. He was not only a physician, but also a diplomatist, a counseller, a great public character, a missionary leader, and with it all a man so modest, so reserved, so incapable of self-advertisement, so unwilling to exploit himself even for the good of his work, that only a small circle knew what a unique character there was in Urumia, doing quietly in a far-off corner of the world a piece of work as true, as difficult, as representative of the central problems of modern life, and especially of the contact of Christian civilization with Asia, as any work that was doing anywhere on the earth.

I desire to thank the friends who have spared no pains to supply information for this biography. The love and regard which all of us who knew Dr. Cochran felt for him make us eager to do everything we can to honour his memory, and to perpetuate the influence of his character and career. And to this end I have sought in this sketch to preserve, as much as possible, the spirit of the man and the contemporary and local colouring as these are embodied in his reports and in his own and his wife's correspondence.

"Hakim Sahib" was the title by which Dr. Cochran was known in Persia. Hakim is the Persian word for doctor, and Sahib, meaning master or sir, is the respectful term of address applied to foreigners in Persia and India.

I hope that those who read this sketch may feel something of the simplicity and strength, the honour and truth of a life which coupled simple faith and ceaseless toil.

R. E. S.

New York City.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Ancestry	11
II.	The Mission to the Nestorians	16
III.	His Missionary Parentage	25
IV.	Boyhood and Education	39
V.	Beginning Work in Persia	51
VI.	Famine and Relief	67
VII.	The Kurdish Invasion	74
VIII.	Old Foes and New Friends	102
IX.	The Remainder of His First Term of Service and His First Furlough	121
X.	"In Journeyings Often"	149
XI.	"In Much Steadfastness"	180
XII.	His Last Visit to America and Return to Persia	221
XIII.	The Closing Years of Work	229
XIV.	"To Faithful Warriors Comes the Rest"	259
XV.	As a Peace-Maker and Diplomatist	295
XVI.	As a Medical Missionary	318
XVII.	As a Christian Man	365

ILLUSTRATIONS

Dr. Joseph Plumb Cochran . .	*Frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
Dr. Cochran and a Kurdish Sheikh . . .	76
Dr. Cochran and Kurdish Patients . . .	150
Dr. Cochran, Mr. Wratislaw, the British Consul, and Mr. Wratislaw's Indian Sowars	260
Dr. Cochran, Dr. Norton, the American Consul, and Persian Guards	290
Dispensary Day (Outdoors)	322
Dr. Cochran in the Wards	340
Dispensary Day (Indoors)	360

I

ANCESTRY

JOSEPH PLUMB COCHRAN was born in the little village of Seir in Persia, overlooking the plain of Urumia, on January 14th, 1855. His parents, Joseph Gallup Cochran and Deborah Plumb Cochran, were missionaries to the Nestorians. By natural inheritance he entered into the missionary character and the missionary service. And this inheritance, which came to him pure and re-enforced through his parents, ran far back of them. Joseph Gallup Cochran was the fourth of the ten children of Samuel Cochran and Catherine Gallup, and a descendant of a Scotch refugee to Londonderry, who fled thither from the persecution in Scotland under James. Samuel came to America early in the nineteenth century, meeting his wife, a descendant of a Frenchman named Ammon who escaped from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, on shipboard. Her aunt, Mercy Franklin, was first cousin of Benjamin Franklin. Samuel and his wife settled first in Vermont and later removed to Springville, Erie County, New York, then known as the Holland Purchase, where Mr. Cochran took up a tract of land, now enclosed in the corporate bounds of Springville, becoming one of its first inhabitants and in after time one of its foremost citizens. He died October 19th, 1845, five years after a visit with his wife to his old home in Colrain, County Derry, Ireland.

Joseph Gallup Cochran, the second son of Samuel, early decided to enter upon commercial life, and leaving school took a clerkship in a store in the village of Lodi, now Gowanda. Here his views of life and its obligations changed. He resolved to devote himself to the ministry and went to Amherst College. After graduation he taught three years in the Nunda Academy, where his work is well remembered, and he continued to teach as a tutor in a private family in New York while he pursued his studies in Union Theological Seminary. "My parents always considered his presence in the house a benediction to the household," says one of those whom he taught, Mrs. Martha H. Beers, "and he was a power for good among the young people of the church with which we were connected."

Joseph G. Cochran's bride was Deborah Plumb, daughter of Joseph Plumb of Gowanda. This Joseph Plumb was one of the strong and outstanding characters of western New York. He was born in Paris, Oneida County, in 1792, and coming to western New York in 1816, settled in Fredonia. He was an active and energetic business man who neither in business nor in any other sphere of life floated with the tide. He moved to Gowanda in 1827, and finding no religious life or observances whatever, organized at once the first Sunday school, and was its superintendent as long as he lived in the village. Through his influence the same year the Presbyterian Church was organized and he was its first ruling elder. "He had a natural cheerfulness and pleasantness of disposition which made his presence agreeable," said his pastor, Mr. Cowles, in his funeral sermon in 1870. "This cheerful, natural amiability greatly augmented his usefulness. . . . In family worship, each of his children and

domestics and guests must have a Bible, and read in their turn, at devotion, thus teaching his whole household to reverence the Scriptures, consult them daily, and serve the God who gave them." Joseph Plumb's grandson was to be as careful and conscientious in these things as his grandfather.

Mr. Plumb was also and naturally an ardent temperance advocate and an earnest abolitionist. He was previously a Whig and had received from Governor Seward a nomination as judge of Erie County which he declined. He became one of the founders of the Liberty Party, and was ever ready to facilitate the escape of slaves to Canada and to advance the abolition cause. "His house was a station on the underground railway. Anti-slavery meetings which he conducted in the Presbyterian church again and again were broken up by turbulent mobs. A candidate for State Senator in the Liberty Party's first appeal, he received," says his son, the Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D.D., "in his own town, eleven votes, and it was remarked at his supper table that evening that the little eleven would leaven the whole lump, a prophecy that he said was fulfilled when Lincoln's proclamation answered his daily prayer at the family altar that God would break every yoke."

Deborah Plumb was Joseph's third child, and was born at Fredonia in 1820. She was educated in the village of Lodi and in the Utica Female Seminary. She was of a timid nature as a girl, "prone to hear strange noises in the night when her father was from home," says her brother, Dr. Plumb, "and to steal into her brothers' room and waken them with the whispered words, 'There is somebody in the house, what shall we do?' Who could imagine her coolly directing the

repulse of a midnight attack of the Kurds on the Mission premises at Mt. Seir, stationing the native men of the household on the walls, and keeping them supplied with powder and ball? Or who could have thought her capable of arousing her camp one night when on a missionary tour, and driving off the murderous marauders, who had awakened her by their stealthy attempt to draw out from under the tent her little daughter sleeping on the ground at her side?" She never needed to acquire the missionary spirit. That was born in her. And as a girl she was actively interested in the work on the Cataraugus Reservation, two or three miles away, where she taught the Indian children, walking to and fro except when the snow was deep and her brothers took her with horse and sleigh. For several seasons she stayed at the Mission station eight miles distant, living in the families of the Rev. Asher Bliss and the Rev. Asher Wright and their saintly wives, missionaries of the American Board.

Such love of the needy made her ready to respond to any appeal, and it was no unnatural thing for her to answer the call from the far-off Mission to the Nestorians. On June 9th, 1847, she and Mr. Cochran were married and left the same month for Boston to sail for Persia. Twenty-six years later she recalled her wedding day in a letter to a daughter, written as she sat alone in her home at Mt. Seir two years after her husband's death:—

> This month is always a hard one to me. Twenty-six years ago now I was making the last preparations for my marriage, and to leave my native land. It seems as yesterday. Dear father was so tenderly attentive to me. Albert was my right hand man, packing, and oh, few brothers know

how to do and to say all the kind things he did! Then there were dear brothers Charlie and Carlie, all alive to do everything to make the last days we were ever to spend together in the dear old home as pleasant as possible. There was brother Edward, who came home from Buffalo in the village stage the night before the wedding. He wanted me to dress sweetly and simply, but daintily, and with his own hands he arranged the scarf on my head as we seated ourselves in the carriage to go to the church that Wednesday, June 9th. On my white dress I wore a white rose from our yard. I looked up just now, and there was the face which was most of all to me on that day, looking down from the frame on the wall. I'll have a cry and feel better before Mr. and Mrs. Whipple arrive, as I am expecting them.

Her son, who was to take her husband's place, was to be a reserved and even reticent man, but he was to have his mother's tender and poetical sensitiveness.

Out of such an ancestry of high-minded and fearless devotion to principle, of simplest and truest refinement, of energy and unselfishness, of geniality and good feeling, of self-respect and the respect of men, of modesty and purity, came the future medical missionary who was to be the friend of princes, the defender of the poor, the counsellor of Moslem governors and of an ancient Christian Church, the deliverer of a city, and the father of a people.

II

THE MISSION TO THE NESTORIANS

SAVE in the spring, when the snows and rains of winter have watered the ground and carpeted it with green, Persia is a brown and dreary land. Along the water courses, however, and where here and there the few rivers provide constant irrigation, verdant oases will stand out from the barrenness of the treeless hills and the grassless plains. Of all these Persian oases none is more beautiful than Urumia, the home of Zoroaster. In the centre is the city of Urumia, and round about, the country is green and fruitful.[1]

[1] An account of the border country between Urumia and the Turkish frontier will enable the reader to understand many later allusions.

"West of the foothills lie the uplands. They too are watered as the plain and support such flocks on their rich pastures and supply such wheat as the marauding Kurds allow. Opposite the lake are three such upland plains Mergawar, Tergawar, and Baradost, each with easy descents to Urumia plain, and each shut in from the west by the great range of mountains that runs from Karabagh to Ushnuk.

"Three Kurdish tribes occupy these plains. The Begzade, a family which emigrated from Mesopotamia 80 years ago, now numbering with servants about 3000, of whom some 500 are armed, occupy the small district called Dasht plain in Mergawar and Tergawar.

"In all the villages there are Nestorian Christians who are 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the hated Kurds, for the Kurds are innocent of any tendency to manual labour, living both by the labour of the Christians and by the pillage they carry off from the great plain of Urumia, which the Persian government has little will and less power to protect. The Christians of Tergawar are a brave, warlike race, not improbably of Kurdish origin to a large extent, just as the Shekoiks are said to have been Christians a century ago. Three villages in Tergawar are exclusively Christian, employing in

The description written by Dr. Grant, the first medical missionary to the Nestorians sixty years ago, is true to-day:

> A plain of exuberant fertility is enclosed between the mountains and the lake, comprising an area of about five hundred square miles, and bearing upon its bosom no less than three hundred hamlets and villages. The landscape is one of the most lovely in the East, and the effect is not a little heightened by the contrast of such surprising fertility with the stern aspect of the surrounding heights, on which not a solitary tree is to be seen; while in the plain, the willows, poplars, and sycamores by the water-courses, the peach, apricot, pear, plum, cherry, quince, apple, and vine, impart to large sections the appearance of a rich, variegated forest. (*The Nestorians,* p. 19.)

This is the centre of the work of the Mission to the Nestorians. The Nestorians claim a traditional lineage running back to St. Thomas. After the death of Christ, it is said, Thomas went east to India. He stopped by the lake of Urumia and converted the people there, and then stepped across the lake, using certain islands, still pointed out, as his stepping-stones. The way was prepared for him by the Three Wise Men, who after their return to their own land of Persia, had of course spoken of Christ. Other traditions credit the introduction of Christianity to Thaddeus, one of the seventy, and St. Mari, his disciple. As Christianity gradually spread eastward from Antioch, the Christians on the borders of Persia began to be known as the "Church of the East." Their national name is "Syrians." After the Council of Ephesus in 431, when

a few cases Kurdish servants, and some 200 of them carry arms, which they are made to employ as an advance guard for the timid Persian troops which occasionally visit the district. Mergawar and Baradost are far less cultivated and inhabited, and the Christians there are the abject subjects of the Kurds."

Nestorius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, was deposed and excommunicated for his heretical opinion regarding the nature of Christ, namely, that He had two distinct personalities, the Church of the East held another meeting where Nestorius was pronounced orthodox. Since then, these Christians have been cut off from western Christianity. They still flourished, however, sending missionaries far into China. The Church reached the height of its vigour in the seventh to thirteenth centuries. It prospered externally under the great Caliphs of Bagdad, and during the decadence of the Caliphate, continued to count great numbers in its communion, some of them Persian Tartars and Mongols, but gradually lost its vigour. Under the careless toleration given by Genghis Khan and his successors it came for a time to greater prominence, but finally was decimated by the massacres of Tamerlane which left of it only shattered fragments. In the sixteenth century, these eastern Christians were divided by a controversy over the Patriarchate. The section in the plain of Mosul in Turkey went over to the Roman Catholic Church. The rest, about two-thirds of the whole body, in Turkish Kurdistan and the Persian province of Azerbaijan, remained independent, subject to the Patriarch, who resided at Kochanis, in the mountains of Turkish Kurdistan. The character of this venerable Church is well described by the Rev. W. A. Shedd of Urumia:

> The theology of the ancient Church of the East is, of course, Nicene, with the addition of the Nestorian definition of the relation between the human and Divine natures in the incarnate Son of God. Definite and logical development has not gone much farther, due partly to the character of the Syriac mind, impulsive in initiative, and often vigorous in execution, but not constructive of either theo-

logical or ecclesiastical system. Another reason, perhaps the principal one, is that the vital conflict of this Church has not been with heresy or variations of Christian doctrine, but with heathenism and Islam. On most theological questions, except the person of Christ, the Trinity, and the authority of apostolic and Old Testament Scriptures, a diversity of opinion is found in their literature. For example, transubstantiation is both affirmed and denied. There is, however, a practical tendency to replace simple faith in the crucified and risen Saviour with some sort of sacerdotal mediatorship. Still stronger is the tendency to trust to legal works instead of living faith. The fast is the greatest Christian institution; votal offerings, and pilgrimages to shrines are most important auxiliaries. The priesthood of the clergy in succession to the Levitical priesthood is recognized, but the name commonly used to designate the clergy is not priest, but elder (kasha or kashisha), the New Testament presbyter. The sacrament holds a high place in popular regard, and yet the fact that there is no confessional deprives the priest of inquisitorial power. Vows to famous saints are trusted means of curing disease and procuring blessings. Religion is largely divorced from morals, and has little power of moral restraint. The clergy are no better than the common people in general morality, are more given to idleness, and possibly more generally demoralized by begging in Russia. The higher clergy (there being at present, *i.e.,* 1895, the patriarch, one metropolitan, and eight diocesan bishops) are, with a few exceptions, shamelessly venal, and in some instances of notoriously evil life. Two favourable points may be emphasized.

The authority of the Scriptures has never been impugned, and is a holy tradition of universal acceptance; nor is there any objection raised to the Scriptures in the vernacular.

The true catholicity of the Nestorians is the second point. Protestant missionaries have been recognized as true ministers administering valid ordinances. (*Missionary Review of the World,* October, 1895, Article: "Relation of the Protestant Missionary Effort to the Nestorian Church," p. 741 f.)

Dr. Grant maintained that the Nestorians were the descendants of the "lost Ten Tribes," basing his argu-

ment on traditions, physiological affinities, customs, and institutions. His argument was not conclusive, but probably nowhere else in the world is there such a preservation of the atmosphere of the Old Testament and the institutions and customs of Bible life as among this small people whose Christianity runs back to the dawn of the Christian era, and who, with the Armenians, for twelve centuries have held their faith against Moslem tyranny and persecution.

The Nestorians are a warm-hearted, childlike people, patient, dignified, too disposed to dependence, but attractive and lovable. The entire nation does not number more than 100,000. Perhaps a third of these now reside in Persia, the remainder across the borders in the Turkish mountains. These mountain Nestorians are a wild people, living among the Kurds and often at war with them, bold, hardy, rough, and vigorous, and yet in some of the valleys broken by oppression and so wretched as to be ready to accept any help or resort to any plan of profit.

The beginnings and development of the mission work among the Nestorians were traced by Dr. J. P. Cochran himself in a paper which he read in Urumia in 1898 on the thirtieth anniversary of the entrance of Miss Cyrene Van Duzee upon her missionary life:

> The American Board, in the spring of 1831, commissioned Messrs. Dwight and Smith, of Constantinople, to visit the Nestorians, and to learn what they could of them. When these gentlemen reached Urumia, the plague was raging, most of the population was panic-stricken, and it was not deemed advisable for them to tarry long. They visited the villages of Gavelan, Kosi, Geogtapa, Ada, Ardeshai, and Teka. This plague had followed in the wake of the Russo-Persian War of 1828-9. The Shah had lost the larger part of his Armenian subjects, and with the returning Russians not a few Nestorians with their families, had

made good their escape. The visit of these two holy men, and especially at such a time, was like that of angels to these people, to whom never before had any one come with a message of peace and love and sympathy from the Christians of the new world. The report to the Prudential Committee was such that steps were immediately taken to procure competent men to establish "A Mission to the Nestorians." It was not until 1833 that a suitable man was found to fill a post which required so much of privation, exposure, prudence, wisdom, and above all, of unwavering faith and deep piety. Of Mr. Justin Perkins, then a tutor at Amherst, who was appointed with his wife, and embarked in the little sailing ship bound from Boston to Smyrna, in September, 1833, you know; and how they spent that first winter in Constantinople, coming on the following spring by Trebizond and Erzroom. The Kurdish disturbances among the districts where you have toured and done so much work in the first of your missionary life, made it necessary for them to strike across into Russian territory, where they met a foe not much less dangerous, and if anything, more annoying. What with quarantine and suspicious officials, and an unsettled country, recently acquired and with scarce any organization, they only barely escaped into Persia. Here again the serious sickness of Mrs. Perkins wellnigh broke up the Mission. . . .

Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Haas of the Basle Missionary Society, working in the Caucasus, Mr. Perkins visited Urumia in November, 1834. He soon returned to Tabriz, accompanied by Mar Yohannan and Kasha Oraham. The winter was spent in study. In 1835 Mr. Merrick was sent out to work among the Moslems, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant for the Nestorians. In November, 1835, this little party, Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant, entered Urumia. It was raining drearily, and the plaster was peeling off the walls and littering up the streets and yards very much as it does now, and the water-spouts were pouring off the muddy water. They came right to these premises, and very shortly after, opened the first school in the front basement of one of the present mission houses. We, to-day, may well praise God that the establishment of our Mission was committed to such as they. So, too, the pioneers

that followed were worthy men. Shall we look for a moment at the condition in which our first missionaries found the people? . . . For ages they had but barely held their own, nearly crushed by Moslem and Papal enemies. There were no merchants among them, and but few common artisans; all were peasants. They had no books in the spoken language, and only those read the ancient language who were priests or deacons. But one woman in the whole nation could read, and she but poorly—the Patriarch's sister. This then was the condition of the great Syrian Church that once numbered its twenty-five Metropolitans and sent missionaries all over Asia. The welcome which was given to the Russian priests a few months ago was a mere circumstance to that which was extended to our missionaries. To-day the scholars in our own schools number nearly 3,000, but the example and influence of our educational work has not been limited to our own community, for in all the villages of Urumia schools are the common thing now. Many adults have learned to read, chiefly in the Sabbath schools.

The Press, which began its mission in 1844, has ever since that time been active in the dissemination of helpful literature: the Old and New Testaments in the spoken language, text-books, commentaries, periodicals, and pamphlets. A glance at the results of the evangelistic labours speaks for itself. Probably about 5,000 souls have joined our Church since the first communicants were recorded, twenty years after the establishment of the Mission.

Dr. Dwight, who revisited Urumia in 1861, just thirty years after he and Mr. Smith had first seen Urumia, after attending the first Knushya which was held by the Mission and people, remarked: "I liked the appearance of the preachers; I admired the spirit of many of them, and was moved by the fire of their eloquence, though I understood them only through an interpreter." From that time to this many strong men, and eloquent, have been added to their number. I remember very well the impressive and eloquent sermon preached by Deacon Yonan upon the death of Dr. Perkins, as well as the thrilling speeches which others made. Nor are the rich fruits of this work confined to the educated. Many and many an obscure man and woman have

been regenerated, and after living a life of faith and simple trust, have triumphantly joined the redeemed above. Aside from our own field the work was opened in other stations. In '72, Teheran; in '73, Tabriz; in '82, Hamadan, and in 1884, Salmas. In 1880 the first hospital of any kind in Persia was opened.

The changed position of the educated natives in their relation to government officials and to the land proprietors, is one of the most striking and, perhaps, remarkable of all the great changes that have taken place. This is especially true of the medical men who have attained a standing among the local officials which could never have been dreamed of by the most enthusiastic native friend of the Mission at its establishment.

All of the changes, as we know too well, have come after hard, unceasing work, and after battling against the powers of darkness that have been arrayed against our Mission. In the winter of '45-6 clouds of persecution arose, shutting in the whole sky. Mar Shimon, driven to Urumia by the terrible massacres of Badir Khan Beg and Nurullah Beg, left no stone unturned to have our Mission banished. Many of the Khans of the place joined him in petitioning the government against us. Orders were secured to close our schools. The Governor came in person to our premises, and closed the press. In many a village and hamlet fervent prayers were being offered for the integrity of the work. The malicious reports reached the ears of the Shah. The British and Russian ambassadors expressed a doubt as to our being able to remain where so many had sealed the petition against us.

At this crisis, and after everything that human ingenuity could think of had been done, the dauntless pioneers who had never for a moment lost faith in their cause, assembled for special prayer. The footman, who used to bring the mail from Tabriz, was overdue. Fears were entertained that this mail, of all others, was robbed, but even while they were yet speaking, a knock was heard on the gate, and the letters from Teheran and Tabriz, so anxiously looked for, were received. God had answered the prayers of his servants. The tables were turned. The Governor was ordered to send Mar Shimon to Tabriz, and to give the spiritual

teachers from a distant land full right to continue the work of their schools and press. As a further seal of God's approval of and blessing upon the work some of the richest revivals followed, revivals which produced the profoundest impression upon outsiders as well as upon our own community. Once more, some years later, this same Askar Khan closed the press. Not many days later, when commanding an expedition against a powerful, rebellious chief in Mergawar, he was assassinated in his tent. Moslems and Christians looked upon this as direct judgment for his enmity to the "People of God." His brother, the Ikbal e Dowleh, and all his immediate relations, have ever since been among the Mission's fast friends.

. . . And yet again, we see the mercy of God shown to the missionaries in the fact that thousands upon thousands of miles have been travelled by them through deserts, over the roughest mountains, amid perils of robbers, and perils of avalanches, and perils of rivers, yes, and even perils of wild Nestorians, and yet in no such journey has any one lost his life by accident or violence.

On the last Sabbath which Dr. Perkins spent in Persia, in June, 1869, he was asked: "Looking back over these thirty-six years, have you seen as great results as you expected?" He replied: "Far more. I expected to see a congregation or two gathered, but God has given revivals, and has raised up preachers, and gathered in harvests of souls. He has been better than my faith."

The writer of this account did not live to fill out his full thirty years of service in Persia, but he fell only a little short, and in power and fruitfulness the life that he did live was rich and was complete.

III

HIS MISSIONARY PARENTAGE

ON June 21st, 1847, Joseph G. Cochran and his wife sailed from Boston on the little sailing vessel, "Bark Catalpa," bound for Malta. In sixty-two days after leaving Boston they reached Smyrna. Two weeks more brought them to Constantinople. From Smyrna to Malta is now a journey of fourteen hours. The Atlantic passage had been hard for Mrs. Cochran, and when they reached Erzroom, where the cholera was bad, she was taken sick with it, and as winter had set in, they decided to spend the winter here instead of going on to Urumia. The mission house overlooked the cemetery, and Mrs. Cochran used to say that the fighting of the dogs and wolves at night over the dead bodies which they easily dug out of the shallow graves did more than anything else to make her determined to live to get to Urumia. Mr. Cochran spent the winter studying Syriac with a Nestorian preacher who had been sent over to meet him. In March their first child was born, and late in the summer of 1848 they reached Urumia.

Mr. Cochran worked among the Nestorians for twenty-three years. His special work was the training of the native preachers, and into this he threw all his ardent nature, sending out men bearing his impress far and wide over Persia and Kurdistan. On Sundays and in vacations and when the Seminary was not in

session, he was off in the villages or among the mountains in Turkey, while at home, in addition to the work of teaching, he prepared the text-books for printing and saw them through the press, rising early to do this before the other work of the day had begun. He was one who never spared himself, and who indulged in no self-praise and sought no praise from others for hard work and faithfulness to duty.

Some recollections of one of the daughters will illustrate his spirit and methods of work and show something of the character of the home life in which Joseph, his son, grew up:—

The memories of my father always vividly recall the Sabbath days of my childhood. He was strenuous in his observance of the holy day. Each hour had its religious exercise or appointment. During the term time of the college many of the Sabbaths were devoted to class and individual conferences and talks. But often he visited one or more of the villages in his care. We children took our turns in going with him. It was never hard for me to rise, however early it might be necessary to start. Father would ride on horseback, and for a time I had my place on the saddle-cloth behind him. Our tried and true Pera would accompany us on another horse. I remember one Sabbath we started before light, and as we watched the day dawn and the sun brighten, then blaze over the beautiful lake, father compared the splendour of the scene to the work of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in his wings. I was so impressed with such words of his that once when I heard a native speak of a journey he took before the missionaries arrived, I impetuously asked how he could *see* to travel. I couldn't realize that there was any light at all before the gospel was preached.

Sometimes it took us hours to reach our destination; but they were happy hours to me. I enjoyed father's talk. On these trips I learned much of his early life. But he never forgot the day, and would only speak of the Sabbaths

in his boyhood, and his religious experiences then and at Amherst College and Union Theological Seminary, and how he came to decide to be a missionary.

Sometimes we met others on the way, and after the usual formal Oriental salutations, the conversation would lead to a religious topic. Often the effects of Christianity in the United States would be the theme, and my imagination pictured a land where "every prospect pleases," and every man was good.

Arriving at the village, if there was a church, and the native pastor had been one of father's pupils, we received a most hearty welcome. The services would often be in the one living-room of the mud and stone parsonage, and later we sat around a wooden tray, and had dinner on the floor, and father, faithfully using every minute, would ask questions about the pastoral work; often a case of discipline would be discussed. Sometimes individuals would be sent for, and before mounting his horse and saying good-bye, he would bring about a reconciliation between disaffected members.

If the distance permitted, we went to a second village for afternoon service.

When I was not the one to go with father, I, with the other children left behind, would eagerly watch for his return. Toward night we would often go upon the roof to scan the road, and when we saw the well-known horsemen, mother would allow us to run out a little way to meet them. Father would often be very tired, and as he rested on the lounge, we children gathered around him and heard his story of the day's work. There were always incidents of interest, often pathetic, sometimes tragic.

After our simple Sunday night supper, we always had our family service. We had questions in the old Catechism to answer, and each of us children had to recite a hymn and some passages of Scripture, and then we sang, each in turn making a selection. Among father's favourites were, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," "O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight," and "There is a fountain filled with blood." In 1862, the Sabbath after sister Mary had started for the United States, father chose "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger," and as he sang it his voice

trembled and his eyes filled with tears. We knew he felt that the expected breaking up of the family had begun.

One of my father's habits was having at regular intervals a personal private talk with each child, in which he questioned their spiritual condition. When I had been naughty I dreaded these interviews, but some of them were happy even then, and they are precious memories now.

I think of mother as the most generous person I ever saw. She gave of her sympathies, her strength, her self, her possessions. Her life was one of loving service to others.

During a terrible famine that I can remember, mother gave and gave until she suffered from the lack of what she had given. One day, a poor woman came to the door. In her arms was a baby which she tried in vain to cover by the miserable rags that but partly concealed the skin and bones of her own thin skeleton of a body. Mother looked around. She dared not spare another garment. I had just finished a little patchwork quilt for my doll's bed. Mother asked if I would give that. The quilt was my pride. I hesitated, but gave it. Mother sewed some bits of tape on one side, and tied it around the shivering little form.

Mother was the soul of hospitality. The visits of her brother and sister missionaries gave her great joy. She tried to make our mountain home at Seir, six miles from the city, a resting place to the weary workers. I was very young when Miss Fidelia Fiske came up from Urumia one day, and said to mother, "Your home is the best place for a little vacation, and so I had to come." I remember many such tributes from the early missionaries, now saints above. She was a true mother to the native pastors and their wives. A loving greeting and a seat at the table were always ready for them. She warmly welcomed the schoolboys, her native neighbours, and the distant villagers. Few there were who came to her door and left unbidden to enter.

Mother held regular mothers' meetings with the women of the village, and often I have sat on the floor and heard her pleasant, helpful talks in which her own early home training came in for its share in illustrations.

The sick in the village received her tender ministrations. We children often went with her as she took needed nourishment, or something to make a patient more comfortable.

She would give directions for baths and clean garments, and often would sit by the sufferer and, gently soothing, give cheer and courage.

Of mother it might always have been said,

> "She doeth little kindnesses,
> Which most leave undone, or despise;
> For naught that sets one heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low-esteemèd in her eyes."

Mr. Cochran's only furlough in America during his twenty-three years of missionary service was in 1865-7. In July, 1865, he and Mrs. Cochran and five of their children, the oldest having preceded them to America, returned to the old homestead at Springville, after eighteen years' absence. The winter was spent in Buffalo. While at home Mr. Cochran temporarily filled the pulpit of the church at Glenwood, N. Y. He did this with such satisfaction to the people that he was called to the pastorate. His friends brought all their powers of persuasion to bear upon him to induce him to accept. They urged that after his long service in the mission field, he should remain at home and look after the education of his children. He was deaf to all such persuasion. It was his duty to return to Persia, and nothing could turn him aside. On July 17th, 1867, he and Mrs. Cochran and four of the children including the two boys, Joseph and Theodore, sailed from Boston. Mr. Cochran never returned to America again.

He threw himself at once on his return into his work in Urumia and over the border in Turkey.

Besides being an indefatigable evangelist and an enthusiastic teacher, Mr. Cochran had earnest convictions on mission policy. The missionaries had come

out to the Nestorians under instructions to work within this ancient Church with a view to its reformation. It was hoped that the Old Church could be kept intact, with its organization and forms undisturbed save so far as they would inevitably be modified by a new spirit of life within. For years the missionaries sought to follow out this policy. But it was hard to put new wine into old bottles, and the new cloth sewed on the old garment made the rent worse. The evangelical element in the Old Church was not content under the old forms, and the element in the Church which had rejected the evangelical spirit and the true life resisted the new influence. In consequence, Mr. Cochran and some others, natives as well as missionaries, believed that the only right course was to make a complete severance. The missionaries differed in opinion on the subject. Dr. Perkins was conservative. Mr. Cochran was the radical. His desire was, as Dr. Labaree said, "to see a more complete and formal separation of the evangelical Nestorians from the Old Church—a more thorough sundering of every tie which united the Reformed Church to the corrupt and effete system out of which it had gradually emerged. To build up a Church untrammelled with dry remnants of a hierarchy or of superstition, organized for self-direction and self-support, was the aim of his missionary life, to which he gave himself with peculiar earnestness in his later years." With the aim of self-direction and self-support his son after him entirely sympathized and believed also that on the whole the missionaries had pursued the only possible course in promoting the separation of the evangelical body from the Old Church, which indeed they could not have prevented. The absorption of the Old Church in 1899

by the Greek Church priests from Russia seems to have shown how wise it had been to draw out a strong, earnest evangelical body established upon its own foundations. But Dr. Cochran always regretted keenly the consequences of this separation, the constriction of influence in the Old Church which it involved and its other inevitable and unfortunate effects, and would have welcomed any way of escape from them.

In all her husband's work Mrs. Cochran was a tireless and devoted helper. She went with him occasionally on his journeys, and her warm, affectionate nature was a powerful influence among the Nestorians, who are peculiarly sensitive to friendship. As the children came into her home, more of her time was required there, but no home cares ever prevented her from taking a most active part in the work of the Mission, and her home life was itself a centre of great missionary influence. There was always a place at the table for any visitor, and in times of need she shared all that she had with the needy. As some of the children passed on to be with the Shepherd of the little children in His heavenly home, and their little bodies were laid away in the quiet burial place on Mt. Seir, and as other children went away for education in America, and the home and its hearts felt the deep tragedies of missionary sacrifice, the ministry of unselfish sympathy and love only increased.

Extracts from her letters to her children and to friends at home will best reveal the character of Dr. Cochran's mother and of the home life wherein his own character was shaped:—

Mt. Seir, February 14th, 1868.—It is one of those wild mornings with which the dwellers of Mount Seir are so familiar. It blew and snowed all night. We can't see

many rods from the walls of our snow-capped house. The boys, well wrapped, started off with the messenger for Mary's school at the city. I trembled to let them go such a morning. I watched Pera at the gate making them snug and firm on the colt. Our boys have become good horsemen, and the animal loves them, laying his head on their shoulders to be petted. Mary went down in the bright sunshine yesterday morning. Could we now look down upon the plain, we should probably see a warm spring shower falling refreshingly upon it. However, we too shall have warm weather by and by. I feel the dampness in the winter. Our rooms leak more or less, the kitchen incessantly, and the plastering keeps coming down. I often think of the beautiful, neat, and convenient kitchens in America, and think if my friends could see mine here, they would prize theirs more than ever. . . .

We take tea at Mr. Shedd's to-night. It is the only evening your father is free from his Seminary duties. We hoped we would have a mail to talk over. Our monthly mail was due a week ago, but has not yet come.

Mt. Seir, May 31st, 1868.—It is a lovely morning. All nature has on her most attractive dress, and the very birds seem effervescing with happiness. The doors and windows are wide open, and *such* a view as stretches out before the two great windows in my room, it seems to me, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. The descent from our mountain home, the plain so green and beautiful, with here and there a high, pointed mountain, looking strange and alone, as though it had wandered away from its fellows. The blue lake beyond, bounded by the lofty ridge of snow-capped mountains on the other wise. I am never weary feasting my eyes on this sight. The peculiarly clear atmosphere of Persia makes objects quite distant stand out with wonderful exactness. Above, in the blue vault, is the moon, apparently a neighbouring planet, somewhat veiled in a white fleecy cloud; on the whole, the Queen of night seems like a near neighbour, and heaven seems nearer. A hush is upon everything, and you almost fancy that you hear wafted upon the breeze the music of that Home which invites all of earth's wanderers. The house is still. Your dear father has gone

to the mountains to meet the native pastors in a large meeting. Mary is on her bed, for she has become quite an invalid since receiving an injury from being thrown from her horse. Josie and Theodore are in their room. Josie is reading aloud to Theodore, and Emma sits by listening. I am alone in my room. Half of my children are gone; two in America, and two in the better land, "Sweet Carrie, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'"; "Darling Martha, 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,'" cut deep in the stones in the precious graveyard, on the hill near by, look fresh as though my dear children had recently left me, and seem indicative of the sorrow which will never be effaced.

In 1869 Mary was compelled to return to America for treatment for the injury of the spine due to the fall from a horse mentioned by her mother, and when it was believed that she was dying, Mrs. Cochran was called back in 1870 to be with her. She brought Joseph and the other sister, Theodore having died in Persia in 1869. The mother and Joseph and two sisters spent the winter of 1870-1 in Buffalo, and the injured daughter having recovered Mrs. Cochran and two daughters, her second and her yougest, left for Persia in August, 1871, reaching Constantinople September 4th. Joseph remained in America for his education. Mr. Cochran arrived in Constantinople to meet them the same afternoon, having come from Urumia in ten days. The ordinary travelling time from Urumia to Trebizond was over three weeks. Mr. Cochran rode the distance on fast horses in six days, sometimes galloping most of the hours of the day. The year of Mrs. Cochran's absence had been a very hard one for him. Deeply attached to his home, and needing its checks and diversions, he had only saved himself from utter loneliness and sickness by unsparing toil. He carried all the work of the Seminary, teaching and lecturing. Every

Saturday he went off for Sunday in the villages, working ceaselessly, and Monday was back at the Seminary again. He could not be idle or permit himself to escape from the preoccupation of work. The year's activity and the absence of all his loved ones wore heavily upon him, and he reached Constantinople thin and worn and grey, after his exhausting ride, which had been rendered necessary by the late closing of the Seminary, leaving him only ten days for his journey.

As soon as possible they started back for Urumia, but Mr. Cochran found time to repair a deficiency of the past which his love lamented. There had been no wedding ring when he was married. The ideal of missionary life which prevailed then in many places deemed such expenditure wrong. When a part of the family silver was given to Deborah Plumb, the silver sugar bowl and tongs were unanimously omitted from the tea set with the words, "Of course missionaries won't have sugar, so Deborah won't need these." In more than one time of destitution later, Deborah went without more than sugar, but Mr. Cochran was determined to repair the lack of the wedding ring. How he did it one of the daughters who was with him relates:—

We went to an Italian hotel in Pera for the night, and my father came into my room and asked me for a piece of cloth, and needle and thread. He would not say what for, when I offered to sew what he wanted. The next morning he was off a little while, and then came back, and together we went to the house of Dr. Isaac Bliss. After three days, we took the steamer for Trebizond, and then on horseback the 700 miles. October 16th, my father was taken very ill, and had to get off from his horse and lie down often. Our guards had to hurry us along. That night we spent at a village where Judith Perkins died of cholera in 1852.

Toward morning my father asked my mother to light the candle, and tell him the time. She did so, and he said, "It is now October 17th, so it is your birthday." He asked her for her scissors and his vest; then he ripped out from the lining a white patch, the cloth I had given him, and under it was a gold wedding ring. He said, "When I married you it was thought a sin for a missionary to spend anything for jewelry, and a ring was called that; now I want to give you a wedding ring. I measured your finger in your sleep the first night in Constantinople, and I meant to give this to you on our wedding anniversary next June, but I shall not live even until Christmas, so I give this to you on your birthday."

The party reached Urumia October 19th, 1871, and that evening Mr. Cochran conducted the station prayer meeting of welcome. The next day he cleared up his accounts of the journey, settled with the native preachers with whom there were any financial relations, made his will, and then went to bed with typhoid fever, from which he died on November 2nd, at the age of fifty-four,—the same disease and almost the same age as in the case of his son thirty years later. His mind in the last days was full of thoughts of the work, and in his delirium he imagined he was talking with the native preachers whom he loved and for whose annual conference he was preparing. His last intelligible words as he addressed this imaginary gathering were, "Go forward," and "The subjects are exhausted. In the morning we may disperse." In the morning his work was done, and he passed forward to begin anew. There was no telegraph in Persia then, and the children did not hear of their father's death until the end of January.

A few days after the event, writing to the children of their great loss and of her future plans, Mrs. Cochran said:—

When talking with him of the possibility of his removal, I asked him what he wished me to do. He replied, "Don't go home, stay here as long as you feel happy in doing so. So much to be done." His wish to die here has been granted, and he "fell with the harness on, in the height of his usefulness," as Mr. Labaree remarked at his funeral. After a short service at the house, we went to the chapel. Mr. Coan conducted the services. Many of the native preachers spoke. From the plain of Urumia to Teheran, and through the Kurdish mountains, down to the plain of Mesopotamia are scattered preachers whom he had prepared for the work. They told of his visits to their villages. Days when cold storms of winter blew, he would arrive towards night and, after resting a little, call the people together and talk with them until near midnight. One said, "No matter how early we rose there was a light in Sahib's room, and when we looked in there he sat reading the Bible, and *then* we *knew* from whence his strength came." Several spoke of his son Joseph, saying, "He must come to us, and take the place of his father."

November 10th, 1871.—It is evening, and I am seated at the table in the old familiar dining-room. I have worked very hard all day, every little while I would be obliged to sit down and give way to my feelings. I have spent almost a quarter of a century in this dear old home with the only man I ever loved; here, child after child has been born; here three have taken their flight to the better land; here has been all that to me has been embraced in the word Home since I left my father's house. Everything in and about the house seems sacred.

Mar Yohannan called the other day and wept like a child as he talked of your father.

One of the preachers said, "We are all left orphans."

In the meeting of the Presbytery, which occurred last week, many rose and stated that Mr. Cochran had been the means under God of bringing them to Christ.

The natives are intensely interested to have Joseph come back when his studies are ended, saying, "Tell him to come and seize the standard which has fallen from the hand of his father."

Oh, my son, may you be baptized with the Spirit of the Lord for this holy work. It is more to be desired than the most honourable position among men. Could my children be about me here, nothing would make my last days happier than to labour on here as I have strength, and finally seek my lasting resting place beside your dear father and the three dear children who sleep their last sleep in our cemetery close beside the only home I have ever known in Persia.

Further conference with missionary associates and Nestorian friends confirmed her purpose to spend in Persia the life which had been given to the work a quarter of a century before, and deepened the desire that her son should return to take his father's place. To her children she wrote:—

Urumia, December 22nd, 1871.—Deacon T. and Priest H. were here to breakfast. We always have prayers in Syriac in the morning, and in English at night. Deacon T. prayed that you, Joseph, might return to fill, and more than fill, your father's place, even as Solomon did David's. I said Amen from a full heart. The eyes of all are on you as much as ever were a people's on the son of their deceased King. May they not be disappointed.

How different this Christmas from last! It seems as if, if I did not press my hand upon my heart, it would burst. I am looking over your father's letters.

January 1st, 1872.—Those who revere the memory of your father, Joseph, look forward to your filling his place. Their enthusiasm is truly wonderful to me, and often it seems to me a bow of promise that you will eventually be welcomed back to this locality. But I am willing to leave it to the Lord to direct, believing that you have committed your ways to Him.

Mrs. Cochran went on with her work in Persia for twenty-two years after her husband's death, and in due time her hopes of her son's return were fulfilled. On March 11th, 1876, she wrote to a friend:—

It is Saturday afternoon. Everything is quietly settled for the Sabbath. After looking after my work, sending some comforts to B——'s widow who is ill, I changed my dress, and sat down to write. I am in what we call the little sitting-room. It is what was the winter bedroom. My "heart tightened," and I felt I must get into one of the front rooms to sit. Now I sit by the window writing, alternately looking off on to the plain, fresh from the spring rain, and back on the cheerful fire. It seems so like the fireplace in the dear old room at father's in Gowanda. It is more than a quarter of a century since I left that father's home, and my testimony now is that were I to begin life over again, I would choose this missionary work. I would only ask the Lord for a greater spirit of consecration. Here I hope to welcome back my only son, and at last to rest beside my dear husband in the sacred inclosure on Mount Seir.

IV

BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION

FROM his birth in 1855 until his father's return on furlough in 1865, Joseph spent his life in the family home on Mt. Seir, about six miles from the city of Urumia. From the top of the mountain there is a magnificent view westward to the passes into the valleys running up into the Turkish mountains and northeastward over the plain of Urumia and the city and the blue lake. In the winter the mountains were white with snow, and wood fires must be kept up in the little stoves which the missionaries introduced and taught the people to use. In the spring, hillside and plain were covered with flowers, or green grass and grain, and even in the hot summer and fall, when the unirrigated country was barren and brown, the well-watered plain of Urumia, with the gardens and vineyards and long rows of stately poplar trees, lay out under the boy's eyes like a great Persian carpet.

As a child, Joseph Cochran was what he was also as a man, unselfish, faithful, modest, capable, conscientious, and entirely dependable. "Josie and Thedie," writes his mother of the two little boys one October, "are getting in and piling the winter's supply of wood." To a sick Kurd, she writes, he had just brought in a great bunch of flowers which he had gathered on the hillside. In a loving picture of the family circle on a winter evening, she speaks of him as working industriously over music. He was full of

life and play, and in the childish games of the children his favourite rôle was that of physician. Recollections of his sisters reproduce the spirit and ways of his boyhood.

My earliest recollection of him is as a quiet, gentle boy. He was always sweet-tempered.

When we assumed different characters in our plays, Josie was invariably "Doctor Lyon." I remember the dignity with which he would appear, wearing one of father's hats, tipped back on his head, to prevent its covering his face, and a long coat dragging on the floor. He would examine the patient's pulse and tongue, and gravely administer bread pills or salted water. The prescriptions were taken as a matter of course.

Sometimes we played that the Kurds had attacked and wounded us, and the doctor would be called to bandage the cuts. He was skilful, sympathetic, serious, as he bound the supposed gashes in our heads or on our hands.

It was always difficult for Josie to take a rough or boisterous part in a game. The character that was most natural to him as a boy in his play was one in which he could serve others with calmness and bravery in the midst of supposed danger or suffering. Sometimes we built a small stone fort under the apricot trees in our front yard at Seir. One or more would be inside the low wall, with Joe as chief guard. When the enemy appeared he would be master of the situation; but his fun was always within bounds; and there were a self-control and a diplomacy in his manner which were more effective than our stick swords and guns.

In 1861, while on a journey to Bitlis, our family were attacked and robbed by a band of heavily armed and masked Kurds. Sister Mary, unselfishly forgetting possible personal danger, pulled off her hat, and struck at the Kurd who had cut our faithful Pera; I was sobbing and, thinking death was near, begged forgiveness from one and another for all my faults; true to himself, Joe calmly witnessed the robbery, even to the carrying off of his favourite horse, and when the Kurds were out of sight, he remained silent, though visibly indignant at the outrage.

I remember once, after he had escorted mother to Dr. Perkins's house, his chivalrous manner attracted the notice of that fine old-school gentleman, and he spoke of Josie as a "young nobleman."

For the little store he kept, I remember also, that he paid postage for virus that was furnished by the British consul, and vaccinated many with my mother's pen-knife, though he was a little boy. Every memory of him is peculiarly sweet; he was full of fun and mischief, but always anxious not to hurt any one's feelings, and would make it right, if he thought he had. I remember how heartbroken he was when the Rev. Henry N. Cobb pretended to be jealous because Joe, a very little fellow, five years old, snuggled in Mrs. Cobb's lap, and kissed her, most enthusiastically, every chance he had. He went off by himself and cried, and when I found him, he said, "Katie, do you think Mr. Cobb and God will forgive me. I didn't think he would care if I kissed her, she is such a sweet lady. What do you think I can do to make it right?"

In 1865, Joseph went to America with the family, and in 1867 returned with his father and mother and two of his sisters and his brother to Urumia. On returning he broke up the store which he had conducted, called the "Diamond Store," and writes in December, 1868, to an older sister in America that he "had hens instead." At the time of writing this letter he was setting out on a village trip with his father, and he says: "I try very hard to do what is right in everything," and "every" is underscored once and "very" four times.

The great event of the year in those early days of missionary life in such a remote field as Persia was the annual arrival of the boxes from home. The Rev. W. R. Stocking of Williamstown, Mass., who was a boy in Urumia a few years before Dr. Cochran's boyhood, writes:

Aside from annual gatherings of the Mission circle, at Thanksgiving and Fourth of July, the event which furnished us children the greatest pleasure was the arrival once a year of boxes from America. How we would rush to the windows, or down into the courtyard when we got the word, "the boxes have come," to see the pack-horses, following one another through the big gate from the street, each carrying two boxes, covered with waterproof cloth, slung with ropes on either side of the big pack-saddle, having come in that fashion all the more than six hundred miles from Trebizond on the Black Sea. We could hardly wait to have the waterproof covering removed, and the boxes brought into the house. Then the entire family, including the native domestics, would gather about to see the packages taken out, one by one. Many of the articles were those that had been ordered, but there were also surprises from some of the loved friends and kindred. My! how our eyes danced at the new clothing, or books, or toys. I can even now remember the peculiar odour of the new things from America. America! Why, to us children born in those eastern lands, whose idea of America was that embodied in the new missionaries with their new styles of clothing and bright pictures and books, and some new articles of furniture, America was a veritable heaven, containing everything beautiful, and good, and pure.

One of the earliest of Dr. Cochran's letters which has been preserved is to Mrs. Henry H. Hale, of Buffalo, and tells of the children's joy in the annual box:—

Mt. Seir, Urumia, April 5th, 1870.

Dear Mrs. Hale,—We received your box last month, but as papa was in a village, we had to wait till he came back. He came about noon next day, and we went right to work opening it; we were opening it all the afternoon, and towards night we called the ladies and gentlemen of the Mission to see all our things.

Emma sat down on the rocking chair with the little shawl on her, which Mrs. Bristol sent her, with the doll in her arms, and reading a book from her little library, which you sent her. She lends her books, one by one, to the little

children of the Mission. She wants me to thank you *very much* for the beautiful little library. And I thank you very much for the nailbrush you sent me.

Eddie, Mr. Coan's little son, who is about my age, is going home next June with the Shedd family. I will feel quite lonesome, as he is the only one about my age here. As we hear so bad news from Mary, papa would be glad to go right to her, and I would like to get into a school there, but as so many are leaving, or about to leave, papa thinks it would be wrong to go now, and leave the work here. Good-bye. Your affectionate friend, JOSIE.

Joe's pleasures were not numerous, but the life was wholesome and noble, and the boy learned self-control, dignity, and courage. He knew how to handle horses and to meet men. And in the Urumia Mission he was taught to carry himself with self-respect and the respect of his fellows, young and old. He knew what danger and peril were, and he saw men and women daily exalting duty and the fear of God above self-interest and the fear of men. He saw no other ideal of life in the mission circle, and dreamed of none other for himself than a life of simple, self-sacrificing, joyful obedience to the will of God. There were many hardships but there was no murmuring, and the school of character in the Urumia station was as good a school as could be found anywhere.

In 1870 the hardest of all the hardships of missionary life fell upon the Cochran household. The wife and younger children came home to be with the older children in America. As Joseph wrote, his father thought that it would be wrong for him to leave with them. So he remained. "The house is fearfully lonesome," wrote the father in July, 1870. "All our rooms wear a desolate look, but they remind me of dear absent ones, and I love to be here. My bedroom is

the most attractive. On the wall opposite the bed are the pictures of all our family. As I wake in the morning, I fancy I greet their smiles and benedictions, and I love to pray for each by name." The results of the separation have already been told.

On returning to America this second time and again taking up his home in Buffalo, Joseph united by letter from the Mission church in Urumia with the Westminster Church of Buffalo, and continued his membership there until in later years he took a letter of dismissal to the Mission church in Urumia.

When Mrs. Cochran returned to Persia in 1871, she left Joseph behind for his education, and it was his good fortune to be taken into the home of Mr. S. M. Clement, Sr., where he was regarded and treated as a son and grew up as a brother with Mr. S. M. Clement, Jr., now president of the Marine National Bank of Buffalo, who was Dr. Cochran's nearest and dearest friend. Mr. Clement, Sr., was one of the elders of the Westminster Church, a quiet man, reticent and unassuming, of absolute probity and honour. Upon Mr. Cochran's death Mr. Clement renewed his offer to care for the son, and continued to deal with him as though he were his own son throughout the seven years of his preparation for his missionary work. Mrs. Clement also was as a mother to him. When Mrs. Cochran returned to Persia she took the lad to her heart, and was to him ever, as much as might be, as his own mother. While Mrs. Cochran was still in America Joseph had begun his studies in the Buffalo Central High School. He had started in within a week after reaching Buffalo, and wrote in November, 1870, to his father, giving an account of his work, and describing to him the Regents' examination system and the state-

ment required at the end of each paper: "I conscientiously declare that I had no information of these lessons by any one," etc. Any trust in honour always appealed to his upright soul. He closed his letter, "Give my love to all the natives and the Mission and to the dear old horses and Dash. I hope you will keep all these a long time yet." He spent four years in the High School. And a classmate writes:—

In the four years of our school life together, I never knew a word of unkind criticism either of him or from him. Perhaps the one explains the other. The slight foreign accent and tinge of eastern "manner" of courtesy distinguished him from others, but never unpleasantly. While one would not have called him brilliant as a student, he was always thorough, lessons well prepared, no duty shirked. His unusual experiences often made him see things in a different light from his fellow-students, and with his keen sense of humour, he added interest and life to recitations. I am sure all his teachers liked him. With our dear old Miss Ripley, he was a prime favourite. She explained to him one day in her whimsical way, that she "liked him because his shoes were always so well blacked." And she was so amused when he returned from some mission she had sent him on, to receive the penny she had promised as reward. In the sciences he was particularly good, and Professor Linden took pleasure in his evident interest in this work. Physiology was naturally a favourite study, and our old "French lady" (the skeleton) and the little papier-maché mannikin were factors in the beginning of our young physician's education.

Being a "good" boy, Joseph was made monitor, and his desk was in the hall outside Mr. Spencer's office, where he was not under supervision, and the ringing of the bells for recitations was his care.

Always fond of fun, at the proper times, he was a welcome member of our picnic parties "down the river," and in the many social gatherings among the young people. To me his most striking characteristic was *loyalty,* not only to

friends, but to principle, above all his own high sense of honour.

When he had completed the High School course, he was nineteen, and under the pressure of various circumstances and the need in Urumia, he decided to go on as quickly as possible to a medical course. He had always been fond of medicine. It had been his favourite amusement to play doctor, and for years the idea of studying medicine and of returning to Persia as a medical missionary had been growing in him. His mother wrote to a daughter from Urumia in 1868, when he was thirteen, "Dr. Van Norden had your brother Josie present to assist him a little in an operation he performed on a native. Doctor thinks Josie a good candidate for physician and surgeon, and Josie often expresses the hope that he may in time return to this country in that capacity." And when his father died in 1871, nothing was more natural in his view or in the view of all who knew him than that he should prepare to take his place. This had been his father's desire. After his death an unfinished letter to a friend in Buffalo was found, in the last sentence of which Mr. Cochran expressed the wish that his son should "ever be brought under all the missionary influence possible," and stated that he hoped and prayed that he might yet see Joseph on missionary ground. He saw it, but from above. After the father's death also the native preachers of the Baranduz district, so called from the river which waters this section of the plain of Urumia, wrote to Joseph in Buffalo:—

Urumia, February 20th, 1872.

Our Dear Brother,—Thou hast certainly not been forgotten at all by us, although we have not visited you by the sending of our letters. But, still you are placed before

our mind's eye as it were, and also, we ask ever and receive answer about your health and work.

But since the death of your dear father, you even more, as one would say, have been quite in our hearts. That dear and pleasant father was beloved of us all. As we dwell on the thought that he has been torn from us, our tears mingle with the tears of your eyes.

And now, our beloved, know that our eyes are on you, our wishes and our hopes are to hear that you have the desire to prepare yourself to fill your father's place here. And our prayer to God is that the mantle of your father should fall on your shoulders, and *turn,* if it be His will, every obstacle from your path, and prepare you for the work unfinished that is left after the labours of your father in the soil of Persia.

Jesus, with His hand so soft, wipe every tear from your eyes, and comfort you in the midst of all your heavy sorrow and anguish so heartrending.

From your brothers, the preachers of the Baranduz river. And peace very great, and Godlike, I am pouring upon you, I, Priest Hormizd of Aliawa, the composer of this letter.

Reach for Joseph to America.

Joseph demanded no miraculous revelation of duty. He was not waiting for a "missionary call," meanwhile intending to use his life selfishly. He was quietly going forward, as the character he had inherited, strengthened under the influence of his home and boyhood, impelled him, in the path of self-sacrifice, usefulness, and courageous service. To some men the heroic life is a matter of course, to be followed if allowed. To others it is a painful cross not to be taken up if it can be avoided. All his life Dr. Cochran did the hard and heroic thing, sometimes the life-imperilling thing, without ostentation or parade, with no consciousness that he was doing anything out of the ordinary. He simply saw duty clearly, and did it quietly.

In the fall of 1874, he went to Yale as a special student, taking both scientific and medical courses, but the urgent call from Urumia seemed to make it necessary for him to omit everything but the necessary medical training. On October 25th he writes to his mother:—

It is some time since I last wrote you, yet I have you in my thoughts and prayers daily.

I am very busy indeed, giving all my time to medicine. We have good opportunities here, there being the State Hospital and Dispensary here. I presume I have seen seventy or eighty surgical operations here so soon. I enjoy very much being here with so many students—1,031. Wednesday and Saturday mornings we have no recitations, and usually go out to the park for some games. Then we come home in a body, singing and carrying on generally. We have class prayer meeting, too, Sunday and Tuesday evenings, which are well attended and interesting. Then of course there is the regular hazing going on. I being a Medic and special scientific have not the fate of a common Freshman! Still the hazing, though unpleasant, is not serious. I presume before this reaches you the Seir winter will be upon you. Some January evening, when you and Emma are sitting around the table in the old dining-room near to the large stove, you may hear a knock at the gate, and find that it is Masbadie with the mail. In this mail you will find this letter and one for "your youngest." If it is not interesting, it is full of love, and the writer wishes most sincerely that he could be the knocker at the gate. I suppose you will not be alone at Seir this winter.

The second year of the course he took in the Buffalo Medical College, and the last year with his degree he took at the Bellevue Medical College in New York City. After the last examination he wrote to his closest friend, Mr. Clement's son:—

I am safely through all my examinations, and feel pretty jolly over it. Last night I had my last Chemistry. Minges,

one of the "Dubuque Twins," who was in Buffalo College last year, went in to Prof. Doremus' slaughter house, as he calls it, with me. This twin was in the same fix I was in, and we two have happened together in Anatomy and Chemistry, where two go in together.

Last night, as a topping off of my lucky career, Prof. Doremus gave us quite a puff. He said that he did not know that he cared to ask us any more questions (after he had examined us a while), for we seemed perfectly familiar with the theme. He said it gave him great pleasure to examine us, which was more than he could say of the examinations in Chemistry of most medical students.

I, however, made one mistake in my four examinations, and that was in Materia Medica. Prof. Polk wanted to know the dose of Majendie's Solution. I told him; then he wanted the strength. I answered, and as soon as it was out I saw I was wrong, and said so. He laughed, and said, "Guess again."

Well, this rather confused me, and I felt as if I could not remember anything about it, so I said, "Professor, I can't think of the strength, but I know the dose, so I can calculate how much opium there is to the ounce, if you will give me time." He said, "Yes, you could do this at the bedside if you forgot it. I won't call it a mistake, doctor; that will do."

Excuse this splurge of self-conceit, but I feel rather elated, so some must go out else I burst.

I feel fully repaid for this steady, hard studying.

When he had his degree in the spring of 1877, he went back to Buffalo and stayed until October, studying with Dr. Miner, and working in his office and in the hospitals. He studied pharmacy also, and later dentistry, in order to be able to help missionaries and others in as many ways as possible. He did special work, too, on the eye, and spent a year in the Kings County Hospital as house physician. He had no money to waste. He says in one letter, "When you asked for papers giving accounts of the (Downs) case,

I had no money to buy them." He had walked from his lodgings to and from the Medical College while studying there, having worked out on a city map the shortest route, three miles each way. He kept up his attendance at church, and was a member of a Bible class, and in his hospital work he had all that he could attend to, especially with crazy patients; but all his preparations were made by the summer of 1878, and on June 10th, 1878, he was appointed a missionary to Persia by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the American Board having transferred the Mission to the Nestorians to the Presbyterian Board at the time of reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches in 1871.

He did not go out alone. On August 21st, 1878, he was married to Miss Katharine Hale of Minneapolis, whom he met first in the summer of 1876, just after her graduation from Vassar, while she was visiting her uncle in Buffalo. After the wedding he remarked quietly to one of her sisters, " I thank you very much for not opposing her going with me. For if she could not have gone, I should have had to go alone." They sailed from New York on September 19th, 1878, on the " Parthia," for Liverpool.

V

BEGINNING WORK IN PERSIA

DR. AND MRS. COCHRAN spent a week or more in England, visiting Chester, Stratford, and Oxford on their way from Liverpool to London. From England they went via Rotterdam and Cologne to Berlin, where they stayed several days. They had hoped to have plenty of time in Cologne to see the Cathedral, but did not arrive till ten in the evening, and their train left at seven the next morning. But see the Cathedral they would, so they rose at five, and had a view never to be forgotten of the glorious interior in the dimness of dawn as it heightened to the first rays of sunlight. After several days at Dresden, they went on to Odessa. From Odessa they sailed to Poti at the eastern end of the Black Sea, having the pleasant experience of a calm voyage, and then from Poti went up to Tiflis by the railroad which then ended at Tiflis, and there spent a few days in getting equipment for the journey, lodging with a Nestorian merchant, one of the prosperous members of the increasing colony of successful Nestorian business men and labourers in Tiflis.

They left Tiflis November 3rd for Urumia, going by way of Tabriz, and reaching Urumia City on December 2nd. The journey was full of interest to them both. Its hardships were a little more novel to Mrs. Cochran than to her husband who had spent his boyhood in just

such villages as those through which their road passed. But they both saw the humorous side of all situations, or if there was no humorous side, they bore with light-hearted Christian stoicism what had to be endured. The insects of Asia of course awaited them at each Russian post house. "It is disgusting," wrote Mrs. Cochran, in her home letters, "but we reflected that it could not be helped and resolved with Epictetus not to allow such low animals to disturb the equanimity of our souls by tormenting our bodies. I put the cologne bottle under my pillow; Joseph perfumed his with kerosene, and we slept as peacefully as babies."

To Erivan they travelled on the Russian post road with the post horses:—

Russian Post Road, November 3rd, 1878.—Here we are spending the Sabbath at this little Post station. It was nearly five when we left Tiflis. People stared as we drove through the streets with our horses four abreast. Our driver was a fiery little Russian who wanted to whip every man, woman, child, or beast who interfered with our progress. I never had even imagined streets so utterly wretched and filthy as those through which we passed. Loaded donkeys would block our way, and the driver laid his whip on them to right and left. So we rattled along, Lazar blowing his whistle, and the driver yelling until we met a whole caravan of camels. One of the camels was kneeling to be loaded. It did not suit our Russian to wait for that process, so after a yell at its driver, he jumped down, and flew at the man with doubled fists. The camel got up, and we passed on. Whenever there was a chance, this maniac gave a crack of his whip on some one.

I wish you could see Lazar as he has arrayed himself for the journey. The tops of his boots are turned down nearly to his ankles, showing the red linings. His trousers are grey, partly of leather for riding, the ends of them tied down just below the knees with some white rags. He has several shirts, as I call them (Persian coats, Joe says they

are), hanging below his black vest, which cause his coat of European cut to stand out as if he had a short hoop skirt. He wears a sword, which he uses for cutting our sugar. I think it is too dull to injure a Kurd. Then his red hair and his red and yellow turban crown all. He is not over neat, but he does very well, makes good tea, and I let him manage the culinary department pretty much, as it is too much trouble to make him do my way.

It is perfectly appalling in going through this country to realize how dark are still most portions of our globe! I can hardly realize that the people here have souls, they seem so nearly like animals.

From Julfa, on the Persian frontier, they rode on horseback to Tabriz. From Tabriz Mrs. Cochran travelled to Urumia in a takhtirawan, a box on poles carried between two mules.

Of all the methods of travel I have tried in the course of my existence that in a takhtirawan is a trifle the most insecure. But it is stylish, no doubt. I am considered a person of considerable importance by all whom we meet, for only great people travel in this way.

I have a white mule in front and a black mule behind. A mounted *chavadar* leads the procession, and another follows on foot to keep the back mule in motion by continual beatings and yellings. I'm sorry for that back mule! Poor beast, he has to walk by faith and not by sight. All he can see in front is blank boards, and when he comes to a muddy ditch his imagination leads him to think it is an endless sea of mire, and I don't blame him for now and then refusing to set his foot in it, though it does make it rather unpleasant for the other mule and me."

At Gavelan, a village a day's journey from Urumia, at the northern entrance to the Urumia plain, Dr. Cochran's mother and sister Emma met them. The native pastor there had vowed a vow that Joseph should eat his first meal in his house, and the vow was fulfilled.

After a quiet Sunday in Gavelan, the party went on to Urumia, where they were welcomed home before reaching the city by native pastors and preachers and missionaries who had ridden out to meet them, and when they reached the city, by the pupils of the boys' and girls' schools and throngs of Nestorians. The people greeted him as a son returning home, bringing him presents of all kinds. Nearly all the pastors had been taught by his father. They had known him as a boy, and followed his studies in America with the deepest interest, and now they welcomed him back with eagerness as one who belonged to them and to whom they belonged.

His work began at once. At Gavelan the sick thronged him on Sunday, neighbouring villagers carrying their paralytics on donkeys as if a word of his would heal, and the day after his arrival at Urumia he began his medical practice with the patients who had been already brought from far and near to await his coming. His sister wrote a fortnight after his arrival, "Poor Joe does not have time to breathe in the city. His dispensary is thronged. It seems as if all Urumia had become sick just as he came."

He knew the Syriac, the language of the Nestorians, and the Turkish, the language of the Mohammedans, as well as the native scholars knew them and was able at once to resume intercourse with the people after his ten years' absence. Within a month of his arrival, his mother wrote:—

> Joe has retained his knowledge of Syriac and Turkish, so he needs only to study the Persian, the Court language. It seems "easy for his tongue to lie down" to all of these languages, the natives say; and they claim he speaks more correctly and more naturally than we of the first generation

of missionaries. And although his return is that of a missionary's child, there is such a quiet dignity about him that it seems all right, as if it were a thing which had always been, that he preside in Mission Meeting and discuss the questions that arise. All the Mission respect him, and the children enjoy both Joe and Kate.

Yesterday some Kurdish chiefs and their escorts were at our house to consult Joe. One had been here last week with his sick son, and yesterday he returned filled with joy, and expressing heartfelt thanks for his son's recovery. He remarked, "Now I shall not throw my hand from off you," and wanted Joe to visit him in his castle. He said, "The doctor can walk in safety in Kurdistan." No one can do this unless under the protection of this powerful chief.

The young doctor, not yet twenty-five years old, stepped at once into such intimate and influential relations as these with the most powerful men of the land. His charm of character, his dignity, his tact, and friendliness established him in the admiration and confidence of the people of all classes. In a home letter, after referring to their determination to live within their modest missionary income, his young wife wrote:

Joe is not extravagant in his wants. He does like a good horse, though, and is very particular about the way they are kept. I really think it is remarkable with what dignity Joe conducts himself here. People knew him as a boy; Pera carried him when a baby, but never does he or any one else treat him with the slightest disrespect. He is such a proper youth, Joe is. I have to laugh at him sometimes, while I secretly admire him for it. I know I worry him sometimes with my democratic ways, but it is very trying at times to conform to the code of etiquette of this country.

He was extremely careful himself from the outset to conform to all the proper social ideas of the people. He was recognized accordingly as a Persian gentleman, and he had access as a welcome visitor to the highest

homes, while he came, in time, to be almost idolized by the poor, to whom he was as courteous and attentive as to the Governor or the Crown Prince.

The trust immediately reposed in him by the great men of the community was something of an embarrassment and complicated his plans. His mother and sister had prepared a home for him and his wife with them at Seir, and to this house they went, but it seemed probable for a time that they would have to move down to the city to care for a needy case among the nobles of the province. Mrs. Cochran wrote, December 18th, 1878:—

We are as undecided as ever where to locate this winter. It seems that —— Khan, the biggest man in this region, has always been very kind to the missionaries, granting prompt redress for injuries, inviting them to his house, and in many ways showing great favour. But he is a very wicked man, has led a wicked life, has no control over his passions, and drinks to excess. His hard drinking has greatly affected his health and made him half insane. He sent for Joe to come and see him soon after our arrival. He feels dreadfully over his insane condition, and wants Joe to cure him. The other day we were somewhat startled by a message from him pleading that Joe would take him up to Seir, promising to put himself entirely under his control, and obey all orders (he knows that he will be forbidden strong drink). He says he will bring only two servants, his wife, and a maid. It is a question what to do with him. Joe thinks he can make him much better at any rate by keeping drink from him, even if he cannot cure him. It is a great thing for a rich Mohammedan of high rank actually to plead to put himself in the hands of Christians. If he could be cured, if he could be made a better man, think what an opening for the Mohammedan work here. It is a very, very puzzling question.

It is quite a show for these people to see me and my mother-in-law together. According to their customs, when the son brings home a bride, her mouth is covered, and she

must not speak to her mother-in-law for years. She can speak to her husband's young brothers and sisters, and all communication with her mother-in-law must be through them. The day we arrived, Mrs. Oldfather said her servant came rushing up to her, and said, "The doctor's wife is talking with her mother-in-law!" You see, I am the first instance of anything of the kind.

February 1, 1879.—We have had quite exciting times of late. About a week ago, —— Khan sent for Joe again, and fairly plead with him to undertake his case. He held his hand, and cried, and begged him to take him and try him, if only for a few days. This Khan has been so kind to the Mission that it seemed as though this despairing cry could hardly be refused.

On Monday, Joe met the Governor of the city and several of —— Khan's friends. He told them that he did not think he could do much for him, but would try if they wished. He stipulated that the Khan and his servants should be placed entirely under his control, and power be given him to use force if necessary. He said he wished to take the Khan to his summer palace with only four servants and soldiers to guard the gate. It seems that the Khan and his friends thought they would not be safe out in the summer palace, so it was decided to remain in the city. They gave Joe a room, and he took over his travelling bedstead and bedding. He caught a bad cold, as the room has windows across one whole side and is heated only with a fireplace.

The Khan could not sleep, and had him up and down several times in the night. Joe has three Nestorians there to assist him and take turns in watching the Khan to see that he gets no drink except what he allows him. He has been accustomed to drink about two or three quarts of arrack daily, and towards night he began to call for it again. Joe went over after tea and played to him on an organ that has been carried over from the Mission. Joe sang some Moody and Sankey songs, and the Khan joined him. About midnight he began to grow very wild, got up and dressed, and went running about the yard, howling like a wild animal.

Joe tried to persuade him to come in, but he would not,

and told the servants to open the gates or he would kill them. He told Joe he would kill him if he did not let him go. At last he got out, and went tearing down the street, Joe and his servants after him, through the mud and darkness. The servants were all afraid to touch him, and so were the Nestorians. At last Joe caught him, and the bravest of the servants came to help him, and they got him back home. Joe could not manage him alone, for he is a very powerful man. He was quiet after that, being rather exhausted from his ravings. Joe had concluded that there is very little prospect of doing him any good, and certainly will not consent to remain there unless he can have some one to help him.

In the end —— Khan was taken to Europe for treatment. Among the official class in Persia there is too little regard for the prohibition of the Koran against the use of intoxicating drink. These prohibitions have been of great benefit, as most of the people are obedient at least in this regard to their sacred book. But where the influence of Europe is felt, as among the higher classes, and in some places among the common people where the nominal Christians of the old Oriental Churches have set a bad example and fostered the trade in wine and arrack, there has been a wide departure from the total abstinence enjoined by the Koran.

For nearly a year Dr. Cochran lived at Seir, riding down to the city for his work. Sometimes when detained late, he would spend the night in the city, the road to Seir having its perils from Kurds and wolves. The Kurds were always the terror of the country and of the missionary children. One of the Cochran children when five years old had just repeated to her mother one of the verses of "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," when her mother asked her what "brutal creatures" were. The little one replied, "People who have no hearts, like the Kurds." No one came closer

to the Kurds than Dr. Cochran or acquired so great an influence over them, but they were the tragic background of his life and the cause of its early ending.

In spite of the disadvantage of distance, however, he vigorously developed his work. On March 28th his wife wrote:—

This afternoon I attended Mission Meeting, which is always held in Mr. Labaree's parlour when at Seir. This afternoon each of the gentlemen made the quarterly report of his department of the work. Joe reported that since his arrival in Urumia, four months ago to-day, he had seen sixteen hundred patients, the majority of them Mussulmans. He has had but two in the hospital, there not being accommodations for more. He has collected in the way of fees about nine tomans, each patient being charged a few cents for medicine. His five medical students assist him in some things. For instance, they helped vaccinate a whole room full of babies brought in last time. Counting them, Joseph had over a hundred patients yesterday.

At Seir, in July, his first child, a son, was born. Seir was too far away from his work, however, and in the fall of 1879 he moved down into the city, where he and Mrs. Cochran kept house, and where, in addition to his medical work, he had charge for a time of the High School and the Guest Department. "The High School," wrote Mrs. Cochran, "is really an intermediate department, a little higher than the village schools and not as high as the Seminary. Only boys attend, about twenty-seven in all, all Nestorians. They come in from the villages on Monday and return on Friday, bringing with them most of the food on which they subsist. By the Guest Department I mean this. When the different helpers, pastors, and others, come to the city on Mission business, they have a room and

food provided for them from Mission funds. Our Mooshe has the care of these rooms and provides the food, bringing in the bills to Joe." This Guest Department was an enterprise of great importance and value in a land where so much is made of hospitality, and where kindness or coldness toward an acquaintance or a stranger may gravely affect the opportunities for the spread of Christianity.

What weighed most on his mind, however, was the need of more adequate provision for the treatment of surgical cases and cases of serious illness requiring careful nursing. He had in the city only a small dispensary with two beds, but no good bedding, for an in-patient or so, and he realized that in the conditions under which his work must be done, it was indispensable that he should be able to treat more. He did his best in the circumstances, as his wife's letters show, but he felt the limitation:—

June 16th, 1880.—Baby was quite sick yesterday. Joe came up last night to see him, though it was quite difficult for him to get away. He has just performed an operation on a little girl. This little girl fell and broke her foot some time ago. A native doctor set it so badly that it mortified, and Joe had to amputate it, just below the knee. If she lives, the poor little thing will have to go on crutches, an unusual sight in this country, for people are generally allowed to die here if any such accident happens to them.

July 22nd, 1880.—Joe was perfectly successful in that operation on that little girl. It was an operation in which over one-third of the patients always die. She is perfectly well again. I think that is doing pretty well for a young man all alone, with no one to consult, not even an experienced person to administer chloroform. He has performed several difficult operations here and been perfectly successful, and I presume he will have more when he has his hospital.

In the summer of 1879 accordingly he sent home to the Board the following appeal:—

A HOSPITAL FOR PERSIA

Since arriving here last December I have seen and treated over 3,000 patients in the dispensary and at my house. Persians, Kurds, Jews, Nestorians, and Armenians—all come together, listen to the religious service, and receive treatment. Some come a distance of three or four days' journey, a few even further. There is no skilled physician within 120 miles in any direction; the native surgery is terribly rough or barbarous, and the medical practice is little better. A Christian physician and surgeon has a vast field and a remarkable influence.

But here arises a difficulty. Many cases I see but once. Many do not follow directions. In some cases powders have been given to be taken, one daily. The patients, instead, have bolted them all at a swallow, saying the medicine might as well cure at once as to take several days. One man received a powder for an eye wash. He poured the powder all into his eye at once, and came back, saying it had burned out his eye. Still worse are the surgical cases. Knowing it to be folly to perform an operation, and then send the patient home for after-treatment, I am obliged to decline nearly all cases. Sons and daughters of noblemen and chiefs, as well as the poor, have thus been turned away. There are several common diseases here that require a surgical operation, and with this the greatest subsequent care. It is injustice to them and to myself and to the cause of Missions to treat serious cases in the way I have hitherto done.

The present accommodations consist of two rooms in connection with the dispensary. In these I have treated and nursed patients on whom operations have been performed. They are better than nothing, but are open to very great objections. First, the accommodations are insufficient; second, the place is not suitable for the sick. No sunshine enters the rooms, and they are so situated that the necessary arrangements for sewerage cannot be effected; third, it is in our own yard, where the children of the Mission families

ought to play. If the patients take an airing it must be in this yard. These objections it is impossible to remove without a new place.

A proposal. We have purchased a site for our college, and the buildings are going up. The plot contains fifteen acres of land, part orchard, part field, with five acres now enclosed by a strong wall. It is over a mile from the city gate on a slope facing the river, and in full view of the mountains. Here are the best conditions as to air, water, and retirement for a good school, and the same conditions for a hospital. There is ample room, and the Mission Station has set apart the necessary ground. The idea of a hospital has greatly pleased all classes, and probably has saved us from governmental interference thus far. If we could assure all inquirers that a hospital will surely be built it would be a better safeguard than a firman from the Shah. The Prince Governor says that the Mussulman Khans and merchants ought to help us build it. In favour of the proposal are: (1) The need of a merciful and Christlike provision for the sick. (2) The salutary influence upon the Mission work, especially in disarming the prejudice of the Mussulmans, and showing to all the spirit of Christ. (3) The benefit to medical students in connection with our college. I now have a small class. (4) A new dwelling for the physician must be provided, and the Station thinks it is better here than in the city. (5) The Station believes it absolutely necessary, for the work's sake and for safety, to have a second family beside that of the Superintendent of the Seminary on the ground. It is an economy of missionary force that the second man be the physician.

In case we have a hospital in connection with the Seminary I would still have certain hours for labour in the city, and continue the dispensary there as at present.

The cost of a hospital building need not be large, $1,500 or $2,000 would answer the present need. The running expense will be comparatively small. Some will be charity patients, but the majority who come to us can either provide for themselves or get their friends to defray their actual expenses. So far we have received enough from the patients treated to pay their board and nursing. I now have under treatment at the dispensary a poor woman whose husband

works out by the day and earns enough to pay her expenses. I have also a second patient whose friends contribute enough to enable us to treat him.

The good women who have done so well for the Seminary we hope can help us in this effort to do good to both the bodies and the souls of men—one highly approved certainly by our Lord's example in His earthly life.

The Station heartily supported his plan: "Believing it to be for the best interests of the missionary cause in Persia, especially among Mohammedans, to establish a hospital, we heartily approve and recommend the establishment of such a hospital as Dr. Cochran proposes on the college grounds, and we earnestly hope the funds may be granted at once for this, the first charity of the kind, so far as we know, ever proposed in Persia." These facts Dr. Cochran embodied in an appeal to friends. Mr. Clement, Sr., gave $1,000 for the hospital. The balance was raised in due time. The hospital was begun in 1880 and finished in the fall of 1882, and named after the church in Buffalo, "The Westminster Hospital." Dr. Cochran described it as "a good-looking building which will comfortably hold thirty or forty patients aside from drug room, operating room, storeroom, etc." Medical work had gone on steadily while it was building. "During the last winter," he wrote in 1882, "we treated quite a number of patients in the two wards then ready for use. I have continued the treatment of patients in the dispensary at the city once a week with an average attendance of sixty, and have daily seen a number here. My two medical students, who are doing very nicely, attend to a large majority of the sick who come to see me, thus enabling me to give nearly half my time to other work. It is very noticeable how rapidly a change is coming

over that portion of this community which sees more of our methods of treatment, and the greater appreciation and confidence shown are marked. When the hospital is opened in the fall much more of my time will have to be given to the strictly professional work. Every endeavour will be made to make this institution a blessing to the land and to the cause." He included in his work from the outset the training of some native doctors to aid him in his practice among their people.

In his own letters Dr. Cochran alluded only modestly and with restraint, as was his way, to the difficulties which he had to overcome in beginning his work and building the hospital, but his sister Emma who was in Urumia during these years recalls them:

That winter's work, treating those who came to the dispensary, and constantly going to the villages, convinced him of the small results to be obtained by the hardest working physician, without a hospital. The people were mostly too ignorant to be trusted with strong drugs, arguing with more logic than common sense that if a bottle of medicine, administered a few drops at a dose, would effect a cure in a week's time, the whole bottle taken at once would cure in one day. Then again, in cases of very simple bandaging, poulticing, or eye lotions, the dirty rags used at home would quite undo all the good of the ointments or lotions given.

During the building of this hospital, Joe worked early and late. Not only was he his own architect, but as he had not men who could intelligently carry out his desires he had to be over them continually. One can literally say that not a yard of those walls went up without his supervision. Often I have known of his returning from a visit in a distant village to find that all that had been built in his absence had to be torn down. Aside from the building and dispensary work he was constantly called to the villages to patients. In all weathers he never refused, going on horseback with a servant. On arriving at the house where the patient lay he invariably found the yard and the flat roofs

crowded with people who had patiently been waiting to see him, and he would go from house to house and listen with his never failing patience and kindness to the long stories told in the rambling way those people have.

I have often been with him on these days, and though the sun might be getting ominously near its setting, and we had many miles to go, perhaps in deep snow or slush, or rain, as the case might be, I never remember his being impatient or refusing his aid. At this time, too, he began to lay the foundation for those medical classes that were afterwards to give so many native doctors to Persia, doctors whose work has been little heard of perhaps, but who have brought relief to thousands who otherwise could get no intelligent medical aid.

I want to lay particular stress on what is to me the most wonderful point in Joe's work. And that is his courage in undertaking a hospital at all under existing circumstances. Just think of the facts. There was no drug shop in the country, that is, he must prepare all his own medicines. He had absolutely no assistant, no one who had the slightest training as druggist, or hospital orderly! There were no nurses of any kind. One at all familiar with hospital work with the conveniences, assistants, nurses, etc., that the modern physician, and particularly surgeon, considers essential to the success of his work cannot but feel admiration for the courage and strength, physical as well as moral, possessed by that young man. I know so often in the beginning, before the hospital was really ready but when he had one or two rooms, he would operate while a servant or schoolboy would administer chloroform. He would have to drop his knife continually to feel the patient's pulse, and instead of giving his undivided attention to the delicate work in hand, he had to be listening to the breathing, watch the pulse, and himself turn and select instruments as they were needed, instead of having them silently passed to him by a trained assistant! When the operation was over, he himself would help carry the patient to his bed, as even for that work he could not yet trust his kind but rough helpers, and if it was a serious case, he would sit up all night, or at least come in several times during the night. The prejudice to all surgical operations, that and the fanaticism an unsuc-

cessful one would arouse, made his cares and responsibilities even greater than usual in such cases. I remember his saying that he felt it would be wiser to refuse to operate on any case the success of which was at all doubtful until the confidence of the people in his hospital was won, for at that early stage the death of a patient on the operating table might have meant ruin to his work. There were several cases that tried his resolve greatly, cases that he felt he *might* help, but did not dare risk, and the refusal of which gave him great pain. No one who had not been with him in those days can understand the constant strain laid upon him. What physician in Europe, however experienced, will undertake a very complicated case without consulting specialists, or other colleagues? Here was a young man of less than twenty-five, with little experience, and absolutely alone, the only medical man for hundreds of miles, without a person with whom he could discuss his cases. The other missionaries could turn at any time to others for intelligent counsel in any question touching their work, be it theological or educational, but he was alone. I remember so well his face sometimes after a very hard and long operation as he would straighten his back after long stooping, and with such a tired smile say half seriously, "Be what you wish, but never be a doctor in Persia." He always seemed older after these cases. He was not one of those who have the happy faculty possessed by Napoleon of doing his work the best he could and then throwing all care off. He carried each case on his heart, and after a hard day's work, when he was so tired he could hardly sit up, the light in his study could be seen from our house opposite until late—he was reading up on some case that puzzled him. At the table, if a dish pleased him, one often heard him say, "I shouldn't wonder if Abdullah, or Nergis, as the case might be, could eat some of this," and at once some would be sent up to the hospital to tempt an invalid whose loss of appetite was worrying him.

During the building of the hospital Dr. Cochran moved from the city to some rooms in the new college building, and then to his own house, which was completed before the hospital and in which he spent all his remaining years in Persia.

VI

FAMINE AND RELIEF

THE margin of supply over want in Asia is always narrow. The prevailing poverty of the people, the want of exchangeable wealth, the rapacity of land owners, the low average of food supply to the individual, the inequality of opportunity and power, the absence of means of communication, rendering it impossible to carry the over-supply of one region to the want of another, and the prohibitive cost of transportation where it is possible, these are a few of the many reasons for the repeated famines of Asiatic countries. Even the fertile plain of Urumia has repeatedly suffered from such times of destitution. The beginning of Dr. Cochran's missionary career was overshadowed by one of the most terrible of these disasters. For two successive years there was a failure of the crops, due to lack of rain. The scarcity and distress which ensued were aggravated by the export of grain for army supplies during the Russo-Turkish war. The suffering began in Urumia in the fall of 1879. Mrs. Cochran's home letters show what it was and what part Dr. Cochran took in its relief.

NOVEMBER 2, 1879.—We are going to have fearful times with the famine this winter, I am afraid. Already it is beginning. Monday a mob of starving people rushed into the bazaars, carrying off anything they could lay their hands on. They also broke into the storehouses of wheat belong-

ing to some wealthy Khans. The Prince is absent, and there is no one to exercise any authority. I hardly think they would molest us—our past record is good in times of famine, still an excited mob will do most anything, and our gates at the city are kept locked, and barred. Beggars come to us every day, but how can we feed and clothe all Urumia? The native pastors are sending out a petition to the churches of America for aid, and their petition will be endorsed by all our gentlemen. Wheat is now $10 a load (about 340 pounds). Bread is the chief food of all the poorer families, so they have provided for nothing else, and have nothing now that wheat is so dear. Besides, owing to the dry weather, other things that might take the place of bread are not to be found. How can we see these people starving all around us? One woman in this very village has sold her daughter for a load of wheat.

January 21st.—You will not become very well acquainted with Joseph, I fear. I wish he could write more frequently. He often speaks of it, and wishes he could, but still one does not become much acquainted with him by letters. One needs to live with him day by day to know how gentle and patient he is, not only with his own family, but with all about him.

The famine grows daily worse. We cannot see people dying about us, so the Mission has voted to expend about two hundred dollars weekly, hoping to return the money to the treasury when we receive aid from England and America. Joseph has the whole matter in charge, but I hope he will now be somewhat relieved from the constant run upon him, for the money will be apportioned among the different villages, and given to the pastor and committee under him for distribution. We think aid ought to be given first to the church members who are suffering, then to members of the congregations, and afterwards to the Mussulmans, who have not so much claim upon us. We try as far as possible to make the people work for the money. We buy cotton and wool, and let them work it into thread and cloth, and then buy it from them. Joe and I have a little plan to help some. We propose to buy with the hospital fund some of this cotton cloth and thread, then I will cut sheets, bed-ticks, towels,

shirts, etc., needed for the hospital, and give the work to some poor women, paying for the making out of the poor fund. Then carpets will be needed. We can set the mountain Nestorians, who have come down upon us, at work upon them. The money now promised for the hospital, however, is not enough to furnish it, only build it, so we must raise more.

JANUARY 31st.—Christmas has again come and gone. On that day our thoughts wander to the home land, and how vivid becomes the contrast between Christianity and Mohammedanism when, instead of the bright picture which memory brings of gay shop windows, happy looking people with mysterious bundles under their arms, merry children who can hardly wait until the Christmas tree is ready, when instead of family gatherings and church gatherings, instead of the joyous quickening which comes to old and young hearts on this anniversary of our Saviour's birth, one sees black flags flying from the housetops and mosques, hears loud wailing from all quarters, and the muffled drumbeats as a large procession passes along the street, a procession composed of men who are cutting and slashing their heads and bodies with swords until the blood streams down, and many fall from faintness. For our Christmas Day was the great day of the Moslem month of mourning, Muharram, and whoever dies on this day of the death of their great prophets, is sure of going straight to Paradise. Thus they mourned for the death of the earthly, while we rejoiced at the birth of the heavenly.

There is enough wheat in Urumia to feed all until the next harvest, but it is held by noblemen, who dole it out little by little for an enormous price.

This wretched Persian government, even if it cared to save the people, has no power to make these Khans give up their stores. With very, *very* few exceptions, the rich in the city are doing absolutely nothing for the starving around them. If they go to the Governor for help, he tells them to go and eat their children.

Yesterday, as my husband and myself rode along the street, a Mussulman woman set down her water-jar, and pointing to us, said to those around her, "I am a sacrifice to the

religion of these people. If it were not for the missionaries we would all be dead. Our religion cares nothing for the poor."

Nothing more recommends the religion of Jesus to these people than the fact that we foreigners pity the poor and do what we can for them, while their own countrymen turn a deaf ear to all appeals.

April 1st.—Oh dear, when will this dreadful famine end? Flour is fourteen tomans a load to-day! About every evening we hear men crying in the streets, "I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" Many die in the streets every day, and fathers go around begging, carrying their dead children in their arms. Yesterday a poor woman came to the house. She is a pretty young woman, and belongs to a high family, the Nestorian Patriarch's. Her father was a highly esteemed helper. Her home has been in the mountains. She said there was nothing in the house, and there was nothing in the village, so she and a number of others started to come down through the deep snow for help. It was a desperate journey through the snow; nine women died on the way. She left three children, one a baby in the cradle. She caught my baby up in her arms, and cried as though her heart would break. She is starting back with some provisions, but I fear she will find her children dead.

In June, 1880, Dr. Cochran reported carefully to the Board. In his moderate and self-contained style he wrote:—

Since the last Station letter was written, nothing of especial note has occurred in the general mission work. We, however, could report progress frightful and rapid in the ravages of the famine, were it not that you probably are tired of hearing this old and distressing story. You will pardon us, however, if we dwell a moment on this subject, since it is one that we cannot shut our eyes to, nor forget. We can assure you that *we* are tired and worn out with this long, constant strain on our sympathies. On the other hand, it does us a great good to receive and distribute the aid that is so generously extended to us from abroad for the starving about us, and to see that this money is

saving the lives of many hundreds. Words cannot express our gratitude to the kind friends of Persia, in America and England, for the unexpectedly liberal offering to this object. Is it a wonder that those nations are blessed above all others?

But notwithstanding all that is done hundreds are dying about us daily, many are left in the city and villages and on the roads, where they fall, unburied. Their friends say, "We are not strong enough to dig their graves; we, too, are dying!" It has even come to this, in one or two instances, that parents have eaten their children! The desperate look with which we are met by the famishing, the earnest pleas and cries for bread are heartrending in the extreme.

The methods adopted for distributing alms and relieving the distress, in a measure, are these: First. The Native Charity Board is systematically engaged in ascertaining the wants of the poor in the Christian villages, and carrying to them the aid set apart for them. The funds placed in their hands have, up to the present time, saved the Nestorians on the plain from actual starvation, but now many are dying.

Second. Money is sent to the outlying districts.

Third. We endeavour to find work for those who can help themselves in this way. On the College and Hospital grounds a large number are kept at work. The amount of work done by these half-starved men and boys is not very great, but they are paid good wages and get their dinner. At Seir this is also done for that village and those about it. In a number of other villages a plan was just put into operation whereby the poor are employed in building and repairing chapels, schools, etc. It is also hoped that we can begin soon to build a bridge across the Urumia River which will enable us to employ many poor who are daily begging us to give them work. Toward this last object we believe we can get some help from the nobility.

Fourth. At the city we have kept the soup house in operation all winter, giving a dinner to about sixty daily. The capacity of this is now increased, and in addition a bakery is established.

Fifth. We also have begun to canvass parts of the city, with a view of giving tickets to as many as possible for bread. As we feared, however, in beginning this undertaking we went beyond our depth, for immediately on making

known the errand, the visitor was nearly overwhelmed by the rush of the hungry on him, and crowds besieged our gates.

Sixth. Several hundred have been helped off to Tiflis to find work.

Seventh. Over a thousand dollars' worth of seed grain has been distributed.

Although we have every prospect of good crops this year where seed has been sown, still there are thousands of families who, being reduced to absolute want, have nothing with which to buy food, if it be sold at a pittance even.

Many of these also are too weak to earn anything if they find work. There is a dark cloud overhanging this land and all its people, which God alone can remove, by putting into the hearts of good people abroad to continue to do what they can for them, not only until harvest, but until they are again able to stand alone.

A fortnight later Dr. Shedd, one of the senior associates and father of the present Dr. Shedd of Urumia, reported in detail:

The total received to date is 17,781 tomans.

The total expended to date is 12,696 tomans.

The toman is now worth $1.80 or 7s. 4d. sterling.

The *rules* of distribution have been (1) To save our church members. (2) To save all Christians, if possible, Protestants, Nestorians, Armenians, or Catholic, without distinction. (3) To do all we can for Jews or Mussulmans.

The *results.* The first two points have thus far been attained in Urumia. Very few Christians of the 5,000 families in this district have died. The Jews have been aided and thousands of the Moslems. Five hundred and seventy-five tomans have been spent in Tabriz and Teheran, and nearly 2,000 tomans have been sent to the mountain Nestorians and other districts at a distance.

The *difficulties* the last few weeks have been great to obtain money or grain. The drafts could not be sold, nor could money be borrowed. The money is not in the country, and the grain supply is limited by the importations from the East on camels and other animals. We should not have a cent in hand if it had been possible to turn our money orders into food. It has been impossible to increase the relief

given, and we have feared at times that many Christians must die because no food could be had.

The *harvest* is still three or four weeks in the future. It promises abundance. The prices are no lower. The mortality is very great. It is supposed that on Monday 1,000 persons died of hunger in places within sight of our Mission station.

The harvests of 1880 were good, but for years to come the effects of the famine were felt. They were felt most of all in social morality. A large pauper population had been produced, and multitudes had learned to beg, while the relief funds, so vast in Oriental peasant eyes, had led the people to depend upon the great beneficence of the Christians of the West and on the possibility of further help through the missionaries in any time of need. Even with the greatest care famine relief is likely to lead to enduring and harmful consequences. It is impossible to resist the impulse, and it would be wicked to avoid the duty of such relief, but Missions which have been the agencies of the distribution have had to accept the evil consequences of such charity as well as the good.

The young missionary, who had already acquired a unique influence by his character and his medical work, by his missionary heredity and personal dignity, now added to this by his prominence in the work of saving life and relieving suffering. It was only natural that the people should come to think of him as their protector and friend. His romantic relation to the great Sheikh Obeidullah, who led the Kurdish invasion of Persia in 1880, and his part in saving the city of Urumia from capture by the invaders could have but the one effect of exalting still further his position in the minds of the people and of enlarging his influence for good.

VII

THE KURDISH INVASION

DR. COCHRAN'S connection as a young medical missionary of twenty-five with the great Kurdish chief, Sheikh Obeidullah, and with the invasion which he led into Persia is more like fiction than sober missionary history. Next to the Sultan and the Sheriff of Mecca the Sheikh was the holiest person among the Sunni Mohammedans. Thousands were ready to follow him as the vicar of God. He was a descendant of Mohammed, and claimed to be of the line of the caliphs of Bagdad. He was a man of some real virtues of character, vigorous, just, and courageous. He had conceived the ambition of establishing an independent Kurdistan, uniting all the Kurds under his rule, and governing them justly, after his rough Kurdish notions, as a free state. He was, for a Kurd, a man of wide and tolerant sympathy. He wished to be on good terms with foreigners, and he was very fair to the Christians. Two years later when the Sheikh's dream had vanished and he was a prisoner in Constantinople, the Sultan asked him to write a paper describing the condition of the people in Kurdistan. The Sheikh wrote in his paper a great deal about the Nestorian Christians there, praising them as the best subjects of the Sultan. The Sultan objected to such language, and three times returned the letter for correction. Finally the Sheikh said, "I don't know much about politics, but I do know some-

thing about truth telling, and this is the truth." In this spirit he was ruling the people of Kurdistan with a firm hand when he invited Dr. Cochran to come up to visit him and prescribe for him in the spring of 1880.

Dr. Cochran went up in April, and in June wrote, reporting his visit to the Board:—

Two weeks ago I returned from a trip to Nochea, a district in Kurdistan, two and a half days distant. I went to pay a visit to Sheikh Obeidullah, who considers himself the third man in ecclesiastical rank in Islam. He is also the civil monarch of the Kurds. He has seemed disposed for some years past to get into closer relations with us and the civilized world. He regards the Turks and Persians as deceptive people, not living up to their religion, and altogether too depraved to hope that they will ever again hold the position they once commanded among the other nations. Regarding them in the light that he does, and situated as he is between them, he wishes to have the moral, if not material, support of a better people and government. To this end, he has several times sent to us, asking that we put him in a way of getting such help from the British government. Last year before entering on a campaign against the Turks, to whom he had up to that time paid tribute, he sent confidential agents to us repeating this request. Not desiring to be complicated in such affairs at such a time, we referred them to the English consul at Tabriz. After inflicting considerable damage on the Turkish frontier, an understanding was come to by which the Sheikh and his people were made practically independent of that government.

We hope and believe that our visit to this great man's country has done good, both for now and for the future. We had opportunity given us to speak very freely on religious subjects.

Dr. Cochran wrote a fuller and more general letter to his friend Mr. Clement, describing in detail his journey and reception. It is worth while to quote it

in full as it sets forth the conditions amid which he had constantly to work. The letter was printed in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* of July 26th, 1880.

For a number of years this Sheikh has appeared very friendly to us, often sending kind messages and invitations to have us visit him. A few weeks ago he was taken severely ill, and therefore sent, asking me to make him a visit. It was thought best by our Station that I go up and see him, both as an expression of our regard for him and to see him professionally. Taking with me three of our native helpers and one of my medical students, I set out upon the journey, escorted by the Kurdish officer and fifteen armed men who had come for me.

The first day's journey took us out of the plain of Urumia up a fertile valley, past an ancient castle hewn out in solid rock. After a ride of five hours, we came out on the plain of Mergawar, a fine grazing district dotted here and there with large flocks of sheep and beautiful fields of grain. We rode across this plain, stopping for the night at Bayrospie. Here, as we rode up to the Kurdish mosque, we were met by a large number of the villagers who welcomed us among them. I was guided into the quarters set apart for us. To get to this apartment I followed my leader through numerous dark passages. Arriving at this door darkness again, with the addition of a most stifling, highly-perfumed moist air, greeted us. Groping my way in the darkness, I found myself a seat in a corner. Into this room were brought some of our horses, baggage, and saddles, and soon after supper was served. A sheepskin was brought in for the table, and in it was the bread. Spreading the skin on the floor, roasted lamb, cheese, honey, and milk were placed on it. After supper we sat around a flickering light, and entertained ourselves by viewing the landscape o'er. I described to my companions the conveniences and luxuriance of some of the American hotels, and we all strove to imagine ourselves quartered in one of those palaces. But the bleating of two lambs imprisoned under a basket, the neighing of our hungry horses, the dreadful air which we had to breathe, and the fleas now busily engaged in welcoming us, all served effectually to banish from our thoughts any possibility of

Dr. Cochran and a Kurdish Sheikh

being in one of the hotels described. To add to my discomfort, I was informed that my bedstead and bedding, and the barley for our horses would not reach us that night. About 10 o'clock, however, they arrived, and I was soon occupying a Kurdish bed on the floor.

Tired as we were, we could not sleep much. Samuel, the medical student, having dozed off, had something from the ceiling drop on his upturned face which made him jump out of his sleep and bed, with a cry that awoke all who had fallen off to sleep. A lamb or cat came to my bed and licked my hand, which startled me so that I jumped, dreaming it was something more serious, and shook my travelling bedstead so that it fell partly. At midnight, a rooster which I had not discovered in the evening, true to his nature, began to crow, and kept it up at intervals for the rest of the night. Thus we passed the night, rising at four, to seek the outdoor air. Owing to the bad roads ahead we were compelled to stop over that day and wait for mules to be sent down to us. We therefore refused to go back in the house where we spent the night, but were admitted to their church, which was a far superior place. After breakfast we took a walk up a valley, at the head of which is a famous strong castle. In the afternoon we divided our party into three sets, and visited nearly all the villages on this plain in which there are Christians. We found them exceedingly poor, ignorant, and downtrodden.

Next morning starting out at sunrise, with our baggage on men's backs, escorted again by armed men, we began to ascend the high range of mountains which start from near the Persian Gulf, extending to Ararat, N. E. Immediately on leaving the plain and entering the mountain pass we found ourselves in deep snow in which our horses found it very difficult to travel with us on their backs, so that we dismounted. We continued to ascend in this way, rising very abruptly for three hours, when we reached the highest point in the pass, and the boundary line between Persia and Turkey—also the watershed.

Here the road must be at least 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, but the mountains on either side tower up to a much greater height, covered perpetually with snow. Beginning to descend, we find the roads as bad as ever, deep

snow often covering the road for a long distance. These melting snows make the grass and flowers beautifully fresh and fragrant.

Until noon we pursued this course on foot, now stopping to help up a fallen horse, and now to hold onto our horses, which are not accustomed to the narrow roads, as we go along precipices looking down thousands of feet, or along great beds of snow. From every dale and valley flow waters to swell the stream which is now a rushing, roaring, foaming river, dashing down this large valley. As we continue our journey we find the slopes of the mountains covered with oak, pear, and apple, and walnut trees. Here and there we find the broad valley and river completely bridged across by the snow that has slidden down from above, making a depth of snow in one place of at least 100 feet. These avalanches, as described, are exceedingly fearful—coming down from great distances with terrific speed and thundering noise, which echoes and re-echoes up and down the valleys, carrying everything in its course, uprooting immense rocks and trees, and finally bringing up at the bottom with a crash that shakes the earth like an earthquake.

We passed these mountains of snow, either by coming over them or by carefully picking our way down and around them. At noon we met the mules the Sheikh had sent for us. The mule he rides over such roads was sent for me. Our ride in the afternoon was even more pleasant. At 3, crossing a spur of the mountain, we came out upon a most charming valley. Here two or three villages with their two-story houses and fields of tobacco were seen. Two hours more brought us to our stopping place for the night. On approaching this village, by climbing up a steep hill to it, the village lost its beauty.

Its streets and inhabitants are dirty. The second stories of the houses are made of a sort of basket-work and used to dry tobacco in. We passed that night in one of these. Next morning we continued on through this pretty valley for two hours, then climbed a mountain which shuts Nayris out on the east from the rest of the world. Reaching the top with difficulty, Nayris, our destination, was in view beneath us. We rested here a little, and looked about us. On every side were mountains and valleys. The narrow, dangerous

path over which we had been travelling for the last two hours is wholly impassable for an army. The descent from this point to the town is so steep that I did not care to trust myself even on a mule.

Nayris, this town of about 400 houses, the capital of Kurdistan, is situated in a deep, crater-like depression. Every road leading to it is as difficult as the ones we took. Making our way down the mountain we stopped at a spring in order to give opportunity for announcing our arrival. Soon three chiefs, with their men, came out to receive us. One of them was at the head of a band of robbers who attacked and robbed my father some twenty years ago, and attempted to take his life. Arriving in the village, we were shown into a large, fine room, richly carpeted. After being seated the Sheikh's purser entered, bearing a bowl of rose water and a towel, and delivered a message of welcome from the Sheikh. I washed my face, and then was shown a place to rest till dinner time, which was served half an hour later. Then waiters were brought in. One rather more tastefully arranged and with extra side-dishes was placed on the floor beside me, the others for my men. This dinner consisted of coloured rices, roasted partridge, cheese, honey, and sweetened water. After dinner coffee was passed, and then news came that the Sheikh would like me to come to him if I were sufficiently rested. Taking with me four of my men, I went to his room. On entering the room he came nearly across it, feeble as he was, to meet me, and showed me to a chair by his side. My men were invited to sit down on my side of the room, nearer the door. On his other side, at a distance and on the floor, sat his son and heir apparent.

The Sheikh is fifty-three years old, rather prepossessing in his appearance and manners. He dresses in flowing robes of broadcloth, and wears a white turban. He is a man well read in Persian and Arabic literature. He has also read most of the Bible, a copy of which we sent him last year. He is a man who is ambitious to have the civilized world know that even here in wild Kurdistan there is a little kingdom whose laws are superior to those of her neighbours, Persia and Turkey, and that she has the power to carry them out. He is a very pious man, constantly speaking of God, and trying, he says, to do His will, according to his

religion. He is a just judge over his people, a kind lord to his citizens, if they do his will—otherwise very cruel. There are a few tribes of Kurds in Persia who are not his subjects, and they are the men who make their living by robbing and killing. He seemed to enjoy conversing on all subjects with me. During the week that I stayed at his house, I had many very pleasant talks with him. He was very much interetsed in hearing about the new inventions and other wonders of the Western world. His son is also a pleasant, intelligent man, who seems to be following in his father's footsteps. I spent the week at Nayris in talking with the Sheikh at least two hours a day, and receiving calls from his son and many Kurdish chiefs from different parts of the country, who had come to pay their respects to the Sheikh. Except in the winter, when the roads are blocked up, from 500 to 1,000 persons are entertained daily at this great man's personal expense. There are men of different ranks who are his guests. During the famine he has fed sixty persons daily, of the poor. The majority of the people whom I saw came to me, as well to be treated, as to see me for curiosity or other reasons, so that I saw and treated a very large number of Kurds in my absence from home. On leaving, the Sheikh presented me with his war-horse as a token, he said, of his gratitude to me for visiting him in his illness, and of his firm friendship toward us. Returning we came over the same road, reaching home after an absence of about two weeks. He sent his servants down with us, and commanded that all respect should be paid to me everywhere, and that I be entertained, with my party, on the best that the land could afford. In this way I, with my party, was his guest from the time I left home until I returned to it, he paying all expenses.

There are a number of Christian villages in these mountains where our road led us. Some of them I visited, and the rest were visited by some of the helpers. Finding them in great distress, we distributed to them some help which we had brought, knowing that many of them were dying. They besought us to send them a man to preach to them and to teach their children. All of us who took this journey will remember it with pleasure, and will hope that some good was done to those we visited.

Some further interesting incidents of the visit are recalled by Dr. Cochran's youngest sister who was with her mother, but who left Urumia in September of the same year on account of illness, not returning until October, 1885.

I remember how struck Joe was by the combination of shrewdness, natural common sense, and utter ignorance of that great Sheikh. He knew nothing whatever of geography, and one day in the course of conversation he put down a quince, and said, "Now, doctor, this is Nochea (his district). Show me where Moscow, and London, and Teheran are." And with apples and pears Joe made for this overgrown child a map of the countries.

This visit to Sheikh Obeidullah and the friendship which it established between him and Dr. Cochran had significant results. The old Sheikh had some grievances against Persia, and his ambition included the absorption in his proposed kingdom of the Kurdish district in northwestern Persia. He sent his son down to Urumia in the summer to negotiate with the local Persian government, and the son, of course, sought out Dr. Cochran and was entertained by him. Mrs. Cochran writes home on August 2nd, 1880, from Seir:—

I must tell you about our Kurdish dinner party. The Sheikh's son sent word that he would come Saturday at sundown. So we sent for the Mussulman cooks; they only can prepare pillau; then we had about ninety pounds of rice picked over, two lambs killed, ice brought, etc. We set the table in the parlour. About seven the party arrived, about thirty horsemen only. We had been told that there would be at least sixty servants. Eleven only sat at the table with us, the others were servants or inferior in rank. They were first taken to Mrs. Labaree's parlour and treated to sherbet, and soon after to ice-cream and cake. I think it was nearly 8:30 before we sat down to the table. It was a

strange sight, at least it would have been to you, these wild Kurds, very richly dressed, and all armed with swords and pistols, sitting down to a table daintily arranged with flowers and silver, and with *ladies,* for the first time, I presume. Those near the Sheikh's son behaved well, and did well with knives and forks, and napkins, but those at the opposite end played and mussed like little children. After dinner they adjourned to the roof. It was a glorious night. They departed about eleven o'clock. I think they would have remained over night if we had urged the matter at all, but we were careful not to mention it. They made a pretty show as they loaded their guns, and galloped away in the moonlight! Thus we entertained Joe's robber friends. Just as they were leaving, one of them asked Emma to open the door of our bedroom for him. He said he had put his sword in there. And sure enough he drew it out from under the *cradle,* where the baby was sleeping peacefully. It is fortunate he did not throw it *into* the cradle. Emma said he stopped and stared in astonishment at the fair little boy.

The political result of the son's visit was unsatisfactory, and in the fall the Sheikh came down with his army in an invasion of Persia, and laid siege to Urumia. Mrs. Cochran's letters give a vivid, contemporaneous account of the siege:—

College, October 6th, 1880.—It seems that war is to follow famine. Our friend, the Sheikh, is at war with Persia. When Joe was with him, he told him that he wished to gather in all the Kurdish districts lying around Urumia, and form a consolidated Kurdish nation. On this mission, his son came last summer, when we entertained him at Seir. What the result of this interview with the government was, we do not know, but probably unfavourable to the Sheikh's project, for a large Kurdish army has long been mustering, and within the last few days, with the Sheikh's son at its head, has come down and taken some of these Kurdish districts. He has carried all before him so far, and is now around the southern end of the Lake. The Kurds friendly to the Persian government, which were sent to fight the Sheikh,

all went over to his side, so that now he has a perfect horde with him of these wild, lawless men. At one place the Sheikh halted at a little distance from a city, and sent a number of men to ask for food for his army. These men were all surrounded and killed by the Persians. In revenge, the Sheikh, on taking the city, told the men to slaughter men, women, and children, and it was done. It is reported that he means to take Tabriz. We think he would do it only to frighten the Persians into making terms with him. Don't be alarmed; they won't touch us even if they do come to Urumia. The Sheikh is our friend. But do you know, they say that Joe got up this war. They say that was his mission to the Sheikh last spring, also that Captain Clayton of Van has been instigating the Sheikh to this, that Joe went to Van to consult with Captain Clayton, and now that the English consul from Tabriz is here, it is still more suspicious. I don't suppose the Governor believes this or any of the higher people. If they did it might be unpleasant for us, but it is only the talk among the people. We apprehend no danger to ourselves personally nor must you, though you should not receive letters regularly. Probably the Sheikh will be repulsed soon and go home to his mountains, or if he should even come here we are assured of his friendship.

October 11th.—There is not much new about the war. The Sheikh's son is still around the southern end of the Lake, another son has a large army a short distance back of Seir Mountain, and still another army is gathering in another direction, which, it is said, the Sheikh will command in person. The Persian troops are gathering. There is quite an encampment not far from us here. A regiment came in from Khoi on Sunday, their baggage brought by camels. These Persian soldiers are a poor defence, they look as if they would run away if you pointed a finger at them. Why should they fight, poor fellows? They are starved on four cents a day, have no clothes, no proper guns or ammunition, are forced into the service, have no pride in or love for their country, no leader to inspire them with enthusiasm. Why should they not desert, or run, or surrender at first sight of the enemy? The Governor of the city was here to

call this afternoon. He says the Persians are determined to fight it out with the Sheikh. We are placed in a rather difficult position. Of course we ought to maintain a neutral position, being friends of both parties, but the Sheikh keeps sending Joe letters, which makes the Persians think that we are in league with him, and of course if we betray anything to the Governor, the Sheikh would be displeased. The Governor seems very friendly of late, perhaps because the English consul is here. The report is now that 150 villages were sacked by the Sheikh's son at the time the city of Mianduab was taken, and the inhabitants massacred, and over 4,000 people must have perished in all. And to think that the man who ordered all this cruelty sat at our table at Seir a few months ago!

October 18th.—These are stirring times for Urumia. On Saturday the soldiers stationed near us moved towards Gavalan, about fifteen or sixteen miles, and all day yesterday were fighting with the Kurdish army. This evening news has come that the Persian army is defeated, and the Kurds are advancing upon the city. It is hardly expected, however, that they will reach it to-night. Yesterday a letter came from the Sheikh's brother-in-law, who is in command of the army now advancing, saying that he was responsible that no non-combatants, Nestorian or Mussulman, should be hurt, that it was not his design to harm the people of the country. This was in reply to a letter Joe sent him, asking him to abstain from any violence to the people. He also asked that we send him a little tea, but I fear the Persians would consider this giving aid to the enemy. Joe is not here to-night. He is in the city. He amputated a man's foot this morning, and felt that he ought to be within call to-night. Well, we can only wait and see what the night or the morning will bring forth. Our trust is in God, and He will not suffer us to be moved. When I started to come to this far off land, I committed myself entirely to His keeping, and I have never felt any fear. This morning I went into the city with Joe, and took up all my plants in the yard. To-morrow, if the Kurds do not hold possession, I think I shall go in, and move out all our remaining goods.

October 21st.—Nothing took place the night when I wrote last, but now the aspect is very warlike. The army, which we thought advancing upon the city, is still some distance away, but holds the Governor of the city surrounded. Yesterday afternoon a cry was raised, "The Kurds are coming." We looked from the roof, and an army was pouring down the Seir Mountain. A few moments later, Mr. Labaree, Sr., rode into the yard, looking very pale, and without his coat. He had started to go from the city to Seir, and was robbed by a party of Kurds out for plunder. They took away his horse twice, but gave it back. He remained down all night. There was no gentleman in Seir. Last evening we could see the campfires on the Seir Mountain. The great Sheikh himself encamped about a mile from Seir, and his son, with another army, just below Seir. On the top of the mountain was a signal fire, I suppose for the other army to know that they had arrived. All the people from the neighbouring Nestorian village of Hussar came rushing over with beds on their backs, driving cows, buffaloes, and sheep into our premises. Last night the village was plundered and nearly destroyed by a marauding band of Kurds. The city was in a panic. They tried to mend the old broken gates, and brought out all the cannon. The Sheikh sent word to Seir that the ladies should not be alarmed, that no harm should come to them, and sent them a guard. He also desired that Joe should come up and see him this morning. The acting Governor of the city also wished that Joe should go and see what terms could be made. So he went up this morning with Mr. Labaree with a Kurdish escort of 150 horsemen, all splendidly armed and mounted. Joe came down to dinner. The Sheikh was bent upon attacking the city unless the people came to terms, but they dally strangely, when it seems so useless to resist and have blood shed. There are no soldiers here in Urumia, no one to fight but the city rabble, and there sits that immense wild Kurdish army not six miles distant from them. Joe and the British consul then went into the city to try to induce the Persians to surrender, but they desired Joe to go again to the Sheikh and ask for one more day to consider the matter. He has gone, but has not returned yet. If the Persians do not come to terms soon, it will be a wild sight to see that Kurdish

horde, impatient for plunder, rush down from the mountain on to the city. It would not take them many moments, for they are surprisingly swift in their movements. The Sheikh requests that none of us stay in the city; he cannot be responsible for what his men may do. He says if we raise our flag over our place, our goods shall be safe, or he will return every shahie's worth. As the consul is with us we have have made a British flag to raise over the college. Thus we stand between two powers, trying to avoid bloodshed. Mussulman and Nestorians alike appeal to us for protection. The Catholics, too, wish to take refuge with us. If war is the decision, we are going to bring out the girls' school, and put them in the large room used as a chapel. I hardly know what we are going to eat. Of course, the bazaars in the city are closed. Almost all my flour is still in our cellar in the city. I don't know as this letter will ever reach you; the incoming mail was robbed. Do not be alarmed if you do not hear regularly, for the Sheikh is our firm friend, and will not see us harmed.

Sunday, October 24th.—As I wrote on the 21st, Joe went up at the request of the Persians, and asked the Sheikh to delay his attack, and he said that for Joseph's sake he would not come to the city until three the next afternoon. Friday, the 22nd, about noon, we all went on the roof of our house at the college, and watched the Kurdish army pouring down the mountain and across the plain. They do not march in solid ranks, or in any kind of order, but the infantry came straggling along, and the cavalry dash about here and there on a full run. The whole army came to the garden where we had our Fourth of July picnic, a little above us. At 3 p. m., the Kurds broke up camp, and marched by us toward the city. It is a fearful sight to see an army marching on to battle.

It was a great question whether or not any of our gentlemen should remain in the city premises. Mr. and Mrs. Whipple were there in the city. The Labarees and Mrs. Cochran, Sr., were at Seir. The rest of us are at the college and hospital property, two miles out from the city.

Our yard in the city was full of native Christians, and it seemed cruel to leave them alone; besides, if the missionaries there left, they would be sure to follow, and perhaps thus

enrage the Mussulmans against themselves and us. Mr. Whipple said he would stay, and had sent out his wife and child in the morning, but he did not wish to stay alone. Joe would have gone, only Mrs. Oldfather was expecting to be confined any day. A little after noon it was decided that Joe should go in and make a last effort for peace with the authorities, come out if he could, and then Mr. Shedd go in and spend the night. I said good-bye to Joe with a trembling heart, for I thought perhaps he might have to stay for days in a beleaguered city. Joe went in, and just before three o'clock saw some of the principal Khans sitting around the gate. They all gathered about him, and besought him to carry one more message to the Sheikh, begging that he would wait until morning. I forgot to say that that day the Governor arrived with about two thousand men, having escaped from the Kurds who were surrounding him under the Khalifa. Joe told them it was too late, but went out to meet the Sheikh. He met the whole Kurdish army advancing, yelling, toward the city. They told him the Sheikh would not listen, so he turned and ran his horse back to the city, and told the Khans that the Kurds were coming. They were sitting, coolly smoking their pipes, but this put them in a panic, and they said, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" "Surrender," said Joe, "if you cannot keep the city. If you can, then fight; that is your duty." Then he returned here to the gardens, but before Mr. Shedd was ready to go, the fighting had begun, and it was folly to try to enter the city. So Mr. Whipple was left alone. All that night cannon were roaring, and we fully expected that the city would fall before morning. After breakfast on Saturday, the English consul and Joe thought they would try to get through the lines, so they started at a time when there was very little firing, taking with them the consul's servants and two or three of the natives. As you approach the Seir gate of the city, the one nearest us, you have to pass through a wide avenue, about a quarter of a mile long, shut in on both sides by walls. They approached the gate, then sent one of the consul's servants ahead to speak to the captain of the cannon, and tell him that they wished to pass in to see the Governor. This servant says he gave his message, and that one of the Khans who stood by said,

"Fire first on the consul's servant, then on the gentlemen." The servant turned his horse and ran, motioned to the gentlemen to do the same, and away they all ran down that long avenue, lying flat to their horses, followed by showers of bullets which whizzed by them. For once Lollard's fast running was of service. Even after they turned and left the avenue, bullets followed them, but not one of them was injured. It was a narrow escape.

October 26th.—We have at last heard from Mr. Whipple. On Sunday he was seen walking on the roof by the Seir people, who were scanning our city premises with the telescope. Yesterday a little Nestorian boy, not more than thirteen years old, offered to go into the city. To-day the brave little fellow returned with a letter from Mr. Whipple. The Kurds had taken the boy's trousers and his hat, and he had been shot at. A little girl who spoke Kurdish, went with him through the lines, he says. Mr. Whipple is alive and well, but tired from so much anxiety. The yard there is full of native Christians. Water is cut off from the city, and the people cannot hold out much longer with their few wells. Yesterday and to-day the Kurds have been on the move, no fighting. The Sheikh finds he cannot take the city in an hour; the Persians have made a brave defence. Every night hundreds of the Kurds leave the fight and go out into the villages for plunder. Several villages they have stripped entirely and burned the houses. This country will be utterly ruined. The poor people will have no homes, no food; another famine is certain, and a much more fearful one than that of last winter. We petition the Sheikh to keep his men from despoiling the country, but they must eat, and I suppose he cannot control them all very well. He has taken away some of the plunder from them, and sent it to our yards for safekeeping. We don't know what he is going to do; he is evidently discouraged, and his men are getting rebellious. We hear this morning that he had given them leave to strip every village between here and the Lake. Now we hear that he has reinforcements coming, and now that 12,000 Persian troops are on the way to drive him out. If they come too, they will completely finish the country. I don't believe that we ourselves could find enough to eat

next winter. The prospect is a very dark one. Mr. Whipple writes also that Mussulmans in the city are talking hard against us, saying that we are inciting the Sheikh to all this, that they will kill us all, and sack this garden and Seir. The Governor, however, we are sure has no such feeling toward us. He was very angry when he heard the consul and Joe had been fired upon. Such threats from the Mussulmans make our breath come more quickly; it is not pleasant to think what might happen, but we know that the Lord is on our side, therefore will we not fear.

October 27th.—Last night the Kurdish army withdrew from about the city and camped quite near us. Some men from the camp this morning say the Sheikh has issued a proclamation that his army must enter the city to-day, or every man die in the attempt. If he does enter, I fear there will be a fearful massacre, for the Kurds are so enraged that the city has withstood them so long, that I do not believe the Sheikh could control them, even if he wished to. Turkish troops are said to have arrived on the borders, with orders from the Sultan for the Sheikh to retire and not invade Persia. The Sheikh, you know, is nominally a subject of Turkey; that is, he pays tribute to the Sultan.

If Turkey comes upon the scenes, and Russia thinks it necessary to put in a finger also, I really think we will be obliged to leave; we cannot live in the midst of such a commotion.

Evening, October 27th.—Nothing of note has taken place to-day. A conference of Kurdish and Persian chiefs was arranged for this afternoon; the consul and the gentlemen were invited to be present, but the Persians failed to appear.

October 28th.—The consul starts now in a few moments. Nothing was done last night, though the Persians did an immense amount of yelling. We think the Kurds know that they cannot take the city, and will simply sit here until they starve it out and spoil the whole surrounding country. It may be some time before you hear from me again, but I beg of you not to be troubled; the Lord will take care of us, and even should He call on us to suffer, what better could you ask for us than that we be doing His will.

October 29th.—I will continue my journal letter, though it may be some time before I have a chance to send it. Miss Van Duzee and I have just been walking on the roof. We saw many Kurds going by with loaded horses, plunder from the villages. Many villages have been entirely destroyed, the people stripped of clothing, all bedding and eatables taken, even the doors and window frames and rafters for firewood. No new attack has been made on the city.

October 31st.—Our beautful weather still continues. We are daily expecting cold fall rains, which would be very hard for all the people in this yard. Those in our new house have neither doors nor windows, and the schoolboys would be cold and damp in the hospital cellars. The boys take turns in guarding the castle at night. Two or three are in the corner towers, some over the gate, and two walk constantly round and round the walls. Most of the people brought no food with them, and have to be fed from the school stores. An old woman died in the yards yesterday, and this morning a baby.

The Kurds still sit in the camp near us. They occasionally fire on the city at night, and plunder the villages. The Kurdish army is composed of many tribes which have blood feuds between them, and now that the Sheikh is not successful, there is anarchy in the camp. The city has received some reinforcements, and can hold out. The city authorities seem very friendly. The Governor expressed himself as very angry that the gentlemen had been fired on. We have been placed in a difficult position. We have had to negotiate with the Sheikh for our own safety, and besides we had no quarrel with him, but of course the Persians could easily construe it into meaning that we were in league with him against them.

November 1st.—Good news! This morning as we sat down to breakfast we saw the whole Kurdish army going away. Large companies of Kurds are going directly home over the mountains, and it is thought the Sheikh is with them. A letter came from Mr. Whipple this morning. He comes out to dine with us to-day. Light is breaking in all directions, and we hope our day of trouble is nearly over.

Last evening our little circle had such a good meeting. We looked up all the "Fear nots" in the Bible. It was astonishing how many of the verses fitted our situation. Never before could I appreciate David's prayers against his enemies. When once surrounded by hordes of wild, wicked, dangerous men as we have been, you would lose all scruples at praying to have them "cut off." After reading all these overwhelming assurances of God's care for His people, we all felt greatly strengthened, and wondered that we had been fearful. I believe it takes a lifetime of varied experiences to make the different promises of the Bible seem real and of value to us. The Psalms seem like a new book to me.

November 4th.—The Kurds have left us. They are now some fifteen miles distant. Persian reinforcements have arrived at the city and will now go out against the Kurds. Ill feeling against us in the city is subsiding. The authorities are all exceedingly friendly. Thus the Lord gives us favour both with Kurds and Persians, and we have been safe in the midst of all this tumult. Some of our number have returned to the city. People in the yard are leaving, and we are not so crowded.

November 5th.—Taimur Pasha, "the coming man," as Mr. Abbott used to call him, arrived a few days ago, and will probably go against the Kurds in a day or so. We sincerely hope so, for his soldiers are worse than the Kurds; they are plundering villages and doing dreadful things. We hear on pretty good authority that the Turks have advanced into the Sheikh's country and taken possession of his capital, Nayris. If this is so the poor Sheikh will be hard pressed. The people from this yard are gradually departing, and we breathe more freely. Men have resumed work on our house, and a month from now we hope to be in it.

The coming of Taimur Pasha, or Agha, head of the powerful Khans of the Maku district near Mt. Ararat, with the Persian troops was no blessing. On November 8th, Dr. Cochran wrote briefly:—

Just by chance, on a two minutes' notice, we can send a line. The sky is still very dark, but the Lord, who has cared for us so far, will continue to, I have no doubt. The Kurds are still within three hours of us, daily and nightly plundering villages and killing people. The Persian forces, now 8,000 to 10,000 strong, are doing the country more damage than the Kurds. We ourselves will be safe from any violence, I have no doubt, but the poor Christians about us are suffering terribly.

The political situation was becoming very confused and embarrassing. The missionaries, of course, desired to be left entirely free and unentangled, but that was no easy matter. They properly wished to hold the friendship of the Sheikh, and as properly to be loyal to the best interests of the government. Above all, they wished to see the gospel spread unhindered among the people and to prevent injustice to the innocent. The letters show how delicate their situation was and how their enemies took advantage of the conditions to increase their difficulties. Mr. Labaree, Sr., wrote:

November 4th, 1880.—You have been informed of the English consul's attempt to visit the city to bring about terms of peace, urging Dr. Cochran to go with him, and how the Persians outrageously fired on them. It is wonderful, all but miraculous, that they escaped with their lives from the terrible volley of rifle and musket shots showered upon them. God alone preserved them. Most surprising has been His protection all through the perils that have befallen us. To-day I was at the city for the first time, and with Dr. Cochran received a call from the man who has talked most violently against us, one whom we considered as good a friend as we had in the city until a few months ago. He is much alarmed to find himself known as held responsible for firing on the consul's party, and is very humble. We called on the Governor, who is also the general of the

army, congratulating him on his able and successful defence amid most discouraging circumstances. He is not an intriguer like his brother-in-law referred to above, and has acted, we think, a straightforward course towards us at this time. They now affirm that Dr. Cochran was the means of saving the city since, at the urgent request of the deputy governor and the consul, Dr. Cochran made a visit to the Sheikh and obtained delay of twenty-four hours before the attack on the city. During that time the general brought his army into the city, and got it into a defensible condition. Had the Sheikh attacked beforehand, it is probable he would have captured the town at a stroke. And yet when we saw the Sheikh afterwards, he did not seem to hold the doctor responsible, but charged the Persians with duplicity. We have been thrown into a very embarrassing position. As we look back upon the various steps in the progress of events we do not see how we could have done much different from what we did. Our friendship with the Sheikh has been the means of saving the Christian population from the terrible pillaging perpetrated on the Mussulmans; and yet two or three Christian villages have been most thoroughly despoiled and a few of their inhabitants killed. The condition of those populations is pitiable, and their sufferings the coming winter will be great. One of our porters has lost nearly everything of his effects. Another was robbed and murdered. These exceptions are not strange. Only the Sheikh's stern command to his generals to treat us and the Christians as his own family prevented the exceptions becoming the rule.

The Sheikh is, we hear, still on the plain of Urumia, strongly entrenched, but greatly crippled by deserters and the loss of his men at the hands of the recently arrived Persian force. His son, who was making such a successful campaign at the South, has been driven back. It is reported to-day that the Turkish and Persian governments have made a new alliance for the entire destruction of this troublesome chief. If while about it they would make thorough work with the various Kurdish tribes that infest the border both kingdoms would be rid of some terrible pests.

Whatever anxiety you may have felt for us from previous

letters, I think you may feel at ease now. The men who have imagined mischief against us will be overthrown of the Lord. We have not at any time doubted that He will overrule all for good. And now that we have seen such marked deliverances we are encouraged to trust Him still more. We are, however, sorely troubled at the prospects of continued famine. The cost of provisions is much higher now than it was a year ago at this time, and the invaders have removed an immense quantity of grain. We ask your prayers and sympathies in these peculiarly trying circumstances.

Mrs. Cochran wrote:

November 8th.—Joe and I spent the Sabbath at Seir. It seemed so pleasant to go outside these walls and ride a little. As we came down this morning the country was full of the smoke of burning villages. The Kurds are burning and plundering on the plain beyond us, and in the villages about the city the Persian soldiers are doing more mischief than the Kurds did. The Governor of the city and the General, who has come to reinforce him, are jealous of each other, and are quarrelling. The country is in a dreadful state of confusion and terror. The city is being fortified daily, and it is difficult to pass back and forth. The gates are closed and cannon in the way. There was a report a few days ago that the chief men of the city were going to send a petition to the Shah to have us removed from the country as we have been the means of inducing the Sheikh to come down upon Urumia. But almost at the same time the Governor requests a letter from us to the Shah, stating that he had defended the city valiantly, and was worthy of all praise, etc., etc. Also when Joe was in Taimur Pasha's camp the other day, those who stood by told the General that Joseph had saved the city by inducing the Sheikh to wait one day instead of coming down when he intended. May the Lord deliver us alike from their flattery and their slander.

November 10th.—These wicked, wicked men are making a desert of this beautiful plain. Persian soldiers are plunder-

ing some of the Christian villages and behaving so badly that the inhabitants are fleeing to the city. To-day bands of Kurds have burned three villages near us. Last night there was fighting, and the Kurds were driven back. Such a strange war! The armies sit and look at each other, and plunder and burn all the villages about them.

November 12th.—It's worse than trying to serve both God and Mammon, this endeavouring to keep on good terms with both Persians and Kurds. To-day the Governor sent to the gentlemen, asking if they would give something towards repairing the city walls. Now, if the Sheikh should learn that we gave 25 tomans to protect the city against him he might come down in anger and destroy us. The story would, of course, reach him much enlarged. It would be 250 tomans at least. On the other hand, this request seems to be put upon us by the Governor as a sort of test whether we are friendly to him or not. Should we refuse it might enrage the Persians against us. But for my part I don't believe so much in considering consequences. The question is, what ought we to do as neutral parties? That decided us to go ahead trusting in God to protect us.

November 28th.—Things go on about as usual. The Seir gate of the city is open, and people come and go, only we have no bazaar yet, for Taimur Pasha's men stole and plundered so that the shopkeepers removed all their goods to their homes. This army is composed of bad, lawless men from many countries, outlaws many of them, and deserters. They have gone away at last after the Kurds.

November 29th.—The war may be fairly considered as over. Taimur Pasha has gone up into the districts behind the Seir Mountains, and found that the Kurds have fled, taking everything with them, and burning their villages. The Sipeh Salar, or Prime Minister, is to arrive to-morrow. He is said to have an army with him composed of men compared with whom Taimur Pasha's men, who have been pillaging and burning all about here, are angels.

The share of care and responsibility which fell upon Dr. Cochran in these troublesome times was a heavy

burden for a young man to bear. The strain was made far heavier for all by the illness and death of little Harry Shedd in the midst of the siege, and in the war there were enough sights of horror for a lifetime. His sister, whom he took to Van on her way to America just before the Sheikh came down, writes:

Poor Joe, he saw enough horrors to turn his hair grey at this time. I remember his telling how once he went to the Sheikh, whose army was encamped outside the city on the mountain slopes, and complained to him that in spite of the promise given in one village, some Christians had been robbed. Unfortunately, as Joe afterwards felt, he was able to indicate the persons who had committed the deed. We were riding over the place when Joe told me the story, and he showed me where the camp was, and where, a few days later, the Sheikh sent for him, and to his horror, he saw crucified those men, as the Sheikh said, "as an example to his men of what would happen to any one who touched the doctor's people." The poor men were quite dead, but Joe said he was so sick he could hardly sit his horse as the Sheikh proudly showed him the ghastly proof of his friendship. When the war broke out, Joe was in the plain and mother was up at Seir, with the Kurds between them. Mother was in the old "Castle," and when the troubles began all the villagers near by came with their cattle and goods and little ones, and she took them in till literally every spot, yards, rooms, and roofs was filled. One night a band of horsemen came to the gate, and thundering on it, shouted out to know if the Hakim Sahib's mother was there. The poor Nestorians inside thought their last day had come, but when they heard those two words, words that have brought comfort, relief, and hope to how many! "Hakim Sahib!" It seems to me now as I write it that I could never bear to hear the name given to any one else, so much a part of the man was it, and so much it meant when it meant that man. Well, the Kurds went on to say, "Tell the great lady that the Sheikh says she is to sleep peacefully, and that nothing shall happen to her or to her people for her son's sake." A few days after, as I remember, the Sheikh

sent an escort to take mother through his lines to the college where Joe was.

Dr. Cochran's own letters and later references to the invasion and his part in diminishing the horrors are characteristically restrained and modest.

When the Kurds were gone many of the people but not all soon forgot Dr. Cochran's services. There came, as already indicated, rumours of hostile influences at work against the missionaries. For a time they hardly knew what the coming of the Sipeh Salar, the Sadr Azam or Prime Minister, with his army might involve. Under date of January 3rd, 1881, Dr. Shedd wrote:

The moon just past was the Moslem month of Muharram. The first ten days of this month are devoted to the Persian Passion Play, the tragedy of Hussein. It is the fanatical season of the Shiahs. It was inevitable in such a war of religious sects that the worst passions should be roused. Shiahs were killing Sunnees, and Sunnees, Shiahs, as if either party were wild beasts. The Sunnees were all driven out of the country or killed, except a few who changed their form of faith. Then the fear was that the Shiahs would turn upon the Christians. There were sullen, ugly looks, and muttered threats and suspicions that our Mission and the Christians generally, favoured the Kurds. These rumours, when traced to their sources, so far as we could learn, invariably started from the Papal monks and their Persian Mirza, or from certain other enemies. Quite a panic arose among the Christians. I do not think there was at any time real danger. But the fickle populace of an Oriental city of old cried "Hosanna" one week and "Crucify" the next. And so here, a small occasion, a bold man to lead, might have been the spark to ignite the inflammable passions into an explosion of bloody fanaticism. Among the stories that reached us was this: A company of the more zealous Moslems proposed to the Sheikh ul Islam that they celebrate the Muharram by a massacre of the missionaries and Christians. The Sheikh ul Islam replied that he had three things

to say before they went further. "(1) The missionaries have been the means of saving thousands of Moslems from death by famine. (2) They have saved the city from pillage and massacre by Dr. Cochran's intercession with the Sheikh to grant one day of grace. That day's delay saved us. (3) If you kill such men you must consider the result. I, for my part, would fear that it betokened the end of Islam or of Persian rule, or of both in this region." The Muharram passed, and the Moslems showed less zeal than usual, owing in part to the fact that the popular leaders who stir up the populace to enthusiam can only be had for large sums of money, and this article was very scarce. So many have died or are sick, or impoverished, that it is not strange if little interest was felt. But all breathed more freely when it was over. The day following, the Sipeh Salar, or Commander-in-Chief, and his army arrived. The army numbers about 20,000. It has four specially good regiments, equipped in the best style of improved arms, with very fine artillery, and officered by Austrians. One of these officers, the Captain of Artillery, is a Hungarian Protestant who has shown himself very kind and friendly to the missionaries. The Sipeh Salar is the foremost man in Persia in talent and executive ability. He was ambassador for many years in Constantinople, and has visited the European capital, speaks French, and is a civilized gentleman. He was the vizier in office last winter when the intolerant regulations were executed at the capital. The Papal monks had written so many slanders about us to the French consul in Tabriz, and had circulated so many rumours here that we feared the Sipeh Salar might be prejudiced, and use coercive measures against our work.

Dr. Cochran, in his paper at the 30th anniversary of Miss Cyrene Van Duzee's entrance on missionary work, told of the happy issue which came out of these troubles:

After the invasion of the city, with its terror by night and its destruction which wasted by noonday, was over, and the Kurds had withdrawn, a large Persian army had come from

Teheran, commanded in part by the Prime Minister. Great as the daily danger was from the lawless Kurds, the bitter enmity of the Persians, who were only too ready to lay the blame of their misfortunes on the Christians, was even more to be dreaded. The wildest stories were circulated involving us, and making us out to be responsible for the coming of the Kurds, especially since none of the Christians suffered, and not even we, who had been for the most part within the invaders' lines. Many of our best friends among the Moslems believed these reports. The ears of the Sadr Azam had been filled with these reports. At this juncture, Clement (Dr. Cochran's oldest child) was the means of discovering a friend in need, and none too soon. While our hostler was taking the child out to ride, General Wagner, now known to us all, came across him, and asked if he were not a European child, and told the servant that he wished to meet us if we were foreigners. He was the only Protestant officer among the European drill masters with the army, and as soon as we met him he used all his influence in setting aright the wrong impressions which were being made upon the officers connected with this new army. He also arranged for a call upon the Prime Minister, and when the latter, with several hundred horsemen as his escort, marched around our college walls to examine the fort (!) erected by us, where we had given such efficient aid to the attacking army, General Wagner was along, and did all he could to correct the erroneous impression which had been received.

The day that the Prime Minister was to take his departure, we called upon him in a body. Nearly every one of note in town was in attendance upon him. We expected a very cool reception. Instead, he arose before all those who were condemning us, and who daily were insulting us, and shook hands. Soon he produced a telegram from the Shah, which he said had just been received, which read about as follows: "His Imperial Majesty, Center of the Universe, to which all men make obeisance, the Shah in Shah, may his soul ever live, commands me to instruct you to look after the welfare of the American missionaries in Urumia, and to put them in charge of the Governor, with special directions that he sees that they enjoy every privilege and protection. Signed, Minister for Foreign Affairs." As the Sadr Azam

read this telegram in a loud voice and with the solemnity and deference due to a command from his sovereign, every one gave closest attention. Then, turning to the Ikbale Dowleh, who alone of all those present but ourselves, was given a seat, and he at some distance from the Sadr Azam, said, "You hear this command of the Shah. If anything befalls these gentlemen, I shall require every hair of their heads of you." God in His wisdom and mercy had sent this message at exactly the right moment. Had this telegram arrived an hour later, when the Sadr Azam had left, the effect would have been very different. It seems that Dr. and Mrs. Shedd's letters, giving an account of the precarious condition in which our Mission stood at the beginning of hostilities, had reached Mrs. Shedd's brother, General Rufus Dawes, who then was a member of Congress. Through his interest and instrumentality, the Secretary of State telegraphed the United States Minister in London, directing him to lay the facts before the British government, and request that they instruct their ambassador at Teheran to see the Shah about the matter.

The troubles of a Christian Mission in a Mohammedan land do not end in such a summary way, however. New trouble was already brewing, and at the end of Dr. Cochran's life, twenty-five years later, the conditions were as painful and disturbing as in 1880. These lead us away, however, from the picturesque old Sheikh whose ambitions were collapsing. He had withdrawn from Urumia, but it was feared that he would renew his raids in the spring. Negotiations were entered into between Persia and Turkey, and the latter disavowed all responsibility for the Sheikh's movements, expressed regret to the Shah for what had happened, and summoned the Sheikh to Constantinople. He declined to go at first, but when shut in on both sides by Turkish and Persian troops he decided to accept the Sultan's invitation, and went off to Constantinople under a large escort, which was really a guard to prevent his

escape. Many supposed that he would be sent back as Governor-General of Kurdistan. On reaching Constantinople he was received in great state and nobly treated. But he soon discovered that his palace was a prison. He escaped from Constantinople and returned home, but dissension among the Kurds showed him the hopelessness of further struggle, and he surrendered to the Turks, was sent to Mecca, and died there in October, 1883. He never lost his friendship for Dr. Cochran. Mrs. Cochran wrote on September 14, 1882:—

I wrote you, did I not, that the Sheikh has run away from Constantinople. He has now surrendered to Turkey on the condition made by the Sultan that he and his family be sent to Medina. Poor old Sheikh! I'm sorry for him and for this end to his ambitious dreams. I have a great respect for the man, and yet I am rather glad that he is not to be here to stir up any more wars. Soon after his escape and return to Kurdistan, he sent a letter to Joe, asking what the attitude of both Turkey and Persia was towards him, and for news of the world in general. He seems to consider Joe his firm friend. Now it is rather a dangerous thing to be receiving letters from Persia's enemy and more so to be giving him information, so Joe simply told the messenger to look about and inquire among the people of the country; they knew as much as he on the subject.

It is a great testimony to the sincerity and tact of the young physician that he won and held until the end the confidence and regard alike of the Kurd who would be king and of the Persian officials who were arrayed against him.

It was as a result of this episode and through the efforts of Mr. Dawes that the American legation was established in Teheran.

VIII

OLD FOES AND NEW FRIENDS

THE end of the year 1880 saw the difficulties originating in misunderstanding and malice in Urumia for the time at least suppressed. But with the beginning of the year 1881 new difficulties arose from a different quarter. A minister of foreign affairs had come into office in Teheran who, a quarter of a century before, while holding the same office, had endeavoured to suppress the Christian movement. The British Consul-General in Tabriz had always had charge of the interests of American missionaries in northwestern Persia, and had cared for them with notable fidelity and friendliness. The Consul-General at this time was Mr. William G. Abbott. In January he wrote to the missionaries at Tabriz and Urumia:—

I have received an official communication from the Foreign Office Agent, informing me that complaints have been made to the Vali Ahd that you are actively engaged in preaching and teaching amongst Mussulmans and endeavouring to induce them to renounce Islamism; and that such proceedings are calculated to produce serious disturbances in this country. His Royal Highness has therefore instructed the Agent to request me to give you a friendly warning on this subject, and to advise you to desist altogether from teaching or preaching to Mussulmans amongst the Persians, either at your private houses, in places of worship built by you, or elsewhere. The Agent adds that if you disregard this warning, the Persian government will be obliged to adopt further measures to insure their regulations

being carried out. I trust you will see the necessity of complying with the orders of the Persian government in this respect, for if you neglect to do so, your position in the country will be no longer tenable and your work amongst the Nestorians will greatly suffer in consequence.

The missionaries, however, were not greatly disturbed by this. Mr. Labaree, Sr., wrote:—

In a private note Mr. Abbott writes that he is sorry to have to discharge this unpleasant duty, but he has no choice, and hopes we will submit to the orders. On the other hand, he announces with pleasure that in consequence of our representations His Excellency, Mr. Thompson, British Minister at Teheran, has obtained orders from the Persian government in favour of the Jews who have been much persecuted in certain places on account of having embraced Christianity. The orders are enclosed to us "containing strict injunctions that no interference whatever is to be allowed with persons other than Mussulmans, who may wish to change their creed."

We certainly are very grateful to the Master for this favourable concession of religious liberty which He has put it into the hearts of the Persian rulers to make for all non-Moslems. We take it as an earnest that liberty for Moslems also to embrace Christianity will follow in the Lord's own time. Meanwhile, you can see how circumspect we must needs be in our intercourse with Mohammedans.

Under date of March 7th, 1881, Mr. Labaree wrote to the Board:

To this communication our Station replied in a few resolutions, the point of which is to reserve to ourselves the right of freely explaining the Scriptures to all who may visit us, and to deny any responsibility on our part if Mohammedans frequent places of Christian worship. These and the larger questions of privilege to preach and teach the Old and New Testaments to all classes are argued at length in a paper drawn up in Persian and sent through Mr. Abbott.

The increasing number of Mussulman pupils in Christian

schools in Syria and Egypt, the concession of our right to explain the doctrines of our religion by high ecclesiastics in this and other lands, as well as statements of the Koran itself to the importance of a right understanding of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, are certainly weighty arguments, if candidly considered by the Persians. It is a question if any further notice of the subject will be taken by the government. We deem it best, however, to proceed cautiously. In one direction, religious liberty in Persia has obtained an important advantage. The same letter which brought the warning against preaching to Moslems brought also two documents from the Persian Foreign Office addressed to the Governors of Urumia and Senneh, based on the state of affairs in Hamadan, and conceding the right of the Jews in all parts of the country to change their religion without molestation. A Christian also may become a Jew if so disposed. Thus perfect religious liberty is accorded to all non-Moslem sects to change their creed at pleasure. This is certainly an important step forward. It is in striking contrast with the situation twenty-five years ago when Nestorians were beaten and imprisoned for adhering to the evangelical teachings of the missionaries, and many restrictions were put upon our work. And what a change in the aspects of the missionary work in every way since that day. How enlarged the field, how increased the results of Gospel labour. At that time there were no missionaries in Persia outside of Urumia. Now Tabriz and Teheran are flourishing stations, and Hamadan is more than ripe for resident missionaries, and the large cities of Maragha, Senneh, Ardebil, and Khoi are occupied by native helpers. Then only to Nestorians was the Gospel preached; now Armenians, Jews, and Mussulmans not only hear the glad tidings, but "believing, rejoice with joy unspeakable." The outlook is altogether encouraging in spite of the recent "warning," and in spite of the rumours that the new Foreign Minister has reissued the old orders of twenty-five years ago against our schools, etc. The former action itself indicates the headway of the work among the Mussulmans. The latter, if true, is only amusing. It is a curious muddle which allows a Christian to become a Jew and disallows his accepting a different shade of Christian belief.

We suspect the new Minister, scarcely yet waked from his seven years' official sleep in distant Meshed, has simply happened on some of his old orders of the last quarter of the century, and sent them on to establish his identity. Many things have happened in Urumia since his former fruitless efforts to arrest the new tide of intelligence and spirituality among the Nestorians. There is less hope than ever of such hostile schemes succeeding. The evangelistic and educational work is now too much in the hands of the people themselves to be affected by orders of this kind.

The village schools were never more popular than this winter. More than 1,600 pupils are in attendance. The students from the college engaged in teaching have in many places infused new life into this department.

The resolutions of the Station referred to by Mr., later Dr. Labaree, were as follows:—

In regard to the warning of the Persian government to desist from labours among Moslems, communicated by Mr. Abbott, English Consul-General, the Urumia missionaries resolve as follows:

1. That while we regret the disposition of the Persian government to restrict our liberty, we do appreciate the kindly spirit in which the warning is given, and we assure the government that we desire to avoid all proceedings that are calculated to create disturbance in this country.

2. We do not understand that the warning commands us inhospitably to shut our doors against those who visit us in a friendly way. But we assure the government that it is not our habit to speak against the religion of Islam. We simply explain, when desired, the doctrine of the Books of the Old and New Testaments which Moslems admit to be the Word of God.

3. We do not understand that we are to turn away orphans who are now supported by charity from Christian lands, until at least the government make some provision that they do not perish.

4. We respectfully represent that the responsibility of individuals attending any Christian services is not ours but theirs.

5. We respectfully ask attention to the following statement of our work and its relations to the government, and the welfare of Persia, hoping that the degree of liberty asked for may be conceded by the Shah's government.

The statement was forwarded, and the end of this particular agitation was a decree from the Shah, secured especially through the personal interest of Queen Victoria, which enlarged and confirmed the rights of his Christian subjects and thus put the Mission work on a better basis.

Meanwhile, the presence in Urumia from time to time of prominent officials in connection with the operations against Sheikh Obeidullah brought the Mission, largely through Dr. Cochran's influence, new and powerful friends. One of the warmest and most faithful and one of the most immediately helpful was Captain, afterward General, Wagner, then in charge of the Persian artillery and in after years drill master of the army. He was an Austrian Protestant of enthusiastic nature and loyal friendship. It was his discovery of Clement Cochran when he was in Urumia after the Kurdish invasion that brought the missionaries at once to the attention of the Prime Minister, and he never lost his friendly interest in them. His love and his quaint English were always a delight to Dr. Cochran and his associates and to the missionaries in Teheran, where he had his headquarters, and whither he returned after the campaign against the Kurds. The letters for the next few years are full of references to the new friends and supporters. In February Dr. Cochran wrote to the Board:—

I have spent my forenoons, as far as it has been possible, in studying Persian and giving several hours to the instruction of the Medical Class. Afternoons I am generally in

the city or in the villages. I see patients in the dispensary one afternoon in each week. None of the rooms in the hospital as yet are ready for occupation, so I am not able to receive many patients. I have, however, a few in the now vacant dormitory of the college.

This fall has been an unusually sickly one. At present typhus is raging at its usual rate of mortality—18 per cent.

There are over 800 families of Christians left destitute by the ravages of war on this plain, and many more Mussulmans.

The prospects for the future are as yet veiled in obscurity. On the whole, I think, the outlook is brighter than it was a few weeks ago. The King is now said to be coming to Azerbaijan. A large army is also reported to be advancing from the interior, to be stationed along the frontier, or Turkish boundary. The brother of the Sipeh Salar, or Prime Minister, made us a call last week, visiting the Female Seminary. He expressed himself as much pleased with all he saw. He, as well as his brother, who has recently returned to Teheran, has appeared very friendly to us, and thus we believe has done much towards quieting and putting a stop to the evil reports and threats which at one time were quite common and open.

We have indeed much to be exceedingly grateful for. While wars, massacres, famines, and pestilence have been walking abroad, we have enjoyed a measure of health and freedom from the deadly effects of all, which is far beyond our deserts or even expectation.

He laments in this letter that he had been unable before leaving for Persia to complete his course in the Dental College at home "so as to be competent to make a set of false teeth when needed." Several of the missionaries had had troubles with their teeth for which it was beyond his skill to care.

Mrs. Cochran's home letters show how faithfully the opportunities of the year were improved and how diligently her husband went about his business.

JANUARY 5th, 1881.—At last we are in our own house. We took our first meal here on the last evening of the old

year. The carpenters are still in the house, and will be all winter, I guess. This being the week of prayer of course we let the settling go for a little. In the morning all the people of the yard come to our house and Joe has a short service with them. Then after dinner there is an English service in the city which I try to attend, and in the evening another Syriac service at the Shedds'.

January 12th.—On Monday, Captain Wagner, the Austrian, and Dr. Lucas, the Armenian, appeared for a call. It was so near night and so cold that we invited them to spend the night, an invitation which they were not reluctant to accept. When shown to his room the Captain said, "I shall sleep like an angel." He does not much admire Persians and Persian ways. He says that when his pay and that of the soldiers under him is due, he asks the Prime Minister for it, and he says, "Certainly, pay them." "But money is necessary," states the Captain. "Then to-morrow I will give it to you." So he asks and asks, and perhaps after a month it is given to him. The Prime Minister goes through the same process to get money from the King.

January 26th.—(She sends a plan of their new house.) Quite a house, is it not, seeing we planned it entirely ourselves? I am more than satisfied with it. It is far beyond anything I ever dreamed of having on missionary ground. I only hope we can use it for the good of those about us, that it may be a home where our circle and the natives will always feel at home. I suppose Joe has nearly reached Tabriz. He had fifteen guards from the government, and a little way out part of them fell behind and robbed a party of teachers on their way to the city! Robbers are the safest guard one can have in this country.

May 11th.—This has been a busy day. In the afternoon a recently arrived great man called, together with the Nasir-ul-Mulk and the Captain. The army expects to leave in a few days, and the Nasir-ul-Mulk told Joe he wanted to say good-bye to me, so he came out into the sitting-room and had a glimpse of our family life. It is refreshing to be treated with courtesy by a Persian gentleman. He is very fond of Joe. He walks around holding his hand like that

crazy —— Khan. The Captain was quite sick, had a high fever, and we persuaded him to spend the night. He seems better this morning, and has gone to the camp, but has promised to return for the Sabbath. He is a very entertaining man, but his English is something remarkable. He said last night, "I shall be an angel in die morning if I sleep in such a soft bed!"

Seir, May 24th.—I think I wrote you that Captain Wagner came to our house sick a week ago Saturday. We thought perhaps he was going to have typhus fever, but he began to improve after a few days. We made him a bed up in the study. On Sunday he was able to be around and was even able to go into the Sunday School. He was very much astonished to see Joe taking charge of it, especially as two ministers, Messrs. Oldfather and Whipple, were present. When all came home and sat down in the parlour around the organ, he said to Joe in his funny English, "Now I have found out von new ting, you is very good doctor, very good father, and now you is very good archbishop." In the evening, as the other families were out, we had a sing and a little Bible class together, which the Captain attended. He seems to be a man of principles, but of no religious principle. He has very dim ideas of religion. He said to Miss Ottaway, "Der is von ting dat I no understand about dese missionaries, every day dey reads die Bible and dey prays so many times. What now have you and Mrs. Cochran done dat is so bad dat you must pray tree, four times dis day?" Somehow it seems very strange here that all civilized people, Europeans, are not Christians. On Wednesday he went back to the camp, but a storm came up towards night, and we sent for him to come. I wrote him a note in German with which he appeared greatly pleased. On Thursday he said good-bye to us, for the camp moved on toward Mergawar. He will be there several months, I presume. Joe will go up to visit him some time, and mother and I will send him some bread and butter and cake. You don't know how pleasant it seems to see some one outside our own circle. We have come up to Seir to spend a few days. Joe does not seem to be feeling well, is tired, and has headache. He said he wished he could

come and just roam about freely on the mountain, so I immediately persuaded him to leave the college and lessons and all his cares, and come up for a few days.

June 4th.—Joe does not seem very well. I don't know what to do with him. He has too much care and responsibility put upon him for so young a man. Only twenty-six, and yet he is head doctor for a whole province, besides temporary president of a college, general overseer of all these fifteen acres, besides taking a prominent part in all affairs with the government. Captain Wagner has returned from Mergawar, and pitched his tent on the road from here to the city, and has called once. Yesterday a new army of 6,000 came in, and with them another Austrian captain. The gentlemen will call on him on Monday.

June 22nd.—On Sunday there were extra services. The Captain came out and told Joe that the Nasir-ul-Mulk intended to come in to service and surprise us, so we were prepared. We had a Turkish service, one of the teachers preached, and our Mirza, a Mussulman convert, prayed. I think he had never come out openly before. The big man remarked that he went away with a light in his heart, and requested that he might be remembered in the prayers during the remainder of the day.

July 21st.—Last Friday the Persian general, who is at Mergawar, sent down for Joe, asking him to come up and see his chief officer who is sick with typhus fever. Captain Wagner went with him. They started after dinner, and reached the camp about 8 P. M. This Persian general, the Nasir-ul-Dowleh, not the one we gave the dinner for, is quite an enterprising man, keeps up his camp and military drill in real European style. He, with Captain Standiski, came to one of the outposts to meet the travellers, and escorted them in. He has employed his soldiers during leisure hours in decorating the camp. In front of the tents quite a park is laid out, beds bordered with stones and containing all the wild flowers of the Mergawar valley. There is also a long row of poles at intervals of a couple of yards or so, all surmounted by oil cans, and Joe says the illumination in his honour was quite brilliant.

Dr. Cochran himself writes in the summer and fall: –

August 8th, 1881.—It is my turn to notify you of the most interesting events of the past month. On the first Sabbath, the Nasir-ul-Mulk, brother of the Prime Minister, signified his desire to attend our service at the college. He came, accompanied by Captain Wagner, the Austrian officer in command of the artillery. We had a short sermon in Turkish. Prayer was offered by one of our Mohammedan converts. At the close, the general expressed his great pleasure, and said, in the presence of his Moslem attendants, "This is the true religion." He also asked that we remember him in our prayers in the remaining services of the day. We have had several opportunities for religious conversation with this man, and while we do not dare to hope that he is a changed man, it has still been pleasant to see him so ready to listen to the truth. The college examinations took place the first of the month. We had a number of visitors, among whom were the Governor, his two sons, and several other prominent men of the city. Our distinguished guests appeared interested in the exercises and pleased with the recitations, especially in Persian and English. The theological students are working in the villages during this short vacation. One of them is teaching a school of forty pupils among the Jews of the city, which we pray is the beginning of a great work soon to open in their midst. The coming of the Governor-General of Azerbaijan created considerable excitement. Extensive preparations were made to receive him. He asked me to go to Mergawar to see a sick general. Accompanied by Captain Wagner, I made the visit. The commander of the troops there was a young Prince who is very ambitious to have his men excel in military drill and manœuvre. The discipline and equipment of this division of the army would do credit to a more warlike nation than Persia. After my return from Mergawar we had another interview with the Governor-General, also with his father-in-law, in which we found opportunity for religious as well as general conversation. After the return of the army from Mergawar we invited this Prince, with the two Austrian officers, to dine with us. The Prince took pains to make my stay with him in Mergawar a pleasant one, and

it was a pleasure to us to show him in return some attention, and to give him a glimpse of life in a Christian home. Our relations with the officers of the army for the last six months have been remarkably pleasant, and we trust equally beneficial.

Since June 1st the hospital has been opened to patients. The upper floor is not built yet, owing to our losses occasioned by the war. Lumber and unburnt bricks on hand were used or destroyed by those who took shelter here. Stone, lime, and burnt bricks paid for in advance never reached us as the contractors were made bankrupt by the war.

August 16th, 1881.—Yesterday I spent the forenoon in performing an operation at the hospital, in going to visit a sick officer, a field marshal, and in calling at the Governor-General's, who had sent for me to come and extract two teeth for him. When I got there he was afraid to have me touch him. So he asked me to leave the forceps, and he would do it himself if he could, and if not, he would send for me sometime again. I heard this morning that he had broken his tooth, and failed to extract it, although it was quite loose. I had a long visit with him, and was able to converse with him on many subjects in regard to the expedition sent against the Kurds, etc.

September 10th.—The last three weeks have been strange ones to me. I have been feeling rather poorly and have had on my hands bad cases at the hospital: Mildred Whipple with scarlet fever, quarantine for our little baby, death of Mildred, the birth of the little Whipple boy, and other sickness in the Mission. We are all expecting to go to Tabriz in a few days. I think the change will do mother and Katharine good. I shall leave the family in Tabriz and go on by post to Teheran.

This trip to Teheran was the longest absence from his work Dr. Cochran had taken. There were no summer vacations or other escapes from responsibility. All the year around, whether at Seir or at the college or in the mountains, the sick and oppressed came to him and he healed and helped whom he could. He

had gone to Tabriz to a meeting in 1879 and had made one or two other visits there. Tabriz was the capital of the Province, the seat of the Vali Ahd, or Crown Prince, and it was the only other Mission station in northwestern Persia. He had gone also to Van, Turkey, in the autumn of 1880, with his sister Emma, who was on her way to America. But this trip to Teheran was the only long journey and absence from his work, and of it and its value to him and the work he wrote to the Board:—

For one from so secluded a place as Urumia, it is a great advantage to get out as far in the world as the capital of Persia is even. I especially enjoyed meeting European physicians and profited thereby. I had the opportunity of calling on one of the sons of the Shah, the Minister of War. I also was called to attend the Minister of Finance.

In a personal letter to home friends he wrote a more detailed and general account of his trip:—

On the 28th of September, at 6 A. M., I left chapar for Teheran to attend Annual Meeting. Deacon Joseph of Seir went as my servant, and a third horse was ridden by the chapar shargird, who always goes from the post where horses are obtained to the next one to return them. The horses on the road are all quite poor, some every stiff, lame, and bony. After obtaining an order from the chief of the Post Department, for which forty or fifty cents are paid, you have a right to as many horses along the route as the order demands, by the payment of twenty cents for each horse every four miles. Europeans have made it a custom to fee the shargird of each stage twenty cents, in return for which this individual is supposed to give you the best horse in the stable, and to drive you, or allow you to drive as fast as you please. On starting out from a post, the driver (so-called) taking the lead, trots the first half hour, then breaks into the regulation gallop, which is kept up if the road

allows for an hour, perhaps then resting the horse by trotting or walking a while, the gallop is continued; the average time we made being a little less than eight miles an hour. The distance between the post stations is sixteen to twenty-four miles. On reaching the station the driver walks the horses about, until they are cooled off, then if you intend to go on, the horses have their saddles taken off, and others are saddled. . . .

We were quite a large circle for Annual Meeting. I remained two weeks in Teheran. Gas was formally lighted for the first time by the Crown Prince, the day after I arrived. I witnessed this. Captain Wagner called soon after I reached the city, and was as affectionate and kind as ever. I called with him on the King's first chamberlain, who had the finest house in Teheran. Around a beautiful court are twenty rooms, all of which are superbly furnished, some in Persian, but most in rich and tasteful European style—carpets, sofas, chairs, tables, mirrors, clocks, vases, etc., all of the richest European make, and tastefully arranged. One large room, carpeted with a large size Persian carpet, called the crystal room, had its ceilings inlaid with large and small mirrors, and had beautiful glass chandeliers and windows. One room was wholly devoted to paintings and other pictures,—many of which were of nude figures. This man's wife is the King's sister. I also called on the Nasir-ul-Mulk, the brother of the chamberlain and of the ex-Prime Minister, and the man who was at Urumia last winter and summer in command of a division of the army. As I entered the yard of this officer with Dr. Torrence and Mr. Hawkes, he ran to meet me, and said, "You must let me kiss you." He did all he could to show his friendship and respect for us; said he never would forget our kindness toward him in Urumia, etc., etc. He returned the call before I left. We also called on the Hesam-ul-Mulk, the Hamadan general, who was with the former in Urumia. He also seemed very glad to see me again, and promised to do all he could to make it agreeable for Mr. Hawkes when he lived in Hamadan.

I called on the King's second son, the Minister of War, with Captain Standiski, who thanked me for attending his sick officers and soldiers in Urumia since the war, and said he would obtain a decoration from the King for me.

One day Mr. Potter and I, attended by a servant, were riding in from the English Embassy's summer quarters, and we met two carriages with eighteen outriders in front and as many on each side and behind. The head riders called out, "The Shah's harem!" and were driving every native off the avenue. We were not invited to leave, nor even to close our eyes, so when I came by the carriages I ventured, politely, to cast a glance upon the royal ladies out of the corners of my eyes, and I beheld eight ladies dressed just as every other Persian woman is on the street—covered with a blue cotton sheet, except the face, over which was a white openwork veil.

Quite a party of us visited the ruins of ancient Rhei or Rhages, about ten miles out of the city. History tells us this was the largest city east of Babylon, 500,000 inhabitants lived in it a thousand years ago. Part of the walls of the city stand, and two or three towers, on one of which are Cufic inscriptions.

The King's College has 200 students who are taught English, French, Russian, Persian, and Arabic languages, music, drawing, painting, and some mathematics. The discipline and general management is quite good. There is a small, pretty theatre in connection with the college buildings into which we went and heard the college brass band perform. They did exceedingly well—their master being an Austrian. The Shah has never been allowed by his religious advisors to have a company perform in this theatre, as these parties are afraid any such performance might injure the morals of the people.

The part of Teheran in which Europeans reside is laid out very like an European city. The rest of the city is like any Persian town, except that the main avenues are broader and straighter. The walls surrounding the city are twelve miles long, they and the gates, with the moat, being kept in perfect repair. The gate leading to the Shah's private palace is quite a high and handsome one, with considerable tiling and some sham marble pillars. We would have been allowed, through the courtesy of Dr. Tolozon, the Shah's French physician, to visit this palace, had it not been undergoing repairs. The Shah himself was in a country palace. We went into the throne room. The throne is

Delhi alabaster, and the only other valuable pieces of furniture in the room are two inlaid or mosaic old doors. I also saw all the King's horses. He has some most beautiful Arabs. Three miles out of the city are the King's Zoological Gardens in which he has a number of wild animals, one of which recently escaped and took to the mountains—a leopard. They were only insecurely caged. I believe one or two keepers were eaten up rather recently. I decided not to venture near. I was invited with Dr. Torrence to treat the Minister of the Treasury—the first man in favour with the King.

One of the pleasantest features in my visit to Teheran was the opportunity I had of seeing and visiting with other physicians, European, Dr. Tolozon (French), Baker (English), and Torrence (U. S.). The missionary work in the Teheran field is progressing slowly—there are many obstacles in the way of its rapid and healthy growth. There is a small church there, of Moslems and Armenians, a girls' boarding school, a few young Armenians in a training class, colportage, and out-station work. Returning, Miss Jewett, Mr. Wilson, and I came together in a tarantass, or Russian carriage, as far as Kazvin. We left Teheran at 6:30 in the morning, and had many detentions all day in the way of harness breaking, wagon getting out of order, etc. The climax came at 7 P. M., when halfway between two of the posts and about twenty miles from Kazvin, one of the wheels went to pieces entirely. It was dark, and we had to stay there for over three hours, until another conveyance, a much smaller one, into which we could barely stow ourselves and luggage away, was brought. Mr. Wilson and Miss Jewett then had a chill to add to the entertainment of the day. At the next post-house we stopped and did what was possible for the sick—they rested a while, and then we went on, reaching the hotel in Kazvin at 3 A. M. After a little rest and breakfast, I left them feeling quite well again, to come on by caravan. To the next station, wagons can be used, so I took one to make my day's work a little easier, since I had had but half an hour's rest since leaving Teheran, but misfortunes followed me—the horses, immediately on starting, ran away with us, but the road being tolerably good, no accident came of it. After they had been quieted down, and had gone nicely for a while, they started off again at breakneck speed.

This time they ran us up and down little hills or embankments, against the vineyard walls, stones, and other obstacles, until they were finally brought up against a wall. We then got out, sent back these horses, and got more manageable ones. This took one and three-quarter hours, during which time I went over into one of the vineyards, and spreading my blanket, lay down for a nap, and ate grapes. Nothing else happened that day of any note. The following day we reached Sultania at noon, where we were detained two hours, all the horses in the station having just come in. . . .We spent that night in Zenjan and started next morning, which was Saturday, at 3 o'clock so as to reach Meyaneh for the Sabbath. At 7 P. M. we arrived in Meyaneh, having passed a horse which had fallen into one of the open water wells, and which a number of men were trying to get out. On the Koflan Kuh Pass a chapar horse had succumbed to his hard work, and the riders had but just taken off his hide, and moved on when a band of forty or more vultures had come to the spot and were discussing the subject as we came upon them.

We had travelled eighty-four miles that day and were pretty tired. A letter was handed me from mother and Katharine, saying that Clement was very sick, and asking me to travel on to them Sunday as well as other days. I was one hundred miles from Tabriz. I immediately asked for horses to go on, but they told me that they dared not let their horses go, at least in the fore part of the night, because there are always spies about evenings who informed the highwaymen of any expected departures, etc. By much urging they promised to start me at midnight . . . but we managed to get off at ten instead of twelve, being pretty well armed. There was no moon and it was cloudy. The road, after leaving Meyaneh, for some ten miles is up a lonely valley, then for the rest of the way to Turkmon, fourteen miles, it is up a steep mountain, then over a plateau. Up this valley our companions quite confidently looked for an attack. We rode in the river bed, there being but little water in the meandering stream, at a little distance from each other, in order first, not to be too near the rocky dark sides of the valley and thus be in more danger if there were any men on the lookout, of having our horses suddenly caught,

and, secondly, being at a distance from each other, we might be taken for a large number, and some of us at least have more warning in case of any disturbance. We rode on in this way, our hands on our revolvers or guns until we were just emerging from the valley when, under the shadow of a rock, we saw four persons seated. We spurred up our horses and went on up the mountain. When we reached the top we thought we heard horsemen pursuing, and so we pressed on as rapidly as the darkness allowed. At 4 A. M. we reached Turkmon, chilled with the night air. . . . We only stopped long enough at the stations to change horses until 5 P.M., when we came to the first station out of Tabriz. Here the horses had to be fed, and we were delayed two hours. This night proved darker than the last, and the roads much worse. We went stumbling on till we came within six or eight miles of the city, where the wells which produce and carry the water to the city began to be numerous, open, and many of them in the road. I was overcome with sleep, and even the terror which one of these wells with its rushing water deep down in it produced, when I found my horse was on the very edge of it, did not keep me awake long. I would sleep and wake according as my horse walked steadily or stumbled. We finally entered the darker streets of the city with their holes and uneven places. Only in the bazars were we occasionally stopped by a sleepy watchman who came out of his little room, lamp in hand, to ask who we were. We dismounted at the house at midnight, having suffered much more that night from the danger of the wells than we did the previous one from the possibility of highwaymen attacking us. I found Clement very low, but ever since then he has been picking up.

Mrs. Cochran's letters add a touch:—

TABRIZ, October 27th.—Joe reached here Sunday at midnight in a pouring rain. We telegraphed him on Wednesday to start, as Clement was poorly, but not to rush. It seems he had started early that morning, and did not receive the telegram. On the road, however, he received letters from us, and decided to come through in a hurry. The journey

is sixteen ordinary caravan days. He came "chapar" in five. The last 174 miles he rode with a rest of only an hour or so. He is not stiff, however, and does not seem at all used up. I think we may start for home next week. Joe is waiting for some official papers from Teheran, without which he does not like to go to Urumia, for some of the Khans are acting very badly, demanding unjust taxes on the college property, etc.

They returned home to Urumia from Tabriz with the two children the latter part of November, and in spite of the sickness and hard journey both declared that they felt better for the trip. Dr. Cochran wrote:—

Since my return I have tried to arrange my work so that I can attend more to my professional duties. In the last three years, while at the dispensary and at other places, I have prescribed for a large number of patients. I have, nevertheless, given a comparatively limited time to it. It has seemed almost impossible with the force we have had to shirk any of the work which I have done for my own peculiar work. I have, however, come to the conclusion that in the future I must be free to do more for my medical students and for patients which we can now receive in our partially built hospital. I must take more time, too, for study and research than I have been able to do heretofore. In fact, I have had next to no time to study up even the cases under treatment outside of those in our circle. A considerable time is expended in the necessary intercourse with the officials of the place.

The Cochran family ended the year with loving thought of the good cheer of others. Mrs. Cochran writes from Urumia, December 25th:—

Home, Christmas morning.—I am thinking how beautiful the Christmas anthems are in all the churches of the homeland this morning, how many happy family gatherings were held last evening, how gay the shops were last week. It

almost makes me homesick. But away off in Persia, while the snow lies deep in the quiet yard around us, you would find a very happy little family. We have just been playing on our organ all the Christmas hymns we could find, and I have told Clement, for the first time, the story of the shepherds. I couldn't bear to let Christmas go without some kind of a celebration, especially on account of the children of the Mission. Poor little Persians! They don't know anything about a real American Christmas. So Joe and I thought we would contrive something. We asked people to please send their presents to our house, and to come about 5 Friday evening to remain over night, as it is hardly safe to return to the city in the evening. We asked the English ladies, who are at Seir, and as there was no other way, Joe brought them down in a sleigh. We also invited the German lady.

IX

THE REMAINDER OF HIS FIRST TERM OF SERVICE AND HIS FIRST FURLOUGH

DR. COCHRAN had reached Persia in 1878. He returned to America for his first furlough in 1888, after ten years of crowded and uninterrupted service. Six of these were yet before him on the Christmas day to which reference has just been made. No Kurdish Invasion touched these six years with spectacular romance, but they were full of stirring incident, of living contact with men, of difficult problems, of heavy responsibility, increased by the uncertainty of health, arising from the strains and burdens of the work. Mrs. Cochran's letters from 1882 give a picture of his activity and home life:—

JANUARY 22nd.—Just now the Persian government, at least those in power, do not seem very favourable to us. The City Governor does not attend to cases of injustice, and is evidently not our friend.

Did I tell you that a while ago, Joe shaved his beard and went with bare face for a while? He heard lately that it was the talk in the city that the Shah had ordered it to disgrace him! To shave the beard is the only punishment that can be inflicted upon an ecclesiastic in this country.

FEBRUARY 22nd.—Yesterday some Kurds came down here, Hassan's Beg's son with his sick wife, whom he wished Joe to cure. These Kurds are Persian subjects, at enmity with the Sheikh. The woman is left in the hospital. It

shows that they have considerable confidence in us to leave one of their women here alone.

March 28th.—We had just put the children to bed, and were ready for our Sunday evening sermon from Phillips Brooks when some one came for Joe to go and see Ardashir Khan, saying that he had not been able to speak since morning and was very low. His cousin, the Adjutant, sent the servants for Joe. The Adjutant, you will perhaps remember, is the one to whom Joe gave the dentophone a short time ago. He is very deaf, but this helps him considerably, and he was very much delighted with it.

April 6th.—Yesterday the Governor called here. We had been expecting him for several days, so were ready. The parlour was real pretty. We had several plants in full bloom in the windows, besides vases of cut flowers. For refreshments we had only tea and cake. From our house he went to the college and heard several classes recite, then to the hospital, with which he was much pleased. He wanted to see the stones which Joe extracted, and examined all the instruments, which were laid out on tables in the drug room. We hear, on pretty good authority, that this Governor has complained of us at Teheran, asking that we be removed, saying that we were very troublesome, turning the people from Islam, etc. He is quite under the influence of the Papists. They, you perhaps know, make no attempt to convert Mussulmans, only Nestorians. This Governor sent the other day to know whether we had an order from the government for our printing press. We have none, only it has been allowed to run forty-seven years undisturbed.

April 27th.—Poor Joe is so beset with people that he has had to lock his doors to-day while he prepared for the mail. He has considerable correspondence these days with the British minister and consul over government affairs and oppressions here.

May 11th.—In order to teach the Sabbath School lesson I have to prepare a good deal. I enjoy the study of Mark. Somehow I never realized before how the sick thronged and

crowded upon Christ during His whole life wherever He went. People do just so in this country. You can hardly realize it in America. A few Sabbaths ago Joe went to a village some distance from here. He had not taken off his boots before the sick began to come to the house where he was. Before and after service it was just so. The next morning he went to another village, and as they had heard of his coming, by the time he arrived, the sick were all out in the street, on beds, on donkeys, and on people's backs. Was it not like the times of Christ?

May 16th.—I wanted to attend Joseph's chemistry lecture this evening, but baby was not at all sleepy. It is the best substitute I have here for evening concerts and lectures to go with Joe to the nicely lighted chapel, and sit in the corner of a room full of boys.

His medical work was increasing, and the skill and success of it were yearly extending his reputation. His personal qualities as well as his medical services were giving him a steadily enlarging influence with Persian officials, which enabled him to be of real service to men of honest purpose, and a check upon bad men, while it made it possible for him to aid many oppressed village people. One of the most powerful of the new friends gained was Amir-i-Nizam, the Governor-General of the Province. He was a man of great vigour of character, who put down disorders with a firm hand. His personal morals were detestable, and Dr. Cochran and Dr. Holmes both had plain dealings with him, but whether in Tabriz, Teheran, or Kermanshah, he had always a kindly feeling toward the missionaries. Dr. Cochran writes on September 2nd, 1882, of his visit to Urumia:—

The comparative peace which we have enjoyed for the last year was brought to an end about a month ago by the re-appearance of Sheikh Obeidullah. You have probably

noticed in the Associated Press reports of his escape from Constantinople, where he has been detained by the Sultan since his invasion of these borders. This circumstance quite naturally threw these border districts into quite a panic. Urumia people thought his return to his home seventy miles from here necessarily meant that he was to re-attack the city. The Governor-General of Azerbaijan, with about three regiments, had just arrived here on a visit to this and other districts along the border. He ordered four more regiments to come to the front, and sent several companies of infantry with artillery and cavalry to the boundary. Prices immediately rose, and many began to make preparations for flight at the first report of a gun. A month has now passed, and the Governor-General, with a number of other men of high rank, is still here, awaiting the movements of the Turks and Kurds. The Persians were disposed to look upon the reappearance of the Sheikh as *casus belli* against the Turks. Now, however, it seems quite evident that the Sheikh escaped from Constantinople and was not honourably dismissed, as the Persians feared. Moreover, the Turks on discovering his escape, ordered troops to intercept him, and have since ordered that he go to Mecca, and there receive a pension from the government, or else be brought by force to Constantinople.

Yesterday he sent a letter to the Governor-General, the contents of which I have not as yet learned.

In asking about our work, especially the educational department, the Governor asked if we would admit all applicants to our schools. In replying that we would if the government did not object, referring to the Mussulman scholars, he could not contain himself, and poured forth a volley of abuses on their religious and political leaders. He said let the donkeys remain in their donkeyhood if they choose, but they cannot forever gag all their subjects. As if education could make a man any the worse citizen. He often has expressed himself in the highest terms of praise referring to our educating the people. While there are many objections to having an army here,—it raises the prices of everything, levies on the poor people, robs and plunders on all the highways,—there are advantages. It gives us a rare opportunity to meet the best society in the land, to have an influence for

good, I trust, over them; and many opportunities for openly conversing on religious subjects with them.

Our hospital building was wholly completed last month after the many delays and losses. We hope, before long, as soon as I am likely to remain home, to open it, and put more strength on this than on any other department of my medical work.

A few weeks later Dr. Shedd writes:—

Dr. Cochran's professional services have opened a very friendly intercourse with the Amir, and especially with his Vizier. Our college and hospital grounds were unjustly taxed last spring and arrears exacted, costing us in all over one hundred dollars. This tax the Amir has cancelled for the future, so long as he is in authority. His note on the subject gives our work a high recommendation, and may open the way for the Shah to confirm the favour granted in perpetuo.

In the fall of 1882 Mrs. Cochran's mother, Mrs. Hale, and her sister, Miss Hale, who subsequently married Dr. Holmes, came from Minneapolis to Persia on a visit, and remained for a year in Urumia. They were accompanied by Mr. S. M. Clement, Jr. Mr. Clement stayed a month, and was profoundly impressed with what he saw of the magnitude of Dr. Cochran's influence and the benevolence and power of his work. To Dr. Cochran it was a great joy to have this visit from his dearest friend who was as a brother to him. He showed Mr. Clement all he could of the life and needs of the people, not omitting to set up with some mountain people a realistic and sensational attack upon Mr. Clement which had all the appearances of genuineness, and in which Mr. Clement was disarmed and shown just how it feels to be robbed. The joke soon came out, of course. He played the same prank

some years later on a Secretary of the Board who visited the field. Dr. Cochran took a quiet delight in teasing people, but he kept his jokes firmly in hand, even when he was operating with riotous mountaineers as his agents. Mrs. Hale was greatly interested and pleased with the character and influence of her son. "I think Joseph has developed into a very beautiful character," she wrote the first day out from Erivan, where Dr. Cochran came to meet them on October 8th. "Our family worship last evening and this morning I enjoyed very much." The party arrived in Urumia about October 20th. Just after their arrival Dr. Cochran had to attend a very bad case of smallpox, a German woman whom they all knew and loved. She died from the disease and there was a day of great anxiety when it seemed that Dr. Cochran had contracted it. Happily it was not so. Mrs. Hale found Dr. Cochran speaking the native languages more fluently even than English and firmly settled in the confidence of all classes. "Yesterday," she wrote, December 18th, 1882, "Joseph received a call from the Governor and a messenger of the Shah, who came to bring a present to the Amir. He was taken sick after his arrival, and Joe was called to attend him. These gentlemen sent word that they would call three hours before sunset, but the carriage drove up just before we finished dinner. I believe only six servants came with them. These remained in the hall during the call which, I should say, lasted an hour. After the call here, Joseph showed them over the hospital. The Governor had been over it before, but the other man seemed much pleased." And again on May 10th, 1883, "Joseph has a case in the hospital upon whom he performed quite a critical operation yesterday. He felt so anxious

about him that he stayed at the hospital last night. He has been remarkably successful in his surgical operations, and receives blessings without number from the sufferers who have been benefited." Mrs. Hale found that wherever he went or the people knew he was coming there was always some one waiting to see him. Often there would be many. At home "there would always be people waiting for him the first thing in the morning so that he did not dare show himself before breakfast or there was no knowing when he could get back." Mrs. Hale and her daughter left Urumia in October, 1883, and Dr. and Mrs. Cochran and their two children accompanied them to Tabriz, and Dr. Cochran went with them to Tiflis. He had an old wagon fitted up for the trip. It was a remarkable vehicle, but it made the journey quite comfortable for them. Mrs. Hale found Dr. Cochran a remarkable driver. She never expected to travel over such horrors as these Persian roads in such a "prairie schooner," but Tiflis was safely reached. Dr. Cochran had to return at once on a hurried trip, such as he often repeated, because of the illness of his oldest child.

Among the hospital patients of 1883 was an official in the Persian army brought to the hospital with his arm dreadfully shattered from a gunshot wound received from the Kurds. It had been badly neglected and gangrene had set in. Dr. Cochran thought at first that it would be impossible to save the arm, and feared that the man must lose his life. He hesitated very much about taking him into the hospital, fearing that he could not live and that the hospital would be blamed for his death. But the man plead so hard to have him do the best he could that he consented to take him. He was able to save not only his life but his

arm also. The man's gratitude knew no bounds. He said that he had one son, and that after him the thing he valued most was his horse, and he should give that to Dr. Cochran. When he left, the horse was brought out and presented. It was a very beautiful animal, and Dr. Cochran rode him for many years. This same man objected to having any of the hospital assistants touch him. To his thought, they were not as gentle as the doctor. He said the doctor's hand was "like velvet."

Hard work and heavy responsibility and the impossibility of any escape from either in Urumia, were telling on Dr. Cochran's health. He suffered from sciatica and malaria, and after fighting off any idea of rest as long as possible he at last wrote to the Board on June 11th, 1884:—

I am just home from a short trip to the mountains with Mr. Rogers. We had been appointed to visit the Patriarch in Kochanis, but we were unable to get beyond Gawar, as we did not have the necessary Turkish visé on our passports. We were unaware of the new regulations.

Our educational work in Turkey depends now almost entirely on the friendship of the Nestorian Patriarch. The Porte has notified him that he can establish as many schools as he likes, and call on the government for aid, but not to allow foreigners to open schools among his people. Mar Shimon is favourable now to our party, and it was believed that a friendly visit would result in his permission to open several schools in the most central places.

We passed a Sabbath in Gawar, having a good time there in one of the villages and with our helpers.

Up to within eighteen months my health has been very good, and although my work has been trying because I cannot limit it to any hours, and feel that I have any time which I can call my own, I have been able to keep well. Fearing that I would soon see signs of wearing out, I have made several futile attempts to shut down on my work. For a

year and a half now, I have, however, been losing strength and nervous power till I have become a prey to malaria, the one thing I had always hoped that I was proof against. At times I have been very well, and at others I felt prostrated and unfit for anything, and have suffered with sciatica, neuralgia, and a few attacks of intermittent fever. The sciatica followed a very hasty and hard journey from Tiflis last fall, where I had escorted Miss Carey, having been called back to our sick boy. About two months ago, at the advice of our Station, I closed the hospital for a few weeks and then tried Seir for a while, but I am convinced that it is too much to expect to get rest here in Persia, for, from the highest officials to the herdsman, my movements are known. If at home, unless I stay in my bed, I have to see, or else refuse, which is often harder, a great many sick and oppressed, while if I go to a village, the press is, if possible, greater, and sick are brought out along the roadsides which they know I must pass. All our circle here in the spring advised my going off with my family, but I could not make up my mind that I was not to rally, nor did I wish to leave my work, and incur such great expense. It has been my hope and prayer that I would have strength given me to continue at this post at least for ten years without an absence, but I am now obliged to admit that unless I can soon get away from all places where I would be beset by Persians, I must before very long give up my work in toto. And if I take such a rest, I am persuaded that my family must be with me. My wife has been very well these six years in Persia, and a change now would probably do much to keep her from getting in the condition of so many of our ladies, while leaving her with the children would be a cause of great anxiety to herself and me. It is now too late to go any distance and return before winter, so my proposition is this: Pass the balance of the summer as quietly as possible here, then in the fall, or at the latest, in the spring, go to some place in Germany where, in addition to getting the rest and change from my work, I could avail myself of the opportunities there afforded for study and observation in the medical colleges and hospitals, remaining there from two to five months as might seem best.

He was always opposed, however, to any unnecessary expenditure of Mission funds. He would never authorize any one to leave the field for health reasons except as a last resort, and he was very stern and ultra-conscientious with himself. In the end he did not leave Persia. He tried Seir and also resting at a simple little place on the shore of the lake, submitting to any inconveniences in the way of living or separation from his family. His mother wrote from the lake:—

> Your brother really seems much better, but just as soon as we get home they will come for him. When he went home last Saturday night people seemed to have divined it, for Sabbath a Khan in the city sent for him and the "Chief of the Merchants." He returned here between one and two Monday afternoon. He said he was very tired, for he had been trying since 5 o'clock to get started. Twenty sick persons came to him, and others came on business. Two or three more weeks here would do us good, but Joseph feels he will not be allowed to stay.
>
> I dread to go back. It has been a source of great anxiety to me to have Joseph work so hard. You have little idea how he is pressed with the sick and the poor.

Accordingly, in September he went off with his family to Tabriz to escape the press. The Mission approved of his going to Germany, but, writes Mrs. Cochran, "we decided it was not best. Joseph seems so much better the past few weeks that he thinks a little longer rest now until cool weather and then work on a different plan after returning will enable him to remain for some time longer." On September 6th, she writes from Tabriz: "Joe seems about as he did the last few weeks at home. It is hardly time to tell yet whether this will prove a good change for him. He can certainly rest here, and it is not considered

malarious, the air seems very different from that at home. Yes, I do know we are being led in the way we should go. At one time we did not get any light on our plans, and I felt very anxious and unsettled. Suddenly, while thus waiting to be guided, it occurred to me, 'Why, the Lord is leading you at this very moment; why worry?' So I have not worried since. I did not want to come here, but things seemed to lead that way, and so I came." The real rest needed was found in the Persian mountains. Mrs. Cochran writes:—

ZENJANAB, September 23rd, 1884.—We have at last found a paradise in Persia. Perhaps it would not seem so to you, but to us who are accustomed to such a dry and thirsty land this place is a continual feast to the eyes. I am seated flat on the ground in a large grassy place with plenty of trees about, though one prefers to sit in the sun, this mountain air is so fresh. Among the trees is a stream of pure water running over the stones. On one side is a stone wall, such a pleasant change from mud ones, and in front rises a high mountain. Snow mountains are not far away.

You have no idea how such a place rests me and renews my youth. It is doing Joe good, too. He seems about the strongest one of the party. Yesterday we rode to the top of a high peak near the village, and in the evening Joe and I took a ramble down the valley. On either side of the stream were trees, almost forests to our eyes, and catches of new mown clover, and such a nice, damp, woodsy smell, yet without malaria, we were sure. If we could have only come a month earlier and camped, that would have been perfection.

Joe has improved very much up here, and I hope after a few weeks he will be ready for home and work. He thinks he can systematize his work so that he can do it more easily and not be pulled so, this way and that.

He was detained in Tabriz, caring for the health of Dr. Holmes's daughter who had typhoid fever, until

November, and then got back to Urumia in time for the Annual Meeting, which was the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the Mission. The Rev. Henry A. Nelson, D.D., had come out from America to be present. Mrs. Cochran writes:—

Home, November 11th.—These days since reaching home last week have been so crowded full with Annual Meeting and company that I could not find time to write last week. They have been busy days but ones full of enjoyment. It is so pleasant to see new faces and hear new voices among us. Dr. Nelson's visit has been such a treat to us all. He is so fatherly, so genial; he comes into each family, and takes the children on his knee, and talks with us each on our peculiar work and trials. Then his preaching and public talks are like a breath of the Christian life from the home land. I hardly know why, but he brings the tears into most of our eyes whenever he speaks, perhaps it makes us all a little homesick. It does us all good to have one among us to whom we can look up and feel reverence for. If the Board would send out some such man every few years it would do a world of good. . . . A great many went out to meet Dr. Nelson, most of the helpers on horseback, the schoolboys, and many footmen. The Governor sent out led horses to do him honour.

After this rest in Zenjanab and Tabriz and the Annual Meeting, Dr. Cochran went on with his work, endeavouring to hold it a little more in hand. On January 2nd, 1885, he writes: "My hands are pretty full in the hospital, but I make an effort to get out more than I used to. Dr. Israel has gone to Salmas. Dr. Oshanna is in the hospital. Two medical students were admitted last winter. We have a 'Medical Congress' every Wednesday evening."

As a result of the work of the hospital and the

earnest efforts of the Mission in all its branches, a little band of converts from Mohammedanism had been gathered, and it was hoped that with wise zeal a larger work might be done among these men. But this year trouble broke on the little band. It was turned aside, however, by the friendly influence of the Governor. Mrs. Cochran's letters picture the situation with the liveliness of contemporary interest:—

JUNE 8th, 1885.—The little band of Mussulman converts have been thrown into quite a state of excitement by the persecution of Mirza ——, the one who taught in the girls' seminary. A man whom we dismissed some time ago because he did not seem to be necessary has been troubling him, thinking we would give money to keep him quiet. Lately he has been threatening to kill him. About a week ago he insisted that he must go with him before the Sheikh-ul-Islam and revile Christ and us. Mirza got away, and came out here to ask advice. Of course, we could not bribe that wicked man to keep quiet. Mirza professed his willingness to go before the Governor and declare himself a Christian, and take the consequences, and I believe he was truly ready for it. But, of course, this would involve all the rest of the little band, as they would be sure to ask if there were others who had been baptized. Had he confessed himself a Christian, the very least the defenders of Islam could have done would have been to have him terribly beaten and thrown into prison, and demand a large fine for his release. Then, if released, the same process would be repeated or, more likely, they would have him murdered secretly. Under the circumstances the best thing seemed to be to run away. His wife came out and said good-bye to him that afternoon. Poor thing! Being a Christian costs her something. Mirza sat up most of the night with one or two of the converts who had come out to see him and some of the college teachers. They all said they felt they had been near heaven hearing this man talk. Very early in the morning, as soon as the moon rose, he left on our horses, Meshedie volunteering to escort him.

June 27th.—It seems that enough is happening these days to suit any one with a taste for excitement, though the excitement may seem of a mild kind to you. In the first place we had an operation here in the house. . . . While we were taking our breakfast in a very irregular way, all the way from seven to nine, Meshedie appeared, and said the servants of the chief ecclesiastic of the city had sent for all of the servants to appear before him. They were very persistent, but finally Joe got them away by telling them that the four here had work to do, we could not let them all go off in this way, the others were not in his power to send. Besides, we had no dealing with the religious heads of the city; we had to do with the civil authorities, and if they wanted these men they must get the Governor to send for them. I do not know what they will do further; probably these converts will go away as quickly as they can now to Russia or elsewhere. It looks as though a crisis had come in our Mussulman work. How much strength these poor converts need! Would we be able to stand up and face death by confessing Christ? I hope so, but if these poor half-taught people quail, we ought not to think too hardly of them. I think that Joe will write to the Salar (now Amir) this week, but I suppose he could not openly defend the lives of converts from Islam.

July 25th.—I was going to tell you more about Mirza. The day of the Jubilee he appeared on the scenes, although he had been specially warned not to return to Urumia at present. He said as there were obstacles constantly rising to prevent his going further on, and as he could not take his family, he concluded perhaps God wanted him to return. Besides he said he could not feel right about it. He felt like a coward to be running away. So he concluded to return and go about his business. If the Governor sent for him he would go and tell him he was a Christian, perhaps the Lord wanted him to be the first martyr in Urumia. Towards night, just as the Jubilee people were departing, the Governor did send for the whole company to appear before him next morning. We each in our own homes were praying for them. No one ran away during the night. They all went to the Governor about nine in the morning.

They appeared before the Governor, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and several of the ecclesiastics. The Governor first asked them if they were "Giaour" (infidels). "No," replied Mirza, "we are no infidels, we believe in God." "Do you eat the bread of Christians?" asked the Governor. "We do," they replied. "Do you drink their water?" "We do," they said. "Do you wash your mouths afterwards?" "We do not." The Governor, for some reason, seemed to be very anxious not to have any test question put; whenever the others seemed to be getting too near the point, he would turn them off on another track, so that really no questions were asked them of any importance. At length the Governor said, "You have told the truth. You are excused." The Governor seems to be very anxious to avoid any tumult in the city, and I presume is not unmindful of the friendship the Mission has always had with him and his father before him. Thus ended that excitement.

In July the evangelical Church among the Nestorians celebrated the Jubilee which the Mission had celebrated the preceding fall. Between 1,600 and 1,700 people were present, 850 of them women, and the whole occasion was a demonstration to the people themselves, as well as to the missionaries and the Moslem rulers, of the beneficent influence of the Mission. Mrs. Cochran's home letters described the celebration:—

Urumia, July 17th, 1885.—A great booth was erected between the college and the bake house, the east side of the college, extending the whole length of the building and beyond. The platform was by the college, and on it sat our gentlemen, the Kashas, and some guests. The ground was covered with hay, and carpets spread over it. On these sat the people, the men on one side, and the women on the other. The booth was in charge of Mr. Labaree, and the seating was quietly managed by young men ushers with silver stars in their hats as a badge of office. The sight of such an audience was very affecting to most of us, when we thought what they were fifty years ago, and now to see

them sitting so quietly, listening so attentively for hours, their clothes so clean, their faces so intelligent. It really was a grand sight; it showed the results of missionary work more than anything we have seen before. The women's side was a pretty sight, the white, blue, and pink head dresses, and every one so clean and fresh, and when they rose to sing it was such a wave of colour. Very few children were present, and they were kept at one side, so that they did not disturb the meeting. The yards were in Dr. Cochran's charge, and he had his police force of twelve schoolboys and twelve village people, a gilt star on the lapel being their badge. The government sent out five soldiers to guard the premises, and they came very soon, requesting stars, too, so that they might be as fine as the rest.

The evening meeting was quite impressive. The great booth was lighted with candles, and it was a pretty sight as we looked upon the gathering from behind the audience. There was some earnest speaking. At ten the meeting broke up, and from that time till twelve, Dr. Cochran was very busy getting people in their places for the night. The women were all put in the college enclosure; some slept in the college rooms, some in the tent, two elderly men being put to guard the two entrances. Some of the older and more feeble men were lodged in the empty rooms of Mr. Rogers's house. There were some in the vacant hospital rooms, some in tents, and a great number on the lawns, without other shelter than the tent. We did not attempt to furnish bedding. They brought some themselves, though the majority had nothing, and so rather avoided the roofs on account of the cold winds.

However, they all had on plenty of clothes, for of course all that they bought new for this occasion was put on over the old clothes. Some women I knew had on three dresses. Some of them, I think, did not go to bed at all, but patronized the tea stand all night. . . . One accident occurred in the night. One woman in the college fainted. Her friends began to scream, and immediately the whole crowd of men in the yards rushed into the avenue, talking, shouting, a perfect babel of sounds. My husband and I awoke very much startled, and he was down in the yard in about half a minute. We thought the Mussulmans had brought a mob upon us at first, but when the true cause of the com-

motion was ascertained, the noise soon subsided. At sunrise, there was a prayer meeting for the women on Dr. Shedd's lawn, and the graduates of the female seminary gathered in the college chapel. I attended a part of the latter meeting. About seventy were present. I was especially interested in hearing Selby of Marbeshu speak. She was the first scholar in the seminary, the one whom Mar Yohannan took by the hand and brought to Miss Fiske, his niece, I believe. She is now quite old and grey-haired. She made an earnest plea for more help for the women of the mountains. Just before the evening meeting in the booth Mrs. Shedd and I gathered the collectors of the mite society in my parlour, and tried to encourage them to increase the number of givers in their different villages this Jubilee year. There are now 210 members. We also had a talk with the five leaders of the women's meetings to be held next week on the different rivers.

The City Governor was invited to be present, but could not on account of its being the Mussulman feast, but the Sarparast, or governor appointed to look after the interests of the Christians, drove out, and sat in our parlour as they all went by to tea in the lower garden. He was very much astonished to learn that the majority of the women even could read. He said, "I know the Mussulmans; I know the Jews; I know the Catholics; I know the Old Church people, but your people are very much better, very different from all the rest."

Mar Shimon, the Patriarch, sent a man down to bear his good wishes, but he arrived a day too late. We had him here to breakfast this morning, gorgeous in his blue loose trousers, finely embroidered with all the colours of the rainbow. A committee has been appointed to put into a book all the historical papers of this occasion, and then as many as choose will write their names in this book, and give as many shahies as they have lived years as a Jubilee offering.

In the autumn Dr. Cochran started for a trip in the Kurdish mountains, but was called back after a few days by sickness. The following spring, however, he made up for this disappointment by a visit with his

wife to Van to attend the Annual Meeting of the Eastern Turkey Mission of the American Congregationalists, to consider the establishment of a joint station in the mountains from which the Congregational missionaries could reach the Armenian population, and the Presbyterian missionaries the Nestorians and Kurds. The plan did not seem feasible at the time, not, however, because of any lack of harmony of feeling and unity of mind between the missionaries and the Boards which they represented. Dr. and Mrs. Cochran greatly enjoyed the social side of this visit. Mrs. Cochran writes:—

Van, Turkey, May 27th, 1886.—Just imagine how good it seems to see so many people. We are having such a good time. I enjoy the meetings and the prayer meetings, and comparing notes on work and the laughing we do at table does us perhaps as much good as any one thing. Yesterday was a very full day. I cannot begin to tell you of all the feasts, spiritual, mental, and physical that we are having. In the morning we had communion in English. At 12:30 there was a meeting in the chapel, and all the gentlemen made short addresses, Joe in Turkish. The people came in such crowds that the chapel was filled with men before a single woman found a place there. Finally, Miss Ely took the women into the girls' school, and had a meeting there. but they say that nearly 500 went away for lack of room. One night the English consul invited us all to dinner. The company was a high mix. There were present English and Americans, Canadians, two French monks, a Greek, the Turkish Pasha, the Persian consul, who seemed very glad to see us, besides Armenians. The dinner was a prolonged affair, but the chief enjoyment was the music. The Turkish Pasha brought his military band, and it played most of the evening, much to our delight. It is the only good band music I have heard since leaving Germany.

The remaining letters before the departure of the family for America, in the spring of 1888, show the

steady development of Dr. Cochran's influence, the place he was helping to win for the work in the regard of the people, high and low, and the Christian hospitality and large-mindedness which he displayed toward certain new factors in the missionary situation which entered the field in the summer of 1886:—

Home, June 16th, 1886.—We are safely home again from Van. We did have such a good time. The meeting was very pleasant and harmonious. The natives are complaining of Dr. Reynolds because he does not practice, but of course he has not had time, being the only man of the Station. He gave out that a doctor was coming from Persia who would treat all, and you should have seen the crowds! We had Dr. Oshanna with us, and he did most of the work, though Joe saw a good many. One of the schoolgirls said to Joe in English, "You are like Jesus, and the people are all coming to you." At last the Turks put a stop to it, saying they could not practice unless they showed their diplomas, which, of course, were not at hand.

I have been home just a week, but I seem to be in business, and have given a dinner for General Wagner and the whole Mission. General Wagner arrived on Wednesday. Not long after the general appeared in our yards, he and Joe met in the avenue, and he kissed Joe on both cheeks. We had lunch for him yesterday noon, dinner at night, and he remained until this morning. The general leaves on Monday. The Shah has sent him on a tour of inspection of all troops and defences, military stores, etc.

July 9th.—Somehow we seem to manage to live in about as much of a rush as you do in America. We return, and before I am fairly unpacked, we give dinners, etc. Next we rush off to the lake, after a week we return, breakfast at sunrise, and reach here at nine to find College Commencement, Alumni Meeting, women's meetings, etc., in full blast, a sort of second Jubilee.

The graduates have organized a regular Alumni Association, with Malek Yonan, of Geogtapa, president. They had divided themselves into three divisions, one to discuss the

spiritual condition of the people, one the educational, and the last the industrial. Thursday afternoon those divisions submitted their reports. Not much was said on the first two heads; they had been pretty fully discussed before, but I never saw this Nestorian people so waked up as on that last head. Joe read the report of that committee or rather opened the discussion on the subject. The plan is to introduce more trades here for Nestorian boys to learn, to teach the people to be busy, not idle all winter, so as to have more thrift and not to be so ground down by poverty and debt.

There were many schemes proposed; the committee will work them up. Some were quite wild. Most were more moderate and content with a small beginning. For one thing, I think they will introduce silk worms—we have plenty of mulberry trees, you know—and go into silk manufacture. Another plan will be to send some one to Tiflis to learn to make good leather and shoes, and return as teacher. Another is to learn improvements in iron work. Nearly 100 tomans were subscribed to aid in this work. I never saw our people so waked up before.

August 13th.—There have been two arrivals this week which I must tell you about. Joe came down from Seir very early Monday morning to meet the Prince, who was to arrive two hours after sunrise. He is a son of Fath-ali Shah, or great uncle of the present Shah. He comes to inspect things here and appoint a Governor for Urumia. Most of the Khans of the city went out to Issi Su, beyond Gavalan, to meet him. All the villages were ordered out with sheep for sacrifice, and the roads would have run with blood, but when he came in he gave orders that no slaughtering should be done. Joe met him at Gerdabad, the first village out. The Prince stopped his carriage and the whole procession, and talked with him about half an hour. He said that General Wagner had recommended the Americans and their work to his love and care. He then excused Joe, and told him not to follow in the dust, but to leave him, and go home a shorter way. Now, just as a specimen of the way things go in this country, I must tell you one outcome of this honourable reception. The people of

Haiderlu, the village below Seir on the mountain, have been oppressing Khubyar of Seir, taking his clover, etc. Now when the Haiderlu people saw that the "Hakim Sahib" was in favour with the Prince, they no longer dared to oppress one of our men, and sent to fix up the business quickly. The Prince has his quarters in a garden near us. When our gentlemen sent to ask when they might call, the Prince replied, "Come now, come this afternoon, or any time during the night, or to-morrow; my door is always open to you." He does not receive the presents which people always send such great people. The first tray of sweetmeats and fruit which came, he threw out the window, dishes and all. A princely way of signifying, I suppose, that such things were not required. He has about a thousand people with him, and large numbers of camels and horses, etc. As I write I can hear the cannon booming away, which means that the Prince is entering the city.

Now I must tell you about the other arrival. The same day the long-expected Englishmen (of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to the Nestorians) arrived. We did not know what day they would come in or Joe would have met them. I think I wrote you that they declined our invitation to come directly here. The next day Dr. Shedd and Joe called. They were dressed in robes. They were very pleasant and seemed very cordial and gentlemanly. In a social way I presume they will be an addition to society here. In the evening quite a number of Old Church people gathered in their yard, and they treated them all to wine. They went into the old church in Mart-Mariam, kissed the crucifix, and worshipped in High Church style. They were to have called to-day. I mean to invite them soon to dinner.

November 14th.—Thursday evening we had the English gentlemen here to dinner. They are very pleasant socially, and it does us good to meet those outside our own circle.

The children have earned enough money to buy a Testament for little Michael, the boy whose leg Joe amputated. Joe saw him on his mountain trip, and said he was very well and ran about on the rocks with his crutches. Joe met many of his old patients in the dark places among the mountains, and the helpers say that returned patients are

always their firm supporters. Those who never thought of attending service before were always present. The Van patients have returned home. We could not tell whether that little boy could see or not; there was still some inflammation, and he kept his eyes tightly closed all the time. We shall hear soon, no doubt.

January 4th, 1887.—Several days ago a little boy died in the hospital of diphtheria. He was brought for a bad sore, and this disease suddenly developed. We learned that his brother died of it the week before, but his mother did not tell, as she feared he would not be admitted. So you can imagine our anxiety when, last Friday, our children began to complain of sore throat. The Mission is still in a rather sorry condition as to health. Joe is kept busy going from one of his patients to another. He feels the responsibility very much, and it is wearing on him. I wish that Dr. Holmes might come over so that Joe might consult with some one, but he cannot leave yet.

January 22nd.—Dr. Holmes has arrived, and it is such a comfort to Joe to have him here. Emma still continues very ill and suffers terribly. Joe has been with her for the last ten nights, and is getting quite worn out. If we only had a trained nurse!

Seir, July 29th.—I am enjoying this rest ever so much, but it is not complete without Joe. He has remained but two days in succession so far. He made many plans about it, was going to play with his children, and walk with them, and read to them, but nothing has been realized in that line so far. Joe had a letter from General Wagner. He is still trying to get him a decoration from the Shah, although Joe has plainly told him he does not wish one. He says, "Dear doctor, you have more Persian merits as any other man, and so have I explicated to Mr. Pratt" (the American minister).

With all his cares he found time for the love of home and children, and across the years his eldest son

recalls the simplicity and strength of the father's training and influence in the household:—

Among the earliest recollections of my father is that of his telling stories to us children. When a very small child I used to delight in having him sit beside me after I had gone to bed, and tell me "just one story." These would usually be in connection with his day's work, some incident at the hospital, or on the way to and from the city, or some village. My favourite was the "fox story," which I believe I heard a dozen times. This is about a fox which father had seen on one of his rides. I never tired of hearing about its "soft fur and its little shining white teeth," and, child-like, was not satisfied if the description was altered in any way. When I was older we children used to listen with great interest to the famous stories of the Kurdish War. Even though rushed and tired father often took time of an evening for a story or a game with us. No father could have been more devoted and sympathetic. Never did he speak a cross or unkind word to his children; a rebuke was always given in a gentle but dignified way. As far back as I can remember it was a custom in our family to take a walk Sunday afternoon. Father was often called away, but as far as possible he planned his work so as to have that time free with his family. If it was spring the garden was visited, and we children each chose a little plot of our own, and discussed what was to be planted, and watched the growth with great interest from week to week. Often we took longer walks, going up the river valley in the direction of the snow-capped Tergawars, and if it was a very clear day we could see the tops of the Sahends, near Tabriz. My father is so closely associated in my mind with every walk and ride that I never recall one without thinking of him. He was such a necessary member of any expedition, none was complete without his presence. I always had a sense of perfect security and happiness when with him.

In 1887 the Shah bestowed upon Dr. Cochran and Dr. Holmes decorations of the Second Class of the Order of the Lion and the Sun of Persia. On Novem-

ber 19th, 1887, the American Minister in Teheran, the Hon. E. Spencer Pratt, wrote to Dr. Cochran:—

I take pleasure in informing you that you have been decorated by His Imperial Majesty, the Shah, with the Second Class of the Order of the Lion and the Sun of Persia.

The Imperial Firman announcing your appointment in the Order, as well as the two Stars, insignia thereof, have been sent me to-day, and these I shall transmit to you as soon as I can find a safe and reliable means of so doing.

You were not previously advised of any efforts in this direction because it was thought best, until these had succeeded, to keep the matter secret.

The Imperial Firman of the Shah, granting the decoration, was as follows:—

God is He Whose Dignity is Most High.

The Universe belongs to the Most High God.

Since the hand of Nasr ed Din took the signet, justice and equity have extended from the moon to the fish (filled the earth).

The Domain is the Most High God's.

The Royal Command is Issued.

Because of the happy relations existing between the distinguished Powers of Persia and America, and because of the desire to extend Royal Favours to the exalted and sagacious Dr. Cochran, in this, the swine year, we confer glory and honour upon him by bestowing the decoration of the Stars of the second degree of the "Grand Order of the Lion and the Sun," wherewith, having ornamented his esteemed bosom, he shall be glorious and exalted.

Written in the Month of Saffar, and in the year of the 1305.

On April 7th, 1888, the family started for America on furlough. His last letter before leaving referred to the arrangements made for his work and to the conditions in the mountains and Urumia:—

It is not by any means with unmixed pleasure that we now break up our home and quit the work for a time. We anticipate a pleasant and profitable visit to America, especially for me professionally, but both Mrs. Cochran and I would like still better to stay right on and labour here continuously, were it advisable. I have for some time cherished the hope of stopping two or three months in England and Scotland, for the sake of looking into their hospital and medical colleges, on my way to America. It is a great advantage for a physician resident in the East to have some knowledge of English or European men and teaching. . . .

Messrs. Coan and McDowell got off for their mountain trip three days ago, going via Mosul, the only way open at this season. We sent a messenger yesterday to overtake them and carry the news just received that $3,000 more had been sent for the famine, authorizing them to draw $1,000 if they found an urgent need in the districts visited.

All eyes are on the lookout to see if the locust eggs, deposited on the hills two days' journey to the south of us, will hatch or not. There is a hope entertained that they are destroyed by the light fall of snow this winter, which has exposed them to the changes of the temperature. In case the locusts do not appear, this district will be very well off for grain, both in old and new; and the price will fall to half or a third what it is now.

They travelled via Batoum and Constantinople, stopping a few days at the latter place, and then going on through Athens, Corfu, Naples, Rome, Milan, and Lucerne to London, where he was present at the marriage of Miss Emma Cochran to Mr. Ponafidine of the Imperial Russian consular service. They spent some weeks in London, where Dr. Cochran attended the World Missionary Conference and spent some time in English schools and hospitals, in accordance with a plan of which he had written from Urumia before starting:—

Seir, August 24th, 1887.—I am very anxious to carry out a plan long cherished of stopping from two to four months in England or Scotland, either going or coming, to get what I can in that time of knowledge of medical and surgical practice as taught in the English and Scotch schools and hospitals. I am anticipating rare practical benefit from my visit to America, but a few months in English schools and hospitals will do what America cannot for me in my work. My education so far and all my medical journals are American. What contact I have now with educated physicians, Dr. Holmes excepted, is with English or Europeans. American authorities are for the most part unknown by my colleagues.

They reached New York in July, and after brief visits in the East, including some days with Mr. Clement in the Adirondacks, went to Minneapolis, where Mrs. Cochran and the children remained, and where, during the furlough, the third child, Harry, was born. The first three months of 1889 he spent in Buffalo and New York studying new methods in medical and surgical practice, and in the spring made a trip to California with his mother, by the Canadian Pacific, to visit his sister, Mrs. Scott. He was a born traveller and keenly enjoyed the sights of America after his ten years' absence. "He often used to remark," wrote one of his sisters-in-law, "that such and such things that he had seen would be so interesting to tell of to his Persian friends. All that he stored up of pleasure and interest was given out again to those less favoured when he went back again to Persia. Most of the summer he and his family spent at Lake Minnetonka. It was the special delight of my nieces to get their Uncle Joseph to tell exciting tales of adventures in Persia as they sat on the piazza summer evenings. He was always able to interest and fascinate children

and young people by the 'true stories' he could tell. Towards the last of the summer he told them he supposed he should have to go back to Persia and have some hairbreadth escapes in order to satisfy their demands for stories."

He spent a good deal of time while at home hunting for a medical man to work in the Kurdish mountains among the mountain Nestorians in whom, as has already appeared and we shall see later, he had the deepest interest. On the various trips which he made for the Board on this errand, interviewing men, he charged the Board only the bare railroad expenses, not even including meals or sleeping cars. He had an extreme sense of honour in these things, and chose deliberately to incur loss himself in order to save Mission funds at every point. And his course was not due to his having any money of his own. In submitting an account to the Board he asked that if it was right it might be covered at once as he had had to borrow the money for the journey. The fact that he was acting as a trustee made him rigidly scrupulous. He was not the kind of man who indulges in extravagance because some one else pays for it. He worked for a time in Buffalo on a plan for securing an endowment of $30,000 for the hospital, but when he found that it would absorb some of the Board's regular revenues he at once dropped it. "I feel sure that I have not so far lessened the Board's receipts materially, for I have spoken some twenty-three times here and elsewhere, and got $4.00! In nearly all the places I have simply reported to persons, societies, and churches the work to which they had contributed, asking nothing for the future or for new work." He was entirely too modest and self-repressive, too reticent about anything

that he had done or that God had done through him, to be a success as a solicitor of funds, directly or indirectly. He lacked entirely the faculty of advertisement of himself or his work, or of appeal for himself, or his own interest, and he was too conscientious to gain by another's loss or to promote his own concerns at the possible expense of the concerns of others. He was specially anxious, however, to get the money for an annex to the hospital, to be used as a women's ward. A few months before sailing he received from Mrs. George Howard, of Buffalo, a gift of $2,000 for this purpose, and the Howard Annex was built on his return to Urumia.

People became profoundly interested in him and his work wherever he went, in spite of his quietness and unobtrusiveness. The quality of the man and the distinction that hung about him were too obvious to be hidden entirely, and those who came to know him discovered that the missionary work commanded the highest type of manhood and devotion.

X

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

ON October 1st, 1889, Dr. Cochran, with his family, sailed for Persia, going by way of London, Vienna, and Constantinople. He reached home in Urumia on November 16th. The hospital was opened immediately, and work with his three young medical students was resumed. All classes greeted his return with joy, and the new Governor, who had come during his furlough, was greatly interested in him. Dr. Labaree wrote a fortnight after his arrival:—

I would mention first the welcome arrival of Dr. Cochran with his mother and his family. They have had a hard journey and were much fatigued on arriving. Their greeting was a most hearty one, not from the missionary circle only, but from great numbers of native friends within and without our evangelical churches, and even outside of the Christian community, many Mohammedans, both of the highest and lowest classes, joined in rejoicing over the doctor's return. We have a new Governor, recently arrived, quite a stranger in this province. He is reported to be of the old school of Persian officials, austere and haughty in his bearing, especially towards foreigners. And so we found him, on calling upon him a few days after his coming to town. But when he heard of Dr. Cochran's arrival, and was told by prominent persons of his benevolent and most successful professional services, and of the long residence of the American missionaries in the country, with their varied beneficent operations, he was quite impressed, and sent at once one of his more prominent servants to enquire for the doctor's health after his journey, and with him sent

a huge tray of sweetmeats, borne on men's heads, as is the Persian style in honouring a newcomer. And when Dr. Cochran called to pay his respects upon His Excellency, he was received with much cordiality.

The Governor soon sought Dr. Cochran's aid for himself for acute rheumatism. "All winter and spring," wrote the doctor, "I had under my care the Governor of this district, a Persian of the old style, and one who did not hesitate to demand much of my time—a man who, when well enough to ride, sits in his open carriage accompanied by a large escort. First in the procession come ten to twenty horsemen, well armed, riding two by two; next come two of his executioners, in scarlet uniform, carrying long whips, and crying out, 'Clear the way, stand up. Out of the way,' etc. Then come about twenty constables with long canes, held up. After these some more horsemen—his personal servants—with one or two finely saddled led horses, with rich embroidered spreads over the saddles, followed by the Governor in his carriage, while in his rear come a few more horsemen, among them his pipebearer, who is called upon every fifteen minutes or so to give him the water pipe—for which coals are carried in iron vessels hanging from the saddle. As he gets to the city gate the footmen draw up in line, salute, and are dismissed, when they await his return."

In calling on the Governor, all the doctor's diplomacy and social skill were necessary. "Such a patient," he wrote on June 15th, 1890, "takes much time, trouble, and care over and above other patients. I have to have two men if I go on horseback, one to hold the horse. No one there would do it (all bring their servants), and no place to fasten him. One must go with me through the several outer courtyards, where

Dr. Cochran and Kurdish Patients

the different officials attached to the Governor's court are seeing and hearing petitions. Then on entering his room I must take time not only to see him, but also to drink two glasses of tea, which are served with quite an interval between them. Then the native physicians who have worked to get the case, and the friends have to be satisfied, etc. He is now convalescent, and rides out in the carriage, and yesterday on horseback for the first time."

His care of the Governor was not the only affair calling for tact and judgment. In this same letter of June 15th he writes:—

We had a visit from the British consul at Tabriz a short time ago. There was quite a time made at his arrival. He telegraphed the hour when he would arrive to the Governor, and the night before his entrance sent him the instructions of his superior, the Governor of the Province, as to how he was to receive the consul.

We missionaries went out about four miles. The English missionaries had gone out further. We found him encamped in a shady place, waiting for the arrival of the government officials. He became very impatient at their tardiness, and sent one man and then another to report that he was waiting their arrival, and would stay there all night if they did not come. Finally, the agent of the Foreign Office came, but the consul told him he had insulted him in keeping him waiting so long, that he should have come out at least twelve miles. The Persian said the consul had no cause for complaint; he had come with some ten military officers, five noblemen, and two led horses, and a detachment of fifty cavalry. These were all near, but had not been presented. His reply, not being worded carefully, provoked the consul, and he stormed away, John Bull getting away with him. He called for his horses, and said he was going back to Tabriz. The Khan mounted and started after him, as well as some others. I also accompanied, but did not say anything while he was in that state. The Khan provoked him more and more by telling him, in Oriental style of hos-

pitality, "I won't let you go. You shall come on to Urumia with me," and caught hold of the bridle. He naturally added fuel to the fire, and I got the Khan to leave him and fall behind. We rode on toward Tabriz. I soon ventured to remark that the Governor, I knew, had given orders to have him received with every mark of respect, and to do him every possible honour, and that I hoped that any mistake on the part of his agent would not be considered as disrespectful on the part of the Governor. He said, "I am going back." I then bethought myself to send back word to the Khan, asking if he would come after him on foot. So he dismounted and began walking after us. I told Colonel Stewart that the Khan was on foot following. He slowed up, and after the Khan had again asked pardon, catching hold of the consul's feet, the latter turned about.

The rest of the escort was present, and we rode in. At the city gate he was met by about twenty constables on foot, with long canes, who immediately proceeded, two by two, the led horses and cavalry ahead of them, and all the officers and the other horsemen beside and behind him. All but the foot escort came out to our place with him. The officials dismounted and took tea with us.

The Khans of the city did what they could to atone for their seeming want of attention all the time he was here, by sending tray after tray of candy, sugar, and tea, and lambs, and calling on him. We enjoyed his visit. He is a very pleasant man, sociable and well-read, and has travelled a great deal in the East. The day he left, a large escort again accompanied him, and about an hour's ride out a tent had been prepared, where we dismounted, and coffee, and tea, and pipes were served, when all took leave but an escort of five horsemen. Katharine was ill most of the time he was here, so it made it hard for me to do for him. We gave one dinner, to which we invited the English missionaries.

Tell the girls I am loading up my barrel for some future day when I shall be called upon to tell stories of blood and thunder.

All the time his ordinary work, full of extraordinary experiences, went on as usual. Soon after the reopening of the hospital his wife wrote:—

We had a great scare in the hospital the other night. Joe had retired early, as he was tired, when one of the patients came running over to say that a mistake had been made in giving a medicine, and a patient was dying. It was an old man whose leg was amputated the other day, and he was doing well after nearly dying several times, when his nurse gave him a spoonful of carbolic acid by mistake. Joe and all the young doctors worked over him until midnight, and thought surely he would go, but he has rallied again, and may yet recover. He is a mountain man; his wife and sons had come to visit him that day. She was quite furious, and kept inciting her sons to draw their daggers and kill that nurse on the spot, and had the man died, I don't know what might have happened, these mountain people are so wild.

Early in the spring of 1890, work on the "Howard Annex," the building for the women's medical work, was begun. It was a well built structure, with rooms in it for Dr. Cochran's mother. In May another little daughter was born in his home. In July the medical class was graduated. One graduate went off to Mosul, and another to Teheran to help the medical missionaries there.

In the fall Dr. Cochran made another visit to Teheran to escort Miss Green, who had been transferred from the station there to Urumia. On this visit he had an interview with the Shah. Of this and of his impressions of the work, he wrote:—

I was in Teheran nine years ago, but since that time our station has moved into its new buildings, and is now very conveniently situated for its work. A fine chapel stands in the centre of the grounds, surrounded by the boys' school, the girls' school, with the home for the ladies in charge, and two missionary residences. Two or more cities are represented, as well as nearly all the nationalities of Persia, in this school for boys and young men, which is fitting a large number of young men to become the native mission-

aries to their people. The girls' school is a model of neatness, having everything in its teachers and buildings to make it a first-class home and training school for its pupils. In the chapel both Persian and English services are held regularly—the latter for the English-speaking Europeans. A short distance from these premises is the dispensary, while a mile away in the eastern end of the city, stands the beautiful hospital, just erected, and ready to receive patients. On the grounds is the residence of Dr. Torrence, the physician in charge, whose kind and genial character has won the hearts of the Teheran people, from the King to the poorest subjects.

Having but a week to spend in the capital, I lost no time in visiting the Mission work, and in making calls at the legations and on Persians whose acquaintance is important to us on account of the official positions they hold. Through the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Torrence, who has seen the Shah a number of times, was able to obtain an audience with His Majesty for us. At the hour appointed we presented ourselves at the palace, arrayed in the costume prescribed for men in our positions, viz., full-dress suits, with silk hats and overshoes to be left off at the door, or as we approached him. We both wore the decorations conferred upon us some years ago by His Majesty (the Order of the Lion and the Sun). The King was seated at a table in the garden of one of his most beautiful palaces. Beside the table, on the ground, was a handsome Persian rug, on which lay his portfolio and papers. He was dressed in a cashmere shawl coat, buttoned to the throat, black trousers, and low patent leather boots, with the common Persian Astrakhan fur hat. Two or three of his ministers were standing about him at a respectful distance. We were ushered into the garden by the son of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. As we approached to within one hundred feet of where the King sat, we stopped, partially hidden by the trees and shrubbery, while the officer went ahead to announce us. The minister beckoning to us, we slowly walked forward, with our gloved hands clasped in front of us, and as soon as we got to where His Majesty could see us, we made a very low bow together. Then taking some ten steps more, we again made a bow. This

time His Majesty noticed us, and he called out, "Come." Advancing a few yards we made another bow, when he invited us still nearer, and said, "Torrence, who is this?" We walked up to within twelve feet or so of where he sat, and then making a final bow, stood before His Imperial Majesty the Shah in Shah. Addressing me, he asked after our welfare in Urumia: as to whether our missionaries were pleased with the way his officials treated them: as to the number of our schools and adherents. He asked if his Christian subjects fared as well as his Mohammedan subjects, etc. Then taking up a paper which he had laid down on our approach, he turned to the Minister of Internal Revenue, and we, bowing, backed away from the royal presence. Stopping to make our bows every few yards, we retraced our steps, keeping one eye on His Majesty and one, so far as we could, behind us, to avoid stepping off the walks or into the fountains. As we neared the gate, we were aware of quite a retinue entering. To avoid a collision with some other high persons, Dr. Torrence looked around and discovered that it was the King's son—the Minister of War. Being now about out of sight of His Imperial Majesty, we faced about and made obeisance to His Royal Highness. He recognized me, and appointed an hour the next day for us to call on him.

In the early winter, after Dr. Cochran's return to Urumia, the Crown Prince, Muzaffar-i-din, who was later Shah, with the Governor-General of the Province, visited Urumia. Dr. Cochran writes:—

In the few days that he was here, I saw a good deal of him, as he was troubled with articular rheumatism. He was especially gracious to us, in that he visited our college and hospital, spending two hours here, and was evidently much interested in the character of the instruction given in the college and in the hospital, the surgical instruments, etc., and in visiting the female seminary the next day. He thanked the ladies for what they were doing for his subjects, and encouraged them to keep on in this good work. He made a donation of thirty tomans to the students of the

college, and promised something to the Fiske Seminary. He also visited the Roman Catholic and Anglican Missions. This is the first time that His Royal Highness ever visited a mission school. While here, he often asked for Dr. Holmes, for whom he has a high regard. We have since heard of the King's visiting our Mission in Teheran. What this unprecedented action on the part of the King and Crown Prince signifies, time alone can record. . . . He expressed himself as much pleased with our schools and work among his subjects, and bade us "do still more." He gave us ten gold pieces "for the students." He is very anxious that Dr. Holmes return to his service, and telegraphed him from here. He is just about to leave, and it is remarkable how much time he has spent in visiting Christian schools—ours, the Papists', and Anglicans'—and so little or nothing among his own people. Indeed, behind his back, it is slurringly said, "The Prince has become Christian."

It was on the visit of the King to the schools and chapels in Teheran, mentioned by Dr. Cochran, that His Majesty, after going over the girls' school, paused before a blackboard, and wrote on it, in Persian, the word "clean." The royal comment is still preserved, framed in glass. In her home letters, Mrs. Cochran drew a fuller picture of the Crown Prince's visit in Urumia:—

We have had the pleasure of entertaining his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Persia, to-day, and while it is all fresh in mind I must write you about it. He came to Urumia last Wednesday. All our gentlemen went out to meet him, together with some twenty or twenty-five thousand from the city and villages. He came from the southern end of the Lake, so came in via Geogtapa and the river. Several of the ladies went down to a palace near, where they had a good view of the whole procession.

His Highness came in a beautiful carriage drawn by six black horses, surrounded by a large number of outriders, and preceded by a hundred Cossacks in white and red uni-

forms. Then followed the Amir in his carriage,—you remember, he is our old friend the Salar. They occupied the palace just outside the city gates. The Crown Prince is troubled with rheumatism, and sent for Joe to come and treat him the next day. The Amir told Joe that the Prince would ride out here, and he got word last evening, Sunday, that he was coming to-day at two o'clock. Such a busy day as we have had! All the college boys were turned out to sweep up the leaves from the grounds and avenues, and put everything in fine order. We took the stove out of the parlour, and arranged a large chair in the upper corner for our guest, and decorated with chrysanthemums. We made ready cake, besides some fancy tarts and candies, which were arranged on our best dishes on a table in the side window in the parlour. The sitting-room, too, had to be in order for the Khans in attendance. Then we locked the bedroom doors, and we ladies fled upstairs with the children to the parlour chamber, where we could look out and see. The gentlemen met the Prince at the gate, where he dismounted, and the college boys were drawn up in line and sang a song of welcome.

The Prince remained about half an hour in the parlour. He did not sit at first, but walked about, examining pictures, etc. At last he sat down. No one else could sit, of course, until after a while the Amir asked him if he would seat the gentlemen, and he nodded assent. Joe showed him California pictures and curiosities in which he seemed interested. Tea was passed to him in one of my new cups, but as no one could drink in his presence, no more was brought. But in the sitting-room and the yard plenty was disposed of. Joe passed him the cake and candies, and he tried several kinds, at the suggestion of the Amir, who told him that he would not find such things anywhere else. No one else partook except his small son of ten, who ate a tart behind the back of one of the Khans.

He next went to the college, and was seated alone upon the platform while all the boys stood. There was another song, an original poem in Persian, reading in English, and a short recitation in geography.

Next he went to the hospital. He went to the bedsides of the patients who were not able to be up, and enquired

particularly into their troubles. The instruments were displayed in the operating room, and the skeleton was examined with great curiosity. On leaving, he gave ten gold pieces for the students, including the medical department. The next day he went to the city and visited the girls' school. He expressed himself as very much pleased with the work we were doing in education. To-day he departed for Tabriz.

After the Crown Prince's visit, the work went on quietly for a while, but not long. It was just about this time that the tragic imprisonment of Mirza Ibrahim began. He was a convert from Mohammedanism who had been baptized in 1890 at Khoi. Persecution began at once. His wife and property were taken from him, and he was forced to flee to Urumia. There he took refuge in Dr. Cochran's hospital. After a time he was sent, at his own request, to preach in the villages. He was soon arrested, cruelly maltreated in Urumia, and then taken off to prison in Tabriz, where he was choked to death, passing on to his martyr's crown on May 14th, 1893. When the Crown Prince was informed of his death he asked, "How did he die?" and the jailer answered, "He died like a Christian." His unflinching martyrdom was alike a joy and an anguish to the missionaries. Scarcely a year of Dr. Cochran's life passed without some dramatic incidents, and in May, 1891, came one of the collisions with the Tergawar Kurds, which were to end so disastrously. Mrs. Cochran wrote, May 22nd:—

This has been an exciting week for us in Urumia. A strange thing happened last Saturday, which may have serious consequences. Perhaps you remember D——, a Kurd, about whom I wrote as having become a Christian. He spent one or two winters in the hospital, and is, I think,

the first Kurdish convert. He has been gatekeeper this last winter. Last Saturday he went for the mail, and noticed some men in the city watching him. Late in the afternoon he went in again, and just as he reached the bridge by the college on his return, he met these men, who spoke rudely, turned and followed him, one of them loading his gun as he went. D—— ran for the gate, and just as the man was about to fire, the college boys rushed out, caught his gun, and stopped him. These men, the Urumia Mussulman, and three Kurds went on towards the river. Joe was in the city, and Dr. Shedd sent him word of the affair. Joe thought that probably these Kurds were of D——'s tribe, so he sent word to B—— Khan, who has charge of them. It so happened that this Khan was drilling and paying his soldiers on that day, so he mounted, and reached the college nearly as soon as Joe. He had about twenty-five horsemen with him.

Joe had found out by that time that they were Tergawar Kurds, and told the Khan that he knew the chiefs there, and would write about the affair, and that would be the better way. But the Khan and his men were mounted and ready, and they would not be stopped, but galloped away up the river. Before long we heard considerable firing, and saw smoke rising from one of the villages above us. It seems that they tracked these men into a village, and found they were in a certain house. They would not come out, so the soldiers brought bundles of hay, and set fire to the door. At last the men rushed out. One was wounded, two were caught, and two escaped. The most dangerous Kurd escaped. He is a nephew of Hesso, the famous Kurdish robber. His servant was wounded, and the soldiers let him be carried off home. One is in prison in the city. One of the soldiers was wounded and brought to the hospital. As Joe was dressing his wound he said, "Now we will send and have the wounded Kurd brought here too." "If you do," said he, "I will get up in the night and kill him." It is all a most unfortunate affair. D—— has been sent off to Tiflis, because we could not keep men with such enemies.

B—— Khan was reprimanded by the Governor for going on such an errand without his command. The Kurds are

in a very excited state because the wounded man will die, they think. Joe sent a letter to the father of the Kurd who escaped, whose servant was wounded, explaining the affair, that the matter went out of our hands and beyond what we desired, and asked to have the wounded man brought to the hospital. The father was willing to send him, but the son was very angry and would allow no answer to be sent. He says the price of his servant's blood is 1,000 tomans, and he will have that or blood in return. They say he is a perfect Satan. His uncles came down from Tergawar last Thursday to call on Joe. They were friendly enough, only they insisted that no harm was meant to D—— and we had no right to take up the matter so. This fierce Kurd is down here in the villages above us, they say, and I fear he will do harm to Joe if he gets the chance. I do not mean to let him go off to the city without several men for a while. He is going in to see the Governor this morning to see about getting the Kurd who is in prison released.

On May 28th, Mrs. Cochran wrote:—

I suppose you would like to hear the sequel to the Kurdish affair. We kept hearing various rumours about the Kurd, Mahmud Beg. At last the master of the village where the fight took place called, and said we had better make peace, that this Kurd declared he had meant no harm to D——, and wanted to know what right we had to follow the matter up so. He advised that we send up a certain Kurdish mullah who is a friend of the Kurd and also very friendly to Joe, and ask the Beg to come down and talk over the matter, and settle it peaceably. The messenger went, and either the friends had influenced the warlike young man or time had cooled him. At any rate, we suddenly heard that he was on his way down to call on us. He appeared in the rain late one afternoon, with about a dozen followers, all armed to the teeth. Dr. Shedd and Mr. Coan with Joe met him in our parlour, and after a friendly glass of tea the chief began by saying that he had not come down because he was afraid of us or of the government, that he had killed many captains, had killed many majors and

several generals, and was afraid of no man. If the gentlemen did not believe it, he would now go into the very heart of the bazar, kill five men, and come back slowly. He had come because he wished to show himself friendly to us. He swore he had intended no harm to D——, was only trying to frighten him. All he wanted now was to have us repay the losses he had sustained in the affair, and whether the servant who was wounded died or not he would demand no more, but always be our warmest friend.

It seemed best, on the whole, to settle on that basis, so we had to pay for the three guns and cartridges lost in the fight, which amounted in all to about ten tomans. So they remained that night as our guests, and we cooked them a good supper of rice, and they departed the next day in a very friendly frame of mind. The medical students report that several times during the supper he raised his hands and thanked God for keeping him from doing the thing that he had planned. He said that he and thirty followers came down one night bent upon doing something to avenge themselves. They got as far as Benda, some three miles up the river, and there so many different plans were proposed that they could not agree, and so did nothing. Some wanted to go and rob Seir of all the flocks and herds, some Mar Sergis, others wanted to surround the college and fire into all the windows they could see.

A number of patients from the Kurds came to the hospital as a result of this affair.

The year 1892 was an eventful year in the Cochran family. In January his mother was seriously ill. In February another son was born, and was named for his father, Joseph. In the spring Dr. Cochran took a trip, at his own expense, to Mosul, Bagdad, and Babylon, returning by way of Hamadan. He was gone about two months. In the summer all the children were sick with whooping cough, and little two-year-old Suvie died in August. The cholera, also, made its appearance this summer, and caused him much anxiety and care. With all these burdens, he also took over

the added labour of the Station treasury. The troubles over the Tobacco Regie also began this year, and two missionaries in other stations became involved. A British syndicate had acquired from the Shah a concession for a tobacco monopoly, and offered great inducements to secure competent agents. The monopoly was bitterly opposed by the people and the ecclesiastics, and was overthrown.

Dr. Cochran wrote, on January 8th, 1892:—

I will write you to-night while sitting with mother, who is quite ill with bronchitis. It is very restful in the incessant push and humdrum of my life here to look back to my visit in America, where I was so entirely free from care and responsibility. . . . It looks as if Persia had all it can stand for a while of foreign companies, concessions, monopolies, etc. Small chance now for Mr. B. The Shah favours them, and is anxious to introduce these new industries, but the clergy are dead set against it. The tobacco had been farmed out to a British syndicate, but first one district and then another rebelled till the King has had to withdraw his concession and pay back the money and costs. At least so he says. Perhaps it is a ruse to quiet the people.

It was proposed that Dr. Cochran should go to Teheran to take the place of the medical missionary there who had been drawn into the Regie, but he did not go. His wife refers to this in her home letter of February 20th, 1892:—

We have had queer times this week. Joe had a bad cold, but added to it in that cold Persian room in the city last Wednesday. Thursday morning, as he was dressing, he was taken with a sudden rheumatic pain about the heart, and could hardly get his breath for an hour. All day he could not move without great pain, so had to remain where he was upstairs. Of course, I felt very anxious, and had the women carry me up and stay by him most of the day. Joe is much better, but it still troubles him to move much.

We have heard nothing recently about the Teheran matter. It is certain, however, that Joe will not go there permanently. There is a possibility that he may be asked and urged to go for a time in the spring.

The trip to Mosul and Bagdad was made in March, April, and May. His sister Emma, who had married Mr. Ponafidine of the Russian consular service, and who was stationed with her husband in Bagdad, was ill. The appropriations for the hospital were inadequate, so that it had to be closed, and competent medical help was at hand for Urumia in his absence. He left Urumia on March 8th with Mr. Whipple of Tabriz and Mr. Lang of the Anglican Mission who was returning to England. They crossed the mountains to Mosul, ancient Nineveh, and from Mosul went down the Euphrates by raft to Bagdad. The trip was full of experiences. They were held up and shot at, but escaped all perils, and got great rest and enjoyment from the journey.

He returned to Urumia in May, and the story of the rest of the year can be told in extracts from Mrs. Cochran's home letters:—

College, May 20th, 1892.—I did think we were to have a little peace this afternoon, but the Governor has just sent word that he will call, and there has been a great flying about to collect chairs and tea glasses enough, for he will bring a crowd with him. Our samovar has been on the perpetual boil this week, for Joe got home last Saturday, and there have been callers every day since, Mussulmans and Nestorians, delegations from Seir, and delegations from Geogtapa to "pour their peace" on the Hakim Sahib, and "bless his journey." I don't know as it pays to be such good friends with everybody. Joe got in about dark Saturday, having come from Sulduz in one day. He has been very well during the whole journey, but is glad to get home.

All had so many questions to ask that I thought that it would be pleasant to get together for an evening, so Tuesday all came in after tea, and Joe read his journal, and made his comments as he read, and answered questions. He took us only as far as Bagdad last evening, so I asked all to come again Thursday after Station Meeting, take tea with us, and hear the rest of the story.

College, June 24th.—We have had war and famine during our life in Persia, and I suppose our experience would not be complete without pestilence. I suppose you see reports in the papers, so I might as well give a true statement of affairs. Cholera is working eastward, was near Teheran when we last heard. It is doubtless there by this time, and Hamadan will not escape. We are a little off the travelled route, and it is not probable that it will reach us before fall, when the cool weather will cut it short. It is not a cheerful prospect. I do not dread it for myself, but Joe will have to be among the sick.

Seir, July 27th.—Joseph is up for the day, and is busy writing an article on cholera for the Syriac paper. Monday morning, just as Joe was preparing to go down, word came that a Mussulman lady, wife of that Sertib in Sulduz, where Joe visited once, was coming for treatment and to make us a visit, and would arrive that noon. We had heard rumours of this visit before, but did not suppose that she would really come. Well, of course, there was nothing to be done but entertain her. We took some of the remaining carpets in our house, and furnished a room or two in the Howard Annex, and made a place ready in the hospital proper for the servants. They came on Monday at noon, and remained till Friday, the lady, her brother, and son, and twenty-four servants. She is of Circassian descent, very pretty in face and manners, and more free than most of the ladies here. They made very little trouble, were quiet and orderly. Of course, we hired a cook for them, and Agha Bazurk had general charge of the meals. The second day the lady said we gave too much, and said, "My servants need only so and so," naming a certain amount of bread, meat, rice, etc. She evidently knows how to manage her household.

SEIR, July 29th.—Poor Joe is so driven. I feel really worried about him. He is coughing, too. I believe he has the whooping cough like the rest of them. This treasury business is a burden, for he has so much to do that he cannot attend to the accounts in time, and work accumulates. I think that he feels worried for fear that he will make a big muddle of it and not be able to get a balance. He has been up here but three days, besides Sundays, and those days he worked hard. The cholera has come to Ardibil from the Caspian, but does not yet seem to come further west.

SEIR, August 2nd.—On Saturday came the news that the cholera was in Tabriz.

SEIR, August 20th.—I have very little idea that this letter will go through, but I will write a few lines to keep you informed, if possible, of the troublous times upon which we have fallen. The outlook is indeed dark. This is worse than the famine and the war, but the same Lord who brought us through those is still guiding, and we must believe, although we cannot see, that all is for the best. Sickness still continues in our household. Joe and I both have the whooping cough, too. Poor little Suvie is still very ill. Joseph thinks she will recover in time, but it will be very slow.

For a long time Joe has been at the Governor to have him establish quarantine, but he was so slow about it, and kept putting it off. At last, a few days ago, all got well frightened because it was this side of Tabriz, and he gave orders to have horsemen put into Joe's hands for the purpose. He promised tents, but no horses were forthcoming to carry the tents. Well, at last the tents, and the guards, and the young doctors were sent out on the Gavelan road to the Nose, but alas! too late. Cholera is already in the city and many villages. Joe proposed to spend the whole day in the city ready for calls, having a hot dinner sent from the college. He must come up here nights for the present, while Suvie is so ill, and after that we hoped to go down to the college, as being easier for him, but yesterday we discovered what is almost certainly cholera there, so our plans are uncertain. It is so hard for him to break away and come

up, and yet I feel sure it is not safe for him to stay down. We hardly know what to do about help for Suvie nights. Joe simply must not be up with her now, and Miss Montgomery cannot be up night after night.

Seir, August 25th.—You doubtless thought of me on my wedding day, but you none of you knew what was taking place in our home, and that now the day will commemorate a marriage, a birth, and a death for us. Dear little Suvie has gone. While Dr. Shedd was praying, very peacefully her little spirit took its flight just before the clock struck twelve. Joe and I went up and walked on the roof under the quiet stars to be alone with this, our first great grief. Poor Joe is nearly heartbroken. So far the Lord has wonderfully sustained me. The next morning when I came down, the room looked so cool and peaceful. Kind friends had laid the little darling in her own bed, and she looked so fair and sweet. All day it was a rest to think of her, for my hands were very full with the other children. But all day long, above the dismal sights and sounds, I seemed to hear the patter of Suvie's little feet in the Heavenly gardens, and she was dancing and laughing so, so well, and so merry, so pure and beautiful, that I was content. She at least was safe from the blast of fever and from the pestilence raging below on the hot plain.

We had a short service about nine the next morning in the parlour, where she was baptized, and where she died. Dr. Shedd spoke very beautifully. I asked him to dwell on the bright side.

We hear good news about the cholera. It seems to have spent itself and is not very fatal, more than half recover. At present it is in the Jewish and Mussulman quarters of the city, and Joe has not been called, as in those places they are very conservative and wish no European help. It is in many of the villages. So many have fled here that it is a small city of tents. The Khans here have established quarantine, and it makes us some trouble about getting provisions.

College, Home, September 30th.—We had quite an excitement here last Tuesday night. For some days there has been an encampment of soldiers this side of the city.

They are from Marand, on the Julfa and Tabriz road, and are on their way south to quell some Kurdish disturbances. These soldiers are robbing all the orchards and vineyards in the vicinity. Sunday one was caught in the vineyard in the lower garden, but was let off. Tuesday night some more came, and one of the men guarding down there fired off his gun. The thieves ran, but pretty soon about forty men appeared at the front gate and demanded two of their number, who they said were missing; said we must give them up dead or alive. Joe sent word that we had none of their men, and if they had any complaint to make they must come in the morning, not in the night, for it was now about 9:30. But they would not be pacified, so Joe went up to the gate; the other gentlemen also gathered, and all the men on the premises, and they talked and talked until after eleven, the soldiers swearing and reviling, very angry indeed, and declaring they would force their way in. At last they departed, saying they were going after the rest of their regiment, and would come and lay low the whole place. Things really seemed pretty serious for a while. They tried twice to let Meshedie down over the wall to bring help from the near villages or the city, but as soon as he appeared at the top, heads rose from among the trees, and it was evident that we were well surrounded. We did not really think they would carry out their threat, but I gathered the children with me in the parlour, and Joe stayed below. We retired about one, as we concluded the men were not going to return. In the morning the affair was reported to the chief officers and to the city authorities, and the men were found out and punished.

November 30th.—Just now the successor of Mar Shimon, the Patriarch, is here in Urumia too, and he has been invited to spend a few days at the college. He was our guest both for dinner and tea. As a bishop we knew he would eat no meat, but supposed he would eat anything else. Imagine our consternation on sitting down to dinner to find that he fasted on Wednesdays from butter, eggs, and milk, so the poor man had to make his dinner on bread, potatoes, and jelly, with tea for dessert, as the cake had butter in it. The people he had with him had to fast from

meat, but could eat other things, so altogether it was a funny dinner. After sundown, however, they could eat, so we had a hearty meal at night for them. The bishop has come here for medical treatment. His disease will require long treatment, and we are thinking of keeping him here at the college, perhaps for the winter.

To these extracts should be added Dr. Cochran's own modest account of the cholera relief work:—

As the cholera approached us, we did what we could to prevent its entrance into Urumia, or failing in this, to give it as warm a reception as possible. As soon as it reached Tiflis it was evident that it would be brought here by the people of this part of the country who come and go in such large numbers, unless measures were secured to stop it. I urged the authorities repeatedly to be prepared to establish a quarantine, being confident that our plain could be protected by a guard at its three entrances. From time to time this request was repeated, but I was always met with what seemed to them very serious objections. In the meantime, we published a pamphlet in Persian and Syriac on cholera, its nature, the mode of its propagation, and the means of prevention and treatment. This had quite a wide circulation, and it resulted in the coming of very many to provide themselves with the medicines which had been prepared to put up in bottles with directions printed in Syriac or Persian. Of the Moslems, especially the upper classes, and of the Nestorians and Armenians, the more enlightened, including our preachers and teachers, armed themselves with the pamphlets and medicines, and began using boiled water and refraining from vegetables and fruit, except from their own gardens, and in not a few instances, the sanitary condition of the house or village was much improved. When the disease was working havoc at Khoi, and had reached Salmas, the Governor at last gave orders to institute the quarantine. We printed passes, and Dr. Daniel was put in charge, with a strong guard at his command, at the Customs House at Anzal, with instructions to hold the road and to keep all travellers coming this way three days. In a day or two, however, it became evident that refugees

from Khoi and Salmas had already brought the disease into the country. The city people now scattered so far as they could. Nearly all the Khans left, some to Seir, and others to others villages, while the middle classes fled to gardens and vineyards and villages. When the cholera, fully developed, was at its height, there was very little communication between the villages and the city—business was at a standstill, and we doctors now had less to do for the cholera than before it reached us. We distributed ourselves and the students as far as possible, but there was very little call for us in the city or from the villages. Drs. Miller, Isaac, and Daniel, two students, and myself, have together not treated more than two hundred cases at the utmost. There have been about 1,500 deaths probably in the city, while nearly every village has been visited—the deaths ranging from one to thirty.

At present there is a good deal on the Baranduz plain with scattering cases in the city and the other rivers. But the reports from the villages, from the medical students, and the other natives who have distributed medicines, has been most gratifying. I think we can safely say that ninety-five per cent. of the cases treated have recovered. All unite to speak of the wonderful effect of the medicines. While in some villages the following of doctors' rules saved the people, in others, as in Geogtapa, prayer, continuous and importunate, by a united village, with all the denominations joining in one accord, kept the scourge away. Large numbers of Moslems from the surrounding villages joined the Christians in the services, breaking in often with their sincere "Amens."

Early the following spring, on Thursday, March 9th, 1893, Dr. Cochran's mother, "Madame Cochran," as she was called by the missionaries, "Khanem Gurta," or great lady, by the people, passed away after a long and useful life. For more than forty-five years she had been identified with the work. For the last ten years she had been the matron of the hospital, and no small measure of its phenomenal success was due to her,

Few were able to resist her unselfish, thoughtful love, and many Mohammedan patients who had come only with reluctance, and who viewed Christians with contempt and hate, went away with greatly softened prejudices and a new interest in the Christians' Saviour. All the "greybeards" of the two Mohammedan villages near the hospital came in a body to express their sorrow. The Governor called to show his sympathy. The native pastors insisted on being the bearers, at the funeral, displacing the medical students who had been chosen for the service, saying, "No, we will do it. She was our mother." The wind blew a gale, and it was a wet and dreary day when the funeral procession went up to Seir. As it neared the village a number of the men came down to meet it, barefooted, in the cold mud; the women stood in the rain, weeping, and all gathered about the grave in spite of the sleet and snow which succeeded the rain. The doctor's mother's death was a great personal sorrow, as well as a loss to the work. She had filled a large place in it, and her love of it and of her son was intense and absorbing.

In July and August he made a tour in the mountains of Turkish Kurdistan, "The Mountains," as they are always known in Urumia, where the larger part of the Nestorian nation lived. "The Mountain Field, as it was called," wrote Mr. W. A. Shedd, who accompanied Dr. Cochran on this trip, "consists of four large independent tribes, living compactly together in four of the most inaccessible valleys of Kurdistan, and of a large number of Nestorians living scattered among the Kurdish population, partly in other valleys, but mostly on the skirts of the mountains. The four large tribes are those of Jelu, Baz, Tkhoma, and Tiari."

In his report for the year, Dr. Cochran gave some account of this visit to the Mountains:—

On the mountain tour Mr. W. A. Shedd and a Nestorian helper accompanied me as far as Kochanis. At Gawar, three days distant, we stopped long enough to receive and return the calls of all the Turkish civil and military officers of note, and to prescribe for a large number of sick. From there we went to Kochanis, two days farther west, to visit the Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Shimon. We found him away in Bash Kalleh (two days to the north) where the Governor-General of this province, the Vali of Van, had come. We pitched our tent just below the village, and watched for the return of the Patriarch. As soon as he knew we had reached Kochanis, he sent us word that we must be sure and wait until he returned, and that in a day or so he would come. Thirteen days we waited for him, when a messenger arrived, bringing word that he was detained by the Government, and asking that we do not tell his household, but to use every means in our power to secure his release.

During our stay at Kochanis, we had the opportunity of seeing many people who had come on business to their Patriarch. All who come, and they are many, are entertained at the Patriarch's. We, too, had our meals sent to us all the time we were there. At the same time, no one goes to the patriarchate without taking some present.

We visited Julamerk, the chief Turkish garrison town in this part of Kurdistan and the seat of the Mutasariflik. This, too, is the market town for a number of tribes. It was the seat of Norallah Beg, the Kurdish chief, who joined his forces with Badir Khan Beg of Bohtan, and massacred so many Christians in 1842. The town lies above the valley of the Zab, nestled among the highest and wildest mountains of the Zagros range. The cruel chief had his castle on a large high rock which is in the centre of the town. He is reported to have thrown with his own hands, out of a window, his little child, whose cries could not be quieted in the night, and who disturbed his father's sleep, dashing him to pieces on the rocks far below. On another occasion he had one of his wives dealt with in the

same way, and finding she was not instantly killed, angrily ordered her brought up and thrown down again.

The condition of the Christians in these wild regions is, on the whole, better now that the authority of the Kurds is replaced by that of the Turks, but at best, life is at a low ebb here. What is saved from the rapacity of the Kurd is extorted by the Turkish tax collector. Bloody feuds among themselves, superstition, and ignorance, go to make the lives of these Nestorians most pitiable. Inhabiting, as they do, the steep sides and the narrow, rocky valleys of these mountains, so difficult of access from the outer world, most of them can barely get their sustenance. Driven here many years ago by the oppressive and rapacious Kurd, they still cling to these mountains which have in a measure shielded them from their enemies, and which yet enable some valleys to live secure from tax collectors. But it is not all dark in these mountains. Where the gospel has entered the transformation of the individual, and even of the village, is very striking. Indeed, the only hope of these people, temporal as well as spiritual, seems to be the gospel.

We had intended going on to Baz, meeting there all the mountain preachers, and holding a "Knushya," but after having a conference with the Patriarch's brother, whom it seemed best to consult regarding Mar Shimon's position, also telling the state of affairs to Mr. Brown, the Anglican missionary who is residing at Kochanis, we decided to separate, Mr. Shedd going to Jelu and Baz, and thence to Amadia to help the Mission Station there, and I to Bash Kalleh to find out the true position of the Patriarch, and to see what could be done. Two days' journey, crossing a pass probably not less than 14,000 feet high, brought me to Bash Kalleh. The Vali at first seemed greatly irritated by my inquiries concerning Mar Shimon, but after a good deal of very polite but earnest argument, he saw that our relation to Mar Shimon was one that would not be erased by his high tones and threatening language, and so he afterwards listened to reason, and took an oath that Mar Shimon would be dismissed just as soon as he himself left Bash Kalleh. Later on it became evident that the Patriarch was a prisoner, and he was expected to have been taken to Van, and kept there or removed to Constantinople—perhaps

as a hostage or as security for the payment of taxes by all the independent tribes, or perhaps in the hope of preventing his joining (with his people) the Armenians in their desire to throw off the Turkish yoke.

On returning again to Gawar, and seeing the officials in a social and professional way a second time, some of the restrictions on our work were removed. We have not been able to get books to our schools in that part of Turkey, except as they were carried across the border by friendly Kurds avoiding the censors, but now all that are required can go through in the regular way without detention.

The work in our mountain field will be reported elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that the Turkish government continues to oppose and to obstruct our work in the schools and villages as much as possible, especially from headquarters.

A recent letter from Constantinople brings us the disappointing news that nothing can be obtained from the central government in the way of orders or permits for our preachers and teachers, nor even for a Millat Vakeel, if he be a Protestant, so that for the present, at least, we must worry along, making the best terms we can with the local authorities.

His son Clement was with him on this trip, and his recollections bring out some of his father's characteristics:—

A few scenes and incidents from tours to the Kurdish Mountains in the summers of 1893 and 1894, set down as they come to memory, throw a strong light upon his character.

These trips were, in fact, vacations to him, though he did a vast amount of work, for they set him free from the routine of hospital work and the importunities of the oppressed villagers, and gave him an opportunity to see new sights and faces.

He was always a lover of nature and an enthusiastic mountain climber, and as we travelled on our pack mules along level stretches in sight of great snow-clad ranges, or

toiled slowly up a valley pass, all the heat of the day to be rewarded at the summit with a matchless outlook over snowy ranges and deep canyons, his companions would feel his exhilaration of spirit. His love of a wide outlook was that of a mountaineer, as indeed he was by birth and boyhood, and I think he was seldom happier than when able to look from some commanding position as far as his vision could carry. He was naturally reticent of these feelings to the natives, who indeed do not understand them, but with me and other American companions, as I recall, his whole talk as we travelled along was of these things. Once, I remember, we took a day off just for mountain climbing and from our camp—which was already 11,000 feet above sea level—we started with a few natives to climb one of the steep and rugged fingers which makes that hand-like cluster of peaks called Tura Jelu. It was as stiff mountain climbing as an Alpinist would have cared for, and we often had to halt for breathing and resting spells some of the party were in sore need of.

Finally, after hours of hard work and, towards the end, of almost hand-over-hand climbing, we reached the summit. Our aneroid had long since reached its limit of 15,000 feet, and, from what we knew of surrounding altitudes, we believed we were fully 16,000 feet above sea-level. Father had hoped particularly that we would be able to get a glimpse of Lake Urumia, now four days' journey away, but the intervening mountains proved too high. But the air was wonderfully clear, and ninety miles or so north we could dimly make out Ararat, while southward, over countless ranges, we could see where the mountains at last came to an end in the plains of Tigris. It was one of those sights that cannot be forgotten, and I recall how anxious he was to stay for the sunset, but that, of course, was impossible, as our camp had to be reached before nightfall.

I suppose there are few places in the world where a physician's skill and reputation will make greater impression than in Kurdistan, for the people are not so barbarous as not to appreciate the blessing of surgery and medicine, and yet such a visitation is only of the rarest occurrence. So at every village where we stopped, every sick or ailing being was brought to him in an incredibly short time.

The most chronic patients often came with as great a confidence of speedy cure as those few who shammed their ailments in order to receive the doctor's attention. His store of medicines was limited to a couple of little chests in our saddlebags, so he would prescribe, as far as possible, home remedies. It was, accordingly, a great rest to him when once in a while he would camp out away from the villages, though this was somewhat dangerous. There, in the freedom of the mountainside, and away from the curious or reverent gaze of the natives, he got his best rest. It meant much to him to shake off the restrictions that Oriental etiquette builds up around a man of prominence in a community—for he was still a young man, and many intimate friends would scarcely have reconciled his almost boyish exuberance and irresponsibility with the decorum and dignity of his manner when among Persians.

Yet even on these mountain tours he could not confine his work to simply that of a doctor. He was inevitably drawn into the position of mediator between the oppressed peasants and their masters; the latter were in many cases the Turkish officials, far harder men to deal with than their Persian counterparts, for with the better knowledge of Western ways, they at the same time were more insolent and cruel. One pleasant instance, however, I recall when we were stopping at the Turkish town and outpost of Dizza, in the plain of Gawar. As our arrival in town caused considerable stir, it was both politic and natural to call upon the Bin Bashi, or Turkish commandant. We found him in the barracks that from a little hill overlook the town and surrounding country. He was a charming host, and before we left, in order to do an honour to father, and probably also to make a little display of his own power, he ordered the bugles to sound an alarm, and in less than five minutes had his whole battalion out under arms, and then proceeded to give an exhibition drill of his white-uniformed and red-capped soldiers that would have done credit to any garrison.

The town of Bash Kalleh was the scene of a large encampment of Kurdish levies for the Turkish army, and the Vali of Van, or Governor-General of all this district, was there to inspect them in person. He had induced the Patriarch to come also, and when once in his power had

practically made him his prisoner, hoping thereby to force Turkish authority among certain semi-independent Nestorian tribes. It was a high-handed proceeding which the cool and unscrupulous veteran of many wars thought to carry through without question. Believing the Vali's action wrong, and seeing an opportunity to make a firm friend of the Patriarch, father determined to obtain his release, and with this in view promptly called on the Vali. I recollect that we were received very coolly by the Turk, although with formal politeness, but father, with all the assurance of a chosen representative of a foreign power, firmly stated his demand, and backed it up by arguments so convincing that the Governor was finally beaten at his own game, and gave his reluctant consent to Mar Shimon's return.

The incident has always impressed me, as I believe it has others, with the fact that he was capable of making very bold strokes with slim chances of success, quite contrary to his usual patience and prudence in such matters.

The visible outcome of Dr. Cochran's visit [wrote Dr. J. H. Shedd, the senior missionary] was a pleasant confirmation of the friendly relations begun last year with the Turks in authority, and also with the Patriarch. It seems more and more possible that this people, as a people, are to be attached to Protestantism, and not to the Papacy, nor to remain as they are.

He was not very well this summer, but had a little rest on the treeless waste of the lakeside. He needed all he could get for the cares and burdens of the fall. Mrs. Cochran's journal letters will tell the story of the rest of the year:—

Home, August 26th.—Last week there was a dreadful murder by a mob in the market, of an Armenian Christian. Until to-day all the Armenians have closed their shops from fear, and the city is in rather a disturbed state. Soldiers are guarding the Christian quarters. Friendly Mussulmans have sent word to our prominent Nestorians not to be out in public much. Our Governor was away at the time, and

the acting Governor has no power. Now we hear that our old Governor has been deposed and a new one is coming from Tabriz. Yesterday the mullahs were all in the mosques, making a great uproar, and declaring they would not receive this new man, would stone him out if he came. Such things have been done; the ecclesiastics have the chief power in this country. The roughs who committed the murder fear punishment, and if they do not get it may make trouble. Joe is sending a letter to the Crown Prince to-day, hoping he will believe his word as to the occurrences here and not all the stories that he has been told. The consuls, too, have all been informed.

SEPTEMBER 5th.—The new Governor is expected to-morrow or next day. The Crown Prince sent for the acting Governor and the mullahs to come to the telegraph office, and there he told them that he had appointed the Governor now on the way, and they must receive him, and keep peace in the city. There is a general feeling of lawlessness all over the plain. Mussulmans seem to feel free to abuse Christians, and there is no redress. Joe says that as he goes about the city to see sick here and there, people, and even children, revile him up and down, a thing which very seldom happened in past years. These are hard times for our people. They feel in danger and dare not resist any violence done them or their property. This mob, of course, was a sudden thing, but for a long time there has been hard talk against Christians by Mussulmans. They say, "Why are you raising your heads so high, dressing so finely, and living so well, riding your horses while we walk, and getting so much education? You must be put down." The various representatives of foreign powers have been informed of the state of affairs, and we will see if there is any protest.

SEPTEMBER 28th.—I think I wrote you that Joe went to Salmas to see a sick Armenian lady. He returned Tuesday evening. He rode all night on Saturday and came near meeting with a serious accident. He had with him one of the medical students, and the man who always goes with the post horses to return them. About midnight they met the mail coming. There were two horses loaded with money,

several guards, besides the regular postman, a company of about fifteen persons. As soon as they saw our company of three approaching, they thought perhaps they were robbers, and began shouting to them to stand aside or they would fire. Joe said they went quite out of the road, calling out who they were, but the answer was, "It makes no difference, the Hakim Sahib or the King, stand back!" and they fired three shots. When they came near, one man who had often called here with the postmaster recognized Joe, and made profuse apologies, said his "face was black," etc., etc. I suppose they were looking for robbers at every turn, and were too excited to see how matters stood.

October 6th.—We had an interesting evening with the medical students last Wednesday. We have them every two weeks. This time I wrote some questions on politeness and honour, and gave them to think over. There were questions on politeness to ladies, and to the old, on defacing walls and buildings with names and pencil marks. One question which caused a lively debate was this: "Is it right to read a letter addressed to another, or to overlook in reading?" I think we convinced them that the ways of this country are wrong in this respect.

October 14th.—I'm sure I don't know what this country is coming to. Every day we hear of fresh oppressions of the Christians by the Mussulmans. I used to feel quite secure in this country, although in the midst of people of a hostile religion. I never felt afraid of them, for they have always seemed so truly friendly to Joe, and he has had so much influence with them. The other day an Armenian made a private call, and told Joe that the Governor was talking badly about him before some of the smaller Khans and mullahs and roughs of the city. He was present, and heard him say, "The doctor meddles too much in our affairs. He has just run Laya Khanem off to Tabriz (the wife of the murdered Armenian), and it is he who is backing up Mr. Werner" (a German who was ill treated by the custom house officials). Then some one else spoke up, and said, "Yes, that is so. And at the time of the Kurdish raid he rode at the head of the Kurds as they advanced on the city."

DECEMBER 7th.—The other day Joe was called to see a very poor Mussulman woman in the city. She and her husband and three children lived in a wee bit of a room about six feet by nine. The other doctors, even Dr. Oshanna, had given her up, but Joe fortunately was able to relieve her. The student who was with Joe asked him what they should ask as pay, and Joe told him he thought they had better give something instead, they looked so very poor. What was his surprise when the husband put a toman into his hand at the door. Joe told him no, he could not take anything from him, but the man insisted, and would not take the money back. He said, "We are taught not to eat the bread of you Christians or we will be shut out of Heaven, but the fact is you will reach Heaven long before we have reached even the outer vestibule."

XI

"IN MUCH STEADFASTNESS"

THE chief event of the following year was the Missionary Conference in Hamadan. The people of northern Persia had been left to the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, with the exception of the Nestorians in the Urumia region, to whom the Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries had also come some years after the American missionaries, the former in 1838 and the latter in 1886. For some time the Presbyterian missionaries who had met annually in two separate missions had felt that a joint conference to discuss thoroughly all questions of missionary policy in Persia was desirable, and the long anticipated meeting was held in Hamadan in September and October, 1894, with representatives present from the stations in Urumia, Tabriz, Salmas, Teheran, and Hamadan. Dr. Shedd, and Mrs. Shedd, and Dr. Cochran were the representatives from Urumia. The year was full of other interesting events and experiences also. In January another son, his last child, named Andrew, was born. There were constant cases of injustice in which his influence was sought by the oppressed. The very success of the work had brought added difficulties. The wants and ideals of the people had been enlarged, and native workers often became discontented, while restless spirits who had discovered what kind of criticism of missionaries pleased the American public, de-

claimed against the wealth of the missionaries,—who received a salary of $925 per annum for married men,—and pictured in American newspapers the little mud-walled sanitarium on the lakeside as a castle.

Extracts from Mrs. Cochran's letters will suffice to set forth the general course of his life and work:—

February 9th, 1894.—We daily hear stories of wrong and oppression. The other day two Jews came to Joe with their tale of woe. Their brother, they said, was in the market standing with his back to the street looking into a shop. A Khan came by and ordered his servant to strike this man because his back was turned. The Jew apologized, said he did not see the Khan, but several men seized and began to beat him. The Khan cried out, "Away with him to the Blue Mosque!" That is the place where Agha Jahn, the Armenian merchant, was killed, so the crowd dragged him away. But a Sunni Mussulman interposed, and persuaded them to let the Jew go. He has been in bed since, severely ill of his wounds and fright. The brothers begged Joe to do something to get justice done. In the case of Agha Jahn this is the settlement the government propose: they will give the widow 150 tomans now, and twenty-five tomans yearly to her boys or to the heirs of Agha Jahn as long as there shall be any, and as long as the government shall last. They wish Joe to get her to agree to this. For this country it is as good a settlement as could be expected.

June 16th.—Joe is treating the Governor for rheumatism. He is the same one who was here several years ago. He is better, but the servants beg to have Joe come often, for they say the Governor's heart opens by his coming, and he does not revile them so much. He is such a very big man that he cannot even hold his tea glass or his water pipe, but like a big baby has his servants to hold them for him. He sent me a present of thirty tomans yesterday, said he could not find a good piece of shawl goods, so sent this for "handkerchief money." Persian equivalent for pin money, I suppose. He said this had nothing to do with the medical

work; he would settle his medical bills later. But of course we shall not keep it. The rule is that all receipts in all departments are turned back to the Board. But I should like to use this for the hospital. For instance, there is poor old Mena, the paralyzed woman; she must be cared for this summer. She has no home, and she must be cared for during her last days.

June 27th.—The Governor sent word that he would call, so there was a great flying about to put the parlour in order and have tea ready for him. On leaving he said to Joe, "I wish always to be where you are."

Seir, July 13th.—Joe and Mr. Labaree have gone down to be in the city to-night. It is the night before the great day of Muharram, and to-morrow morning early the procession will be out, and people will be cutting and beating themselves. They seem to grow more zealous every year. The Christians are very much afraid, for all this past year the Mussulmans have been acting so badly towards them. Joe does not really apprehend any trouble, but he thought he would be in the city, so as to get help quickly from the Governor should there be any outbreak against the Christians. I do not like to think of him as down in the midst of that fanatical crowd, but still I want him to be where duty lies. They have voted Joe off for another mountain trip of three or four weeks with Mr. St. Pierre. Clement is going, too. I am sorry to have Joe go, for he is tired and such a trip is no rest, for all the people gather when they hear that a doctor is coming. He is also voted as second delegate to the Hamadan Conference.

Seir, July 17th.—Last Saturday evening a sad affair happened at Haidarlu, the Mussulman village below us on the mountain. I think I wrote you some time ago about the poor people from Eel in Turkey, how they came down here to find a home, twenty-six families of them, because they were so oppressed. The master of Haidarlu took them, but they have had a very hard time. We gave them seed wheat this spring, but the village people have not let them have any water, and have continually turned their cattle loose

in their fields. Saturday evening a number were sitting in a yard, when a Mussulman came in and asked, "Why did you harvest that grass to-day?" One answered, "The Master gave it." But he was struck down, and more Mussulmans came and beat and threw stones until they had wounded ten men and six women, besides one or two children. That evening, as we were sitting on the roof, a number came up to see Joe, bringing some of their wounded, and to ask what they should do for redress. Poor people! they looked so disheartened with the rags and their wounds, as though they thought there was no place for them in the world. It was a pathetic group as they stood there in the bright moonlight. On departing, the leader raised his hands solemnly to heaven, saying, "We have only a God in heaven, and you on earth." Joe is doing what he can to represent the matter fairly to the Governor, and he seems disposed to do justice.

Nothing serious happened on the great day of Muharram. Joe and Mr. Labaree spent the night in the city, and they said that the crowd seemed to yell with redoubled vigour as they passed our doors, but there was no attack.

July 22nd.—The mountain party started yesterday. We went down the day before, and had hard work to get everything ready. I never saw anything like the amount of preparation such a trip involves. It seems very lonely, and it does not add to my peace of mind to know that the Kurds are fighting along the road they are to go. A friendly Kurdish mullah escorts them, and declares he can take them through safely. Joe seems to trust him, so I suppose I must.

August 11th.—Joe and Clement are home again. They came two days earlier than expected. I was down at the college Wednesday, when they suddenly arrived. They are very brown, and pretty tired. It was a hard journey, extremes of heat and cold, and they were constantly thronged by sick early and late. I am trying to keep Joe up here to rest for a couple of weeks, but he has to go down to-day to see some people from Sulduz, or else a lady and about twenty servants would all come up here to be entertained.

Early in September he left for Hamadan. The Conference began September 28th, 1894, and closed October 10th. It was hoped that the Church Missionary Society's Missions in Bagdad and in Ispahan, and the Dutch Reformed Mission in Arabia might be represented, but this was impossible. These Missions showed a warm interest in the Conference, and it was only the necessity of defending their position against the machinations of bitter opponents which kept the Ispahan missionaries away. Dr. Cochran served on the Committee on Protestant Churches, was one of the two secretaries, and presented the report of the Committee on Medical Work. In addition he presented a paper on "What is the Appropriate Place of Medical Work as a Missionary Agency, and how Can it Be Made more Effectual?" This paper set forth clearly his convictions:—

What is the appropriate place of medical work as a missionary agency, and how can it be made more effectual?

I can perhaps do no better in getting at our object than to look especially at our own work in Urumia—at its failures, and at what we may humbly point to as its successes. There, as in many Missions, we have first, the office, or dispensary work; second, the visits to the homes of all classes and sects; third, the training of medical students; fourth, the professional and social relations toward the government officials, land proprietors, and other men in high positions, which bring with it not a little civil work; fifth, touring; sixth, hospital work. Each has its especial and individual sphere, while collectively, they have their influence on the masses and on the government.

In the dispensary when largely attended, the work, to my mind, is the least satisfactory to the doctor and to our work at large. It is our rule to have some form of religious service in the waiting-room, prior to treating the patient, and every now and then some one will say, "Enough of

that; we have come here to get relief for our diseases and not to be preached to." Still generally all classes and sects, men and women, are willing to hear a story from the Gospel —a prayer for a blessing on the treatment to be given, or to engage in religious conversation. People helped physically, of whatever nationality or creed, are likely to do our work good in a small or large degree, and open the way to others. Many, undoubtedly, are not helped by their single visit and few doses of medicine. Some to whom a course of treatment is prescribed, never take a dose of the medicine, or will take one dose, and if not helped, give it up. Other complicated cases, while ready and anxious to follow the physician's directions, are not cured because the doctor, in the rush of patients and hurried examination, has not discovered the real trouble. With us, too, by far the majority of dispensary cases come but once. The city is one and a half miles away, and the villages are all the way from one to thirty miles off, not to speak of a large number of patients who come from much longer distances. The visits in the homes, upon the sick, no matter what class or sect, is to me a far more interesting work. There the physician is brought in direct contact and sympathy, not only with his patient, but with all the household and interested friends, for we are all familiar with the crowds that push into a house when the physician is attending a sick one. In such visits, at least a single word of religious truth, or comfort, or teaching, can *always* be given, and very often interesting, and I trust helpful, conversations are held.

Training of natives to do medical work among their own people is, I am sure, a legitimate and useful work of the medical missionary. So far as I know, twenty-seven young men, and one young woman have begun the study of medicine with the physicians that have been in Urumia. Of these, two were taught by Dr. Wright, two by Dr. Van Norden, seven by Dr. Holmes, and the rest by myself and Dr. Miller. Fourteen of the twenty-seven completed their course with us, and are practising medicine now, or have done so more or less. A class of seven enters this fall. While these young men have not been all we could wish, still I am sure four or five of them who have been in practice some years, have been a great blessing to their

people, and we have reason to hope that those who graduated this summer will also be.

Touring has its strong advocates among medical missionaries, as well as some who do not consider it of much value.

While accepting it as very true that many for whom we prescribe on such tours are not cured of their diseases, it is worth our while if we cure only a few, since I am sure we can do good in other ways. It does good to get out among the people of our congregations and among strangers. We can show them our sympathy, which tells for as much here as elsewhere. We can often help them in their oppressions. Medical work, on tours as well as in its other departments, recommends not only the doctor, but the word that is preached. It is a form of charity which we can give without harming the people or work. If we gave the poor in the villages clothes or money, they would not feel that we were sacrificing anything for their good, for they believe we possess inexhaustible wealth. They would consider that we wished to win their favour for some selfish end. But here, too, just as with the itinerating preacher, it must be largely a work of seed sowing. Others must harvest the fruits.

The hospital work, other things being equal, is the ideal form of doing medical missionary work. Our hospital in Urumia was opened for patients in 1881. In a hospital, the humanitarian aspect, as well as the religious, can have its full sway. There the patients are placed entirely under the control of the physicians. There is no interference by the many would be advisers which he had in his own home, nor by the native doctors. Especially in the line of surgery does the hospital show its best results. Many hundreds are relieved, many hundreds are saved from lifelong distress. Nothing causes so much amazement, nothing calls forth more grateful acknowledgment of ability, and benefit rendered than the cure of the apparently hopelessly blind. The missionary hospital more than pays from a humanitarian view, physically blessing hundreds of helpless ones for whom there is no other provision made. Doing this work for His sake and in His name makes it, it seems to me, a legitimate part of Christian Missions. I fully believe that the hospital

conducted aright is "beneficent enough, persuasive enough, Christlike enough, to stand on its own merits" on Mission fields—but we can say much more of it than this. In no form of medical work can we begin to do so much for the spiritual good of our patients. Aside from the sick brought under our daily influence, many of their friends are also reached. Administering to their daily wants, assuring them that we are constantly in need of, and constantly are seeking God's help on every means used in their treatment—telling them of His readiness and ability to help, and add to it spiritual blessings—these, I say, have their influence upon the coldest hearts,—upon the most prejudiced minds. Many for the first time hear the Gospel read to them in the hospital, and very many are utterly amazed at the religion which moves its adherents to do what is done by medical Missions for the needy of all classes and faiths. Every physician must have many illustrations of these truths in his practice. Many so touched, do much good to our cause at large when they return to their homes. It is embarrassing and unpleasant for a physician to have to say so much of his own work as is necessary in giving such an account of it as this, and yet, if we bear in mind that all the triumphs of medical science owe their very existence to Christianity, the Christian physician can be pardoned when he points to apparent successes, giving all the praise to his Master. In going about the villages and districts from which our patients come, we often find that they have told their friends of what they saw and learned in the hospital. Often these patients are the first to greet the missionary and to bring the people to his meetings, and to do anything to show their appreciation of the kindness shown them in the hospital. The religious value cannot be measured by the number of professing Christians which the hospital and other medical work has produced—just as it would be unfair to measure the value of preaching by the number of converts to a given number of sermons. Here again we must patiently and faithfully sow the seed and prayerfully look for the harvest.

Another acknowledged benefit of medical Missions which I will simply mention is the friendship, toleration, and influence gained with the government, the ecclesiastics, and the proprietors of the villages where we have, or wish to

open work. Many illustrations could be cited here, showing the advantage of such relations. This takes up much time of the physician, but I am convinced that it is an important part of our work, and the only question is, How can we exert a more decided Christian influence on these men.

So much for a hurried survey of the different forms of medical missionary work, their scope and character; but the principal object before us to-day is to inquire and learn if possible how we can make this arm of the missionary service a greater power in extending the Gospel of Christ in Persia. I have already touched on this question, and to sum it up I would *first* say: The missionary physician should endeavour to be, as he indeed must be to obtain the highest success, a man consecrated to Christ's service, ever bearing in mind that he, like his clerical brother, represents his King in this land; and everything that he does must conform to this high position, so that his every act and word and bearing shall preach his Master's Gospel. *Second*—He should be a skilful physician. He should keep abreast of the times in his profession. He will be visited by every form of disease that man is heir to. How can he lay too much emphasis on the necessity of hard and constant study? *Third*—These being given to a fair degree at least, how can he make the different medical agencies more effectually helpful? In my dispensary in Urumia, with our Nestorians and Kurds, our Jews and Moslems and Armenians, I do not see that we can do more than we have been doing, while there is so large an attendance of men and women of these different sects and classes. *Fourth*—In the visits to the homes, let us take advantage of the good opportunities afforded, and let us be more faithful in sharing with them the sustaining and comforting promises which we enjoy while sick. The peculiarly good chance to do good here brings its corresponding obligation to do it. *Fifth*—In the hospital there should be regular systematic religious work. We should endeavour to secure and constantly keep a high Christian tone in the institution. This is much more easily said than done, for it means that the physicians in charge must constantly bear themselves in such a manner as shall command, not only the respect of the patients and all connected with the hospital, but they must also be examples

of a high Christian living. It means that the nurses must be thoroughly good men and women. It means that all the employees and the medical students must live before these people who are gathered together from many different places, representing different nationalities and creeds, such lives as shall be not only above reproach, but such as shall draw the patients to Christ. Here is one of the most discouraging features of our work, and how to secure the desired tone in our institution and the desired influence on our patients is often one of the heaviest burdens we have to bear. I have a sincere and strong conviction that the work of the medical missionary, if conducted as it should be and as it can be, is a very important branch of the missionary service—a very direct power in evangelistic work. Some one has said, "It is the divinely appointed substitute for miracles—in its range of influence—in the self-conscious ability of the physician to give relief—and in the marvellous cure which is effected through medical or surgical skill." It is a signal illustration of the beneficent work of the Gospel. Happily, the Gospel message is not merely a message of words, it is a message of deeds as well. I am sure I express the thoughts and desires of all our medical missionaries in Persia when I say that realizing the importance of this arm of the missionary service if conducted aright, and after the example of the Great Physician, and appreciating the responsibility and duty devolving upon us, we do desire to make our department more effectual in hastening the coming of the Kingdom of Christ among the peoples for whom we work, and to this end we earnestly ask the counsel and the prayers of this Conference.

Immediately after the Conference he returned to Urumia by the slow horseback travel which has been until recently the only means of transportation in Persia, and which consumes nearly three weeks in the journey of 309 miles from Hamadan to Urumia.

The year 1895 was to change all the world to Dr. Cochran through his wife's death. The year began with the death of a brother of the Patriarch. Mrs. Cochran wrote:—

February 3rd.—Such a day as we had yesterday! I think that I wrote you last week that we had sent and brought the Patriarch's brother, who was sick in Dizzatika. He grew worse rapidly, had typhoid fever. He died early yesterday morning. It seemed very sad, a stranger here, only servants with him. His wife and seven children are with the Patriarch in Kochanis. The servants thought it would be impossible to take the body to Kochanis over the mountains at this season, and wished him buried in the Old Church cemetery in Mart Mariam in the city.

Joe went out before breakfast, and told Agha Bazurk to go right to work and engage cooks, and prepare dinner for a hundred or more. I believe they had four sheep and 125 pounds of rice. We knew there would be various callers, and so hastily put the parlour to rights. The news spread rapidly. Soon the Englishmen came, and the Old Church Bishop, Mar Gabriel, and the Turkish vice-consul, and others, our Kashas, and those of the Old Church. While Joe was engaged with them, word came that about sixty people had gathered in the college, and coffee was needed. It is always passed to those who call at such times. By the time that it was ready and Mrs. Coan had sent me more cups, word came that there were one hundred gathered, then two hundred, and I presume it was furnished to about 300 in all. It kept Surra busy making it, and the medical students served it. A number of the boys' rooms in the college were cleared and guests seated there.

Mr. Allen made the coffin; there was not time to make a nicely polished exterior, so it was covered with dark blue velvet, and lined with white silk. Soon a difficulty arose. It seems that no dead body is ever allowed to enter the city gates. Joe sent to the Governor for permission, but it was not granted. So Charbash was then selected as the burial place. Some of the friends wanted the band lately brought here by the Governor, so that was asked for and obtained, and the Governor and Sarparast both sent led horses. After dinner for about 300, as many as could assembled in the chapel, and there was a short service conducted by Mr. Coan. Such a grand mix you never saw—High Church (Anglican), Old Church (Nestorian), and New Church (Evangelical), but in one way it was

pleasant; all seemed to have a national feeling aroused and forgot for the moment the differences of sect. Some of our Kashas read and prayed, and Mr. Coan spoke, also the Old Church Bishop, and all through the service the Old Church priests were swinging incense, and sang one of their funeral dirges as the coffin was removed from the chapel. It was placed in the sleigh, the band just ahead, and really the music thrilled one who had not heard a band for five years. A procession of over two hundred on foot and on horseback followed to Charbash. Joe said the long avenue leading to the city was black with people as they approached, Nestorians and Mussulmans. It was about dark when they reached Charbash, and the whole village, men, women, and children, came out with torches to meet them. The body was placed in the Old Church, and will be buried to-morrow.

You will perhaps wonder why so much was done, but he was one of the heads of the nation, and so in that way it was fitting, and it will prove to Mar Shimon, the Patriarch, and to all Old Church Nestorians that we are friends, and are not teaching our people to despise those in authority. Without the friendship of the Patriarch we could do nothing in the mountains. It seems a strange providence that brought that man here to die; at first it seemed as if it were very unfortunate, but I think that after all good will come of it.

These were Mrs. Cochran's last letters. She had an attack of grippe in January, from which she seems never to have recovered her strength. All the children were sick, so that she had no chance to get the rest she so greatly needed. In March she was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia. At first it was not regarded as a serious attack, but complications set in, and she died March 21st, 1895, after only one week's illness. The sister in America, who has preserved the correspondence from Urumia, writes:—

That last day, when she saw, by the expression of those about her, that they thought her very ill, she asked if they

thought she would not live. When they told her that they feared she was dying, she dictated a note to her mother, signing it with her own hand. Then she sent for the children, and said a few words to each. Dr. Shedd, who was very low at the time, had himself carried over to see her once more. He followed her three weeks later. All that the love of the Mission circle could do for her was done. Mrs. Labaree and Mrs. Coan nursed her most tenderly.

We can imagine Dr. Cochran's agony as he saw her dying and realized that he was powerless to help her, and had no one with whom to consult. Even Dr. Miller was away in Mosul that winter.

It was a sorrowful group of the Mission circle that gathered in the parlour, where she had so often made them welcome, for the last services. They sang some of her favourite hymns, "Jerusalem the Golden," and "The Sands of Time are Sinking," and Mr. Coan said a few words. The college chapel was decorated with pussy willows, the Nestorian emblem of the resurrection. Many of the native friends gathered for the services there, although the day was cold and stormy. There was a wild storm of wind and rain as they rode up to Seir, such a day as when, two years before, Dr. Cochran laid away his mother to rest. All through those first days of sorrow Dr. Cochran had to receive many calls of condolence. His letters for the months following are filled with a sacred sorrow or else are in regard to the children.

The whole community mourned with Dr. Cochran in his sorrow. The Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, Dr. Labaree's oldest son, wrote from Urumia, March 22nd, 1895:—

We are all very sad. Mrs. Cochran was such a bright, cheery person, and she had such a very strong character. Her family was a model family in every respect, and she will be missed terribly. Our hearts ache for poor doctor and the children. They are all wonderfully calm to-day. Clement and Lily are helping in all the arrangements, and doctor is receiving many calls. The mourning is not con-

fined to our circle. Dr. Cochran has won his way into the hearts of everybody, Moslem as well as Christian. His sorrow is their sorrow. A Moslem said to me to-day, "Dr. Cochran is a friend to the rich and a father to the poor." Another said, "Dr. Cochran will be distressed to know what his duty will be, to the people here, or to his children," referring to the possibility of his having to take his children to America. For the present, I presume, Mr. and Mrs. Coan will move into the doctor's house, and Mrs. Coan will take charge of the two families. What the future will bring we do not know.

During this short sickness we have been stopped in the streets very often by Moslems and Christians, many of them entire strangers, and asked how Mrs. Cochran was. There is no one in Persia who is so generally loved by the people, rich and poor, and who has done so much for them as Dr. Cochran.

The death of Mrs. Cochran and of Dr. Shedd, which followed soon after, left him, in a double sense, alone. Dr. Shedd had been the senior member of the Station and its leader in the noblest sense. He was a man of great strength and weight of judgment, profoundly trusted by the Nestorians, full of wisdom and justice, a tower of reliance to all. At his death Dr. Cochran became the senior, Dr. Labaree having had to leave the field in 1891 and not returning until 1898, and many of the burdens which Dr. Shedd had borne fell upon him, in addition to his own. He was never a narrow specialist. He never considered the medical work as a professional work, to be carried on by a medical man apart from the general evangelistic and educational responsibilities of the Mission. He studied and entered into every part of the work, and was prepared to counsel about it, and to form a wise policy for it, and upon Dr. Shedd's death he was naturally looked to as the adviser and general leader, at the same time that

he had to bear burdens which fell to him alone by reason of his medical ability, coupled with his personal character and the remarkable influence which he had acquired as a moral force and a teacher of righteousness. Mrs. Cochran's death deprived him of his greatest human solace and sympathy. She was a woman of great delicacy and refinement of nature, sensitive and sympathetic, but calm and sensible, who understood his problems, and fortified him in his quiet confidence and strength. Mrs. W. A. Shedd wrote of her:—

Mrs. Cochran's life was not eventful in any striking way; it was spent mostly with and for her husband and her children, serving them most devotedly. She had both high culture and intellectual power to an unusual degree, and also the ability to form clear, independent opinions. Her influence on the work was felt directly through the women's meetings and alumnæ associations, but more powerfully still through her husband, whom she helped and sustained to an extent not understood by many, by her home, by her calm, wise counsel, and earnest sympathy. Others of us can also testify to her helpfulness in perplexing matters, personal, and connected with the work. Sincerity, truthfulness, patience, and quiet devotion were marked traits of her character.

Upon Dr. Shedd's death, instead of welcoming the opportunity to become the head of the Station, Dr. Cochran at once wrote to Dr. Labaree in America, urging him to come back and take the place of leadership:—

Dr. Cochran to Dr. Labaree, Urumia, April 18th, 1895.— Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of all that has happened to us. The last four weeks have been by far the most trying ones of our life. Indeed, ever since last fall so much has happened that has been hard. During the sessions of Annual Meeting, Sister Katherine Mildred

died. Then we lost a case in the hospital, Andreas of Baz. Later on Shamasha Eshai, the Patriarch's brother, died in the hospital of typhoid fever. A little later Pastor Kozle, and then another hospital case, and then Mrs. Cochran; after her, two more cases in the hospital, and then Dr. Shedd. So, too, I lost a schoolgirl of diphtheria. Dr. Shedd, as you know, has had trouble ever since the day before we left Hamadan. For at least a month before he died I had but little hope of his recovery, so that his death was not so unexpected, but Mrs. Cochran's came suddenly, like a terrible storm out of a clear sky. She was sick, as you have heard, only one full week. To the last I had the hope that in some way God would surely raise her up again, although I had no reason for hoping so from any physical signs, but it seemed almost impossible that I should be thus left without my wife, and our five children without their mother. It every now and then seems all but unendurable, and yet I can see very clearly God's loving hand, even in the midst of the blow, and the blessings are many. The memories of the past sixteen and a half years, the home, the children, are rich blessings. It is such a pleasure to think of the many conversations we had during her sickness, of the perfect confidence and trust she had that her Saviour, since He was calling her, would also care for me and the children. She said she had not the slightest anxiety on our behalf; and then her words to each of the three older children are a precious memory and a rich legacy to them. But the home is all the more desolate because we have lost so precious and necessary a member. I did not sit down to burden you, however, with my personal grief. Each has enough to bear without sharing others' burdens. It was more of the general loss or the loss common to all the departments of our work, and to all the labourers that I wished to write. In Dr. Shedd's death you can understand what a blow our work has sustained. The question before us now is, how can we, in some measure at least, remedy this? I think you who know the needs of the work and the men on the field will understand our wants. Our corps of clerical men is a strong one, but each individual is more of a specialist in his department. Good and faithful work is done and will be done in the department under the care of each of our

men, but what we lack, it seems to me, is some one who would take as nearly as possible the position which Dr. Shedd held,—that of a general superintendent—with the ability to look out over the entire field, to lay out the whole of the campaign, bringing every arm of the service to work in harmony with every other branch, and uniting all to the one end in view, and then keeping all the machinery at work. Aside from this it seems, now at least, since we have been used to leaning so much on an older man, that we absolutely need such a guide and superintendent. This, however, we cannot get unless you can see your way clear to coming out. As a station, we would rejoice to have you do this, even if you could do so only for two or three years. I am sure it will pay the Board to do this,—to send you out so as to get here early in the fall, even if you could remain but two years. . . .

Of course, you know all the circumstances, and I may be entirely mistaken, and I do not mean to presume that I can advise you. One thing I do feel sure would not be wise, and that is for you to come out without Mrs. Labaree; that would only add to the anxiety, and throw an extra burden on you and Mrs. Labaree. You could fall most naturally into the press work, the preparation of material and oversight, into the Inner Mission work, the superintendence of what we have in the Jewish and Moslem departments, and then with this you could take the lead in the Knushyas, and with your experience and knowledge of the work and its needs, you could assume the general direction in the planning for the work as a whole. If you felt you could stay but two or three years, we would in the meantime be looking for a man to take up the work when you left.

We are in a critical period of the history of our Mission, and it will not pay the Board to deal carelessly with the work. We need the very best man America can give us. There is no one too good for this position in America, some opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. We need a man who will be looked up to and felt,—one who not only in a single department will be head and shoulders above all whom he has to deal with, but an all-around man who will be able to command in more than one position, and whose weight and character will tell on the whole work.

Though self-contained and reserved, Dr. Cochran was very sociable and full of play and home-love, and the loss of his wife cut deep, and thickened the veil which always hung across his inner life. The whole station loved and admired him. Indeed, the station was a family group whose members were bound together by the ties of two or three generations, but no other love could take the place of the gentle love and understanding of his wife, and all who knew him were aware of the unexpressed lonesomeness of his heart as he went quietly on with his work.

He was further saddened by the horrors which had already begun in Turkey. The constant persecution of the Armenians had burst out in the terrible massacres which began in 1894, and were in 1895 and 1896 to fill all eastern Turkey with the smoke of pillaged villages, the wrecks of ruined homes, the sobs of little children, and the desperate wrath of outraged men who had appealed to the Christian Powers in vain to stop the most dastardly crime of the nineteenth century. There were no massacres of the Nestorians in Turkey, but threats and oppression filled them with terror, and they had reason to fear that they were included in this Turkish policy of annihilation of the Christian subjects. All this shame and cruelty and suffering went far to age one who saw and knew it all, who did what he could to give relief, and whose heart consumed itself in anguish at the careless indifference of Christendom to the pillage and massacre which were making eastern Turkey a hell.

In the summer of 1895 he visited the Mountain Nestorians. Of this tour he reported:—

June 27th.—Mr. Labaree, Kasha Oraham, and I started off for a tour in our mountain field. We had planned going

directly to Kochanis to pay a visit of condolence to the Patriarch, and then go to the districts of Diz, Jelu, Baz, and Ishtazin. Our road led us through the districts of Tergawar and the valley of Mar-Beshu. In the latter we spent two days,—one a Sabbath with large audiences at services. This village is the first one in our field in Turkey, and is interesting in having a church said to be 1,500 years old. There are three Nestorian villages in this pretty valley on the head waters of the Nazlu River, but the majority of the people barely exist. We have a preacher here always, and two or three schools, if the government does not close them. The Kurds from our side of the border, with others, are constantly robbing these people.

Another day brings us to the plain of Gawar with its nineteen Christian villages, and half as many Kurdish—shut in on the west by the high range of Jelu, whose highest peaks tower up fifteen to seventeen thousand feet. On the other three sides, the plain is also hemmed in by mountains. The soil is rich and fertile, but now for five years the locusts and caterpillars, in addition to the ravages of the Kurds and the relentless tax collector, have reduced an already poverty-stricken people to a most deplorable condition. I know of no large number of Nestorians reduced to such destitution as are these. It is perhaps safe to say that every one is in debt, unless it be the beggar who exists by picking up his bread from door to door. All property is mortgaged, and those who borrow must do so at the rate of 100 per cent. or 150 per cent. interest. The spiritual condition of the majority of these people is about as low as the physical,—perhaps we can hardly look for it to be otherwise. Last winter we had ten schools in these villages, with regular preaching services in six of them. Instead of spending only one day, as we intended doing, the authorities forbade our proceeding until they should communicate with the Vali of Van. The detention was exceedingly annoying, as our time was limited, but we did not get permission to go on until the tenth day after our arrival. Even then we had reason to believe that the local authorities, who are friendly, gave the permission without waiting for the reply from Van. We passed our time in acquainting ourselves more thoroughly with the condition and needs of this portion

of our field, in having several conferences with our helpers, in receiving and making calls, and in seeing the sick—and in visiting several of the villages. Leaving Gawar, we spent a night in the village of Deriss, about halfway to Kochanis. Deriss and five other Nestorian villages are picturesquely situated on the northern slope of the Zab Valley. This slope is well watered and wooded, and the terraced fields dot nearly all the steep surface from the top of the range to the Zab, 4,000 feet below. We had nearly all the men of the place to the evening and morning meetings, and we were begged to send them a teacher, as we had done some years. They promised to get pupils from the two nearest villages and keep them during the winter, so that they, too, could reap the benefit of the school. Nine hours walking and riding down the very steep mountainside, across the Zab on a natural bridge, over immense rocks which have fallen and bridged the great river—down along the Zab, and up another valley with its difficult paths, and across snow drifts, brought down by the avalanche, brought us to Kochanis. Here we remained four days, having two interviews daily with Mar Shimon, usually one in his room, and one in our tent. Kochanis is a good place to meet representatives of all the Nestorian tribes, for it is here that they must come to rent the valuable lands belonging to the many churches, to secure appointments as Maliks and Raïses, to be ordained priests and deacons, and to get their blood feuds and other quarrels settled. We had also sent for some of our preachers from the districts beyond, since our detention in Gawar would make it impossible to visit them, and from them we had full reports. Baz, Jelu, and Ishtazin, with all their villages (24), are as open to our preachers and teachers as are the villages of Urumia. The schools that we had in these villages were well attended, and on the Sabbaths good congregations attended the services, but there has been but very little advance made in the number of communicants.

The needs of the field are, first, government permission for us and our preachers and teachers to work in it without restriction; second, this being obtained, to have more time spent by one of our missionaries on the field; third, two or three more faithful native helpers. With the doors as

open to us as they are, no trouble or means should be spared to secure these wants.

We should have a definite policy, and persevere in it untiringly, both from Urumia and Mosul. In touring, and in general evangelistic work, we should not be confined too closely to the line which divides our fields. Every year, at least, the missionaries from the two stations should meet in conference, preferably on the field. There are many signs of encouragement, though there be such obstacles in our way. Let us be ready to enter every open door, and let us make no misstep.

In August he went to Tabriz on a little trip with his two oldest children, where he was kept busy calling on his many friends, and where, at the invitation of the late Governor of Urumia he went out to General Wagner's camp to see the Vali Ahd review the troops. He was back in Urumia in September, and for the next ten months was at his work without intermission or relief. The disturbances in Turkey cut down the number of his hospital patients from the mountains, as travel was almost impossible. He had his hands full, however, and the pressure of his work in reconciling enemies and adjusting difficulties and relieving the oppressed was greater than ever. In his report for the year ending October 1st, 1896, he says:—

There were, of course, fewer cases of special interest in the hospital than usual this year. One Kurdish chief from Turkey after going back did much to protect the Christians, both Armenian and Syrian, from being plundered and killed in his district. His gratitude for what was done for him here, and his praise of the work which Christians from a far land were enabling us to do here, were so often expressed that his friends would accuse him of having become a Christian. He and his brother are now helping the Christians to escape across the border into Persia.

Gillee was a mountain Nestorian boy of twelve. While

on a trip in the mountains, his widowed mother brought him a long and perilous three days' journey to where she had heard we were stopping. The boy was suffering acute pain all the time. He was thinly clad, and being on foot, they could not, of course, take any bedding along. In crossing a high range of mountains, they had to pass one night in the shelter of some rocks beside a bank of eternal snows. They had to take circuitous paths to avoid meeting with enemies of their tribe. They were in constant danger of being robbed, but the mother's joy knew no bounds when she learned that she had overtaken us in time to go across the still more dangerous border with us, and that her son could hope to be cured. The boy is now well and working at a trade.

Rassul was a young Moslem from a little village near Sain Kaleh. Two years ago while passing through that village, a man came running out, leading a boy ten years old. Before I knew what they were about both were on their knees and hands, kissing the earth over which my horse had trodden. As they arose, I recognized the boy as one upon whom I had operated a few years before. The father told me that the boy's mother had gone off with another man who could support her better than he could, and that he had married another wife who had, however, brought with her an invalid son who was only a burden to him, and whom I must cure. Last winter the man appeared one day with his step-son, whom he left in the hospital, and returned to his distant home. When he left he confidentially remarked that since the boy was not likely to be of much use if he lived, he would find him dead and buried when next he came. He also remarked that in losing his step-son he was likely to lose his second wife as well, for if she did not have him to care for, she could get a wealthier man to marry her. But "I don't care," he added, "she has a bad tongue, and often reviles me, and once she beat me. Let her go if she likes." The boy Rassul was very seriously sick and did die in a couple of weeks, and we got some of our Moslem neighbours to bury him; but before he became unconscious, he heard a good deal about One whose name even, he declared, he had not heard before. The last day that he was able to speak he said, "I am glad to die

here. It is a beautiful place, and I have heard wonderful things."

There has been a medical class, as usual, consisting for the past year of five Nestorians who have now completed half of their course. This fall we will have, in addition, a Moslem. I am inclined to receive more promising Moslem students in the future than has been done in the past.

Diwan Work. There have been the usual calls for such help as I could render in attempting to bring to comparatively just issues cases between our people and the authorities. This, as all know, is one of the most trying and oft-times hopeless of the varied tasks which we are called upon to perform. Trying and hopeless because, on the one hand, we must witness the grossest injustice done to our people without much chance of a remedy, and because the government ignores so utterly any attempt to do justice unless it is to its pecuniary advantage to do so. But the very fact that these difficulties exist makes it imperative that we show sympathy at least with our oppressed brethren, and when there is some hope of being able to help more or less, it seems equally imperative that aid be rendered. Among the different classes of cases that call for such assistance none are more trying and unjust than those of "Jadid ul Islam," or suits arising from converts to Islam from among the Christians. The ecclesiastical law which in the past few years, in this as well as in other parts of the country, is stronger than the civil law, prescribes that converts to Islam from the Christian faith shall inherit all the property of the seven nearest relatives of the new convert. Every year there are eight or ten such cases in the converts among our people, mostly old cases that are trumped up every time that a new governor is appointed. Let me give a brief description of one of these cases to illustrate to those not familiar with Persian lawsuits the course such a case pursues.

Kasha Shimon, one of our eldest and best pastors, died leaving a wife but no children. He had adopted a nephew, however, and had also two married sisters, one of whom has a daughter who has become a Moslem. Some time before his death the Kasha had made all his property over to his wife and nephew, and had made their title to this property

as secure as possible in this country. His will was made out by the chief mujtahid, and endorsed by many others. The deed bore the seals of all the chief Moslem ecclesiastics of the place. He thought he had secured his heirs against the niece who had become a Moslem by having obtained from her mother a document, properly made out and sealed by Mohammedan ecclesiastics, stating that she had no interest whatever in her brother's property. Soon after Kasha Shimon's death, however, this convert to Islam entered suit against his wife and nephew. The civil authorities, after examining the claims of this woman and the papers of the defendants, dismissed the case, taking a fee equivalent to a tenth of the value of the estate, on the ground that the property was now secured to the rightful heirs. Large fees were extorted as well by the retainers of the Governor and Sarparast. The convert to Islam thus baffled, made appeal to a mujtahid here, who gave her an order on the civil authorities showing that every shahie that the Kasha left should, by the holy law of Jadid ul Islam, come to her. Whereupon the Kasha's nephew was again arrested and cast into prison. It was in the winter, and the room in which this young man had to sit with his feet in stocks was not heated, nor were there any windows to shut out the cold which entered through the large openings in the wall. After a day or two, on payment of a good sum to the Governor, he was released, but had to pay to the Governor's servant a certain fee daily, until the case should again be dismissed.

It was the defendants' turn now to obtain help from the ecclesiastics who, for a compensation, were made to read the law in a way that should be favourable to them, on the ground that the Moslem's mother was still living, and that she had sold out all her interest, and in consequence the daughter could not claim anything. For over two months the different ecclesiastics in the city vied with each other in issuing orders annulling each others' decisions. Both plaintiff and defendant spent large sums of money on these orders, and so long as the doctors of the law could make it profitable to disagree, the civil authorities were content to continue to levy fees on the defendant.

The case finally dropped out of the courts, only to be

renewed when a new Governor came. This last spring the Kasha's nephew and wife were again arrested, and the same process was renewed. The property now consists of just half what it did when the Kasha died, and the heirs fully believe the niece will resume proceedings against them as soon as the next Governor arrives. There is no end to these law-suits. This is because of the law in Persia in which the Kings of Persia take great pride, namely: that no petitioner shall be turned away from the courts without an investigation of his case,—although it is very often true in these old law-suits that the plaintiff gets nothing for his trouble but the satisfaction that the defendant is made to pay dearly.

After Mrs. Cochran's death one question which pressed upon him as it presses upon all missionary parents, but especially those situated as Dr. Cochran was, was the question of the children. For years he and the younger children found a home with Mrs. Coan, who was as a mother to the little ones. The two oldest children, however, were ready to go on with their advanced education, and it was a problem to Dr. Cochran to know what his duty was. His lifelong friend, who was as his brother, Mr. S. M. Clement of Buffalo, suggested his coming to America to place the older children in school, and offered to meet all the expenses. He was a man of the keenest and most sensitive conscientiousness, however, and he wrote home:—

I have written Mr. Clement that it hardly seemed best, for my regular furlough comes in the summer of 1898, and I felt that I would hardly wish to go then and again in two years. I don't think the churches like to see their missionaries home too often, and to take this five or six months instead of a year later would perhaps not be best because I could not get time to look up in the line of my profession.

His associates urged his need of some change and rest, however, and he consented to leave for three months, taking Clement and Lillie for a visit to his sister, then in Russia, and then going on with them to Stockholm and Copenhagen and London, where he started them off alone for America, and returned to Persia with one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions who was to visit the field. While he was waiting in London, after the departure of the children, he was invited by Archbishop Benson to visit him, Dr. Cochran's services to the Archbishop's Mission in Urumia having been very useful. He spent a night at the Archbishop's home at Addington Park, borrowing some evening clothes for the occasion from a newspaper man whom he knew. He met Miss Tait, daughter of the late Archbishop, who was greatly interested in the Nestorians, and who sought his unrivalled knowledge of the conditions in Persia and eastern Turkey. Before going to bed at night he wrote in his room at the Archbishop's a letter describing his visit, to the children whom he had just sent home. "The purpose of the visit," he wrote, "was to get my opinion on the question of the murder of Mar Gabriel and his party,[1] and to talk over the whole wretched

[1] On the morning of June 27th, 1896, the greatest excitement prevailed in the native Christian community of Urumia. Mar Goriel or Gabriel, the Nestorian Bishop of the city, had incurred the deep anger of the Saparast and had fled to Mawana, near the Turkish border, for fear of being murdered. From there he and a large party started up to see the Mutran or Patriarch. It was supposed that he went up to ask the Mutran to shut out the Englishmen from the Nestorian churches and to drive them away, but this may have been simply the talk of the people in the wild agitation of the day. After visiting the Mutran he became the guest of Sheikh Sadik, son of the great Sheikh Obeidullah. After the party had eaten at the Sheikh's house the story goes that they were advised to return to Urumia, but were suddenly seized and locked up in some outbuild-

state of affairs along our border. The Archbishop wishes me to see Lord Anderson, the chief man at the Foreign Office after Lord Salisbury. I saw Mr. Roosevelt at our Embassy, too, this morning in regard to the same."

Dr. Cochran was back in Urumia in September, 1896, and beside doing his varied work, he was thinking, as ever, on the general problems of the enterprise. In January, 1897, he wrote to the Board, at the request of the station, giving the substance of a paper he had read at a Station Meeting on the question, "Are we, as a Station, doing all that we can and should to reach the Nestorian people in Persia and Turkey?"

In the villages about Urumia there were at this time a great many people from the mountains, due to outrages by the Kurds upon the Mountain Nestorians. Some thousands of refugees had poured down from the mountains of Kurdistan, and crowded into the homes of the Urumia Nestorians, already hard pressed and needy. These added calls upon the missionaries came just at a time when diminished gifts at home and accumulated deficits compelled the Board to reduce its appropriations and resort to heroic measures to make ends meet. Special relief funds from England, of which Dr. Cochran took charge, and for

ing of the property. The next day they were taken by Kurds to the border of Turkey and Persia—the Sheikh living on Turkish territory. Here they were tied together and brutally murdered and their bodies dragged over on to Persian territory. All were stripped naked and some terribly mutilated. Five ecclesiastics were among the number, one of them being a nephew of the Bishop. Twelve or fourteen bodies were found some days later by people passing by and were brought down to Urumia Plain for burial.

Mar Goriel was a notoriously wicked man, and the nephew, who was killed with him, would probably have been his successor. By the double murder the Bishopric of the City River District was left vacant.

which he accounted with painstaking care, made extensive relief possible. But the whole situation of the Mission was radically altered, and its policy influenced in every department by the coming of a Mission from the Greek Church which stampeded the Nestorians so that practically the whole constituency of the Anglican Mission and many Roman Catholics went over to the Greek Church, and only the evangelical element connected with the Presbyterian Mission stood firm. The hopes of political protection from Russia soon died away, and the nation felt great shame at its apostacy, but the Anglican and Roman Missions have not recovered from the blow. The Evangelical Church has suffered less from it, and is yearly winning over new accessions, but for a little time it looked as though even the Evangelical body might in part be swept with the avalanche into the Greek Church. Dr. Cochran's letters and reports cover all these matters:—

March 18th, 1897.—I wish I could also adequately describe the gratitude of the multitudes that have received this help sent by you. As a Mission, too, we desire to express our most sincere thanks for this response to our appeals. It is hard enough to witness the distress of these refugees. It would be unbearable did we not have the means to relieve in some measure at least, their sufferings.

Over 8,000 persons have shared in the benefits of your gifts; for the most part they are Nestorians, not more than two hundred Armenians having come to Urumia. Most made their escape into Persia at the risk of being arrested and punished and turned back; many at the risk of their lives. They came over penniless, shabbily dressed, some even barefooted, over the rocky, snowy mountains. They tell many thrilling tales of their hardships and dangers. Many were frostbitten, so that fingers and toes had to be amputated—many contracted serious illness—mothers gave premature birth to their infants, and were left, on the mountains, to be buried by the driving snows.

Their present condition: Up to the present, the help rendered has been sufficient to keep these people from starving, and has supplied many with some clothing and bedding, and yet the suffering from want of sufficient food and clothing has been very great. In some of the villages where no help whatever can be obtained in addition to that which we give, the refugees are showing the signs of starvation. In some places they are eating the roots of thistles. Probably over half do not get a full meal once a day, while many pass many a mealtime without a morsel. For the most part, these wretched people occupy the stables with the cattle, and consider themselves fortunate if there is a large number of the latter to make the place warmer. They sit and lie on the wet earth floor, with only their scanty clothing, or with a carpet, or matting, or quilt which we have supplied them with. The stables are low mud buildings, with one or two small holes in the roof or walls, to admit a little air and light. Packed so closely as they are, you will not wonder that they are afflicted, as well, with the itch and many other diseases, in many of the villages. Nearly everywhere special efforts are made to give these needy people some spiritual comfort as well.

July 17th, 1897.—There is something over $300 in the cut of our appropriations not yet provided for, and where we have shut up the departments and the schools, it still seems as if it cannot and must not be. Perhaps one of the most difficult institutions to close is the hospital. People will get sick and will require hospital treatment; many will come from a long distance, and cannot be refused help of some kind; many, if not all, consequently, are entirely dependent upon us. For Dr. Miller and me to be here and the buildings standing, and everything to all outward appearance in readiness for the treatment of patients, makes it no easy task to prove that we are unable to receive the patients. The last few days there have been several cases which will show the difficulty involved. A man has been travelling one month, and has come all the way from Jezirah on the Tigris. He has spent everything he had, and is almost naked. He is in need of an operation and a course of treatment. Another man was struck in the leg, fracturing both

bones; the native bone-setters have done their best, and yet it has resulted in a gangrenous foot and a foul wound teeming with worms. That man will soon be buried unless we take him into the hospital and amputate his leg. A few days ago five Armenians made their way here from Van, with a letter from the missionaries saying that these poor patients had nothing for their road expenses nor for their support when they got to Urumia. We have given these a room in the hospital, and have operated on them, and can fortunately charge their expenses to the Relief Funds, but not so with the other cases mentioned. Dr. Isaac, our native assistant, has resigned in order that his salary may be used in receiving patients. I have accepted all professional calls from a distance in order to increase the receipts of the Medical Department.

Of the coming of the Russian priests you are already aware. Of the result of their mission so far, I can add something for your information. They have so far visited ten villages on the lower Nazlu River. In all of these places, they have called the people together, and have invited them to enroll themselves as candidates for membership in the Greek Church. They inform the people that they have been sent in response to numerous invitations from the Nestorians who are desirous of joining their Church. They then read to them the Confession of their Faith, and tell all those who desire to do so, freely and of their own will, to give them their names. If this were all they would do little harm and would get but few followers, but on the one hand there is an inborn conviction on the part of the Christians here that political salvation is to come to them at the hands of the Russians, and that it is now at hand, and on the other, the Nestorians who are with them, the bishop and others, use all the influence at their command to secure the signatures of all the people. They promise the most delightful conditions of citizenship to those who give their names, absolute freedom from all oppression and from all fear, while at the same time they threaten with all manner of evils those who do not come over to the Russian side. In all of these villages some of our people, church members, have been won over. In Ada, where we had the largest church, they stayed a week, waging a very de-

termined battle, and finally conquering about half of our communicants. I was there last Sabbath, when our pastor told me that those who had given their names were closely watched and openly threatened should they dare to attend our services again, but those who had withstood seemed very happy in it, and were very warm and constant in prayer. One of our church members, a woman, had been beaten every day by her husband for the past three weeks, in order to secure her promise to join the Russians, but she had withstood all the pressure brought upon her by her husband and others. In two other villages more than half have left us. Just how all this is to end is the vital question. No one can foretell positively, because no one knows what attitude the Russian government is going to take towards this country. Many have gone over because they honestly believe that by so doing they will be the means of getting the Russians to occupy this part of Persia, while if they refuse to join the Russian Church they will prevent them from so doing. We see no indications of the Russians desiring to occupy Azerbaijan, and we do not see any hope that those who join their church will be any the better off for it, so far as their relations to this government and some of its oppressions are concerned. Should there not appear any remarkable help in a political way for these people, many would not only forsake them, but many would fall into the hands of their Moslem neighbours whom they have greatly provoked by making so much of the coming of the Russians. There is a very strong movement on foot against the Russians. It is headed by the land owners, who understand that their relations to their subjects will be very different if there is considerable Russian influence brought to bear upon them. The Moslem ecclesiastics have joined the attack upon them, because everything of this sort tends to make the Christian influence the stronger and theirs the weaker, and the masses are opposed to it, because they are jealous of a Christian power and ardent in behalf of the power of Islam. At the same time, there are not a few Moslems of influence who are so disgusted with the weak and corrupt government which exists that they would very willingly see the change. To the cause of self-support this Russian Mission would seem to have dealt a heavy blow.

With the members of our various churches diminished in numbers, with the congregations largely lessened, we cannot hope to get as much as we have been doing. Our pastors, who are having a very hard time to get along with their whole salary, will find it impossible to live on the reduced income. To withdraw our pastors from some of the villages and have a fewer number do the work of preaching to the diminished congregations is not as yet the wise thing to do, till we shall know what is actually to be the outcome. The Roman Catholic and the Anglican adherents have all left to the last man where the Russians have visited. It is our aim to be out among the people as much as possible and to continue to do our duty along the lines that are open to us, believing that at least this new Mission will have the effect of sifting and purifying our Church.

Seir, August 9th, 1897.—Yesterday a letter came from the Board suggesting a plan to have the Board's debts paid off as a first step to bringing the treasury to a condition to meet its duties and calls. They propose to begin with all the members of the Board, its salaried and non-salaried officers, and ask at the same time that all its missionaries join in giving what they can for this purpose, making this the first object to be helped, putting it ahead of any help which individuals plan to give, to keep up their departments or to help in any general work in the field.

All of the members of our Station have contributed very generously in this latter way, and it will seem very hard to them to substitute this debt for the objects already selected to be helped. At the same time I feel that it is a good move, and we should all have a share in it, no matter how small that share may be.

The needs of the future necessarily give rise now and then to some anxiety. I am perplexed whenever I stop to think of the future, but I presume it will all be made clear in time. Next June it will be time for me to go to the United States. In many respects, if the present arrangements for the care of the children could continue indefinitely it would be the most convenient and simple. The question also arises whether or no I ought to resign on arriving in America. It would probably be easier for me, with Eliza-

beth's [his daughter] help to care for them [the children] in America than here, if I were to resign and find employment there. If I am to go into professional work there, the sooner the better, for the older I get the harder it will be to adapt myself to the new conditions of practising in America, which I have never done. But, as I said before, I try not to allow these things to wear on me too much, for the future can care for itself, and plan as we may, we are not likely to carry out what we now lay out for ourselves.

We have just been having a Conference at the Lakeside. I could not be there all the time. I have, however, given them two lectures, one on "The Progress of Science," and the other on "The Effects of Alcohol." I could do this by going down one afternoon and giving one lecture in the evening and the other in the morning, and then coming away.

The country is in as bad a state as it can well be. There is no justice for the people; there is but little safety for life or property. The Armenian Revolutionists, who have been assembling in Salmas for some time past, have gone just over the border, and have secured themselves in the Monastery of Albak, and from there are making raids upon the Kurds.

Urumia, October 9th, 1897.—Since my last report 764 persons have been helped in coming to Persia. On the other hand, about 150 tomans have been expended in assisting back to Turkey 255 souls who had decided that they could support themselves better there than here. Although this fund is not to help people back to Turkey, the main object in all our effort is to do the best things possible for these poor people, and if it is clear that they can do better there than here, it seems our duty to assist them to do so. There are at present here in Urumia, scattered in the different villages, about 6,100 persons, or about 1,000 families of these refugees. About 500 families have been assisted to settle here. We have secured from the proprietors of the villages houses for them and land for them to till. About 200 yoke of oxen had been divided among them, together with ploughs and some other minor implements for farming. To a few we have given help in the way of feed for the oxen, cows, and sheep which we have given to them.

Others we have helped to self-support by giving the necessary capital to start them in some trade, to some the rental of vineyards or orchards, to some tools, to others donkeys to enable them to peddle fruit or to carry loads for people, to one, a photographer, a horse to go about from place to place and make his living in this way. During the summer, when work can be found more easily throughout the country, we have given comparatively little work. We are now supplying all those who have ploughs with as much seed as our funds will admit. We still have to furnish some, especially the newcomers, with bedding and clothing to some extent, and food for the crippled and sick who can neither work nor beg. There has been a great deal of sickness among these people this summer, and quite a large number have died. Our dispensaries have been full of the applicants for medical aid.

Muharram this year was a time of more than usual anxiety for the Christians. This Moslem festival is always a season of fanaticism and danger, but this year two Moslems had been shot and wounded on the big avenue outside the Seir gate. The blame was laid on the Nestorians, and they and the Armenians were forbidden to go to the market during the rest of Muharram. One day Christians were forbidden to appear on the streets and the windows of the Russian missionaries were broken. The Nestorians turned at once to Dr. Cochran, and he spent the night most dreaded in the city with them. The season passed off without outbreak, though a spark would have caused a conflagration.

In the fall, Dr. Mathews of London, Secretary of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, visited the field, and was present at the meeting of the Evangelical Synod.

All winter and spring Dr. Cochran was busy getting the work in condition to leave for his next furlough in the summer of 1898, and there were new special

anxieties. Of one of these, he wrote, in a letter to the secretary of the Board who had visited Persia in 1896, and who had argued in his report that the time had come to lay more emphasis upon work for Moslems:—

I would think that too much stress is laid upon the necessity to make the Mission a mission to the Mohammedans rather than to the Nestorians. I do not see any prospect as yet for any change in that direction. I think we must keep that aspect of the work more constantly before us, and we must all do more than we are doing in work which will have direct effect upon the Mohammedans, but we cannot think for a moment of having our work understood to be primarily for the Moslems. We have just been saved from a mob law here in consequence of an accident which occurred in Geogtapa a short time ago, when one of three Moslems who had gone out there to collect a debt died just as he reached the city gates. The excitement was intense. The Governor had one of the Christians beheaded without trial or any proof of guilt, and the people of the city started out to loot the village. The chief ecclesiastic, whom I was attending daily, exerted himself, staying up a whole night, threatening some, advising others, and begging others to desist from violence. It is only just now that the city is getting quiet. The Moslems looked upon it as an excuse to fight and kill and loot Christians, and worked themselves up into a great fury, so much so that for days the Geogtapa people did not dare appear outside nor even to stay in their village (the men I mean). So, too, for other Christians there were many threats. The Geogtapa people lost a man and about 850 tomans, taken by the government officials and by outside roughs who stole or openly robbed, aside from outrages committted, which have never been done by government officials here. There are many watching constantly for excuses to commit all sorts of outrages on the Christians, and nothing would give this class a better opportunity nor a better lever to the majority of the Moslems than this knowledge that there was a Mission here specially working among the Moslems. I have not the least doubt but that it would result in the loss of much life among the native

Christians and the expulsion of the missionaries. At the same time, I agree with you that we must keep this object before our eyes continually, and enter every door as it opens. . . . I hope the Board will do all it can to enable us to do all that is possible for the mountains from this end. . . . I feel sure that the way for us to get in is to *sit* and *sit* and hold on tenaciously. At the same time, our minister in Constantinople should be informed of the move so that *should* he be appealed to he would understand the situation, and insist that we had a right to sit there, just as well as in many another place in Turkey; that we had had a Station there, and that for many years we had had work there, etc. I have not discussed this with the Station as yet, but when we do, and arrive at some definite conclusion, of course we will write definitely and fully.

His last letters to home friends, before leaving for America, were:—

January 29th, 1898.—From all I can see, it seems to me I should plan to come back here and go on with my work here, for which I am better fitted than for any other, and which I can do better than any one else could for some years, and where I can undoubtedly do more good than I could in America, and then if the way does not open for me to return, it will be clear enough that I am not needed here.

May 21st.—These last weeks before I leave are very busy ones. There are many last things that have to be done in connection with our general work, and many to close up the medical work. Yesterday I gave the medical class their last recitation, and on Monday their examinations will be held, and those that are successful will take their diplomas on the following Wednesday. Following this will be the meeting of the college alumni. To complicate matters, a general, with his whole family and a number of servants has come from Sulduz, two days' journey to the south of us, to be treated. The chief patient is the wife, who is a sister of our best friend there, a man who appreciates our

medical work, and for whom I have done much. Not a few of the attendants are also sick. The general himself is also under treatment. They have a couple of rooms given to them, and they take care of themselves so far as cooking is concerned. They have also brought all their carpets, beds, and dishes.

Then an important Armenian has just arrived to-day from Van, sent by Dr. Reynolds. He requires a big operation on his face. Aside from these, we have only two or three patients left. Then there are a number of the chief people of the city under treatment, and requiring a good deal of time. These are the excuses for not writing oftener of late, and also show how I am busying myself before leaving.

We still expect to leave here the 14th of June, and to sail from London the 14th of July. Just where I had better make my headquarters I do not know. Of course, I must be where I can do a good deal in the professional way, so as to improve the opportunity as much as possible.

In his last letter to the Board before leaving, he wrote:—

Through the courtesy of the Amir Nizam in Tabriz, the Governor-General of this Province, and the Crown Prince, we have been able to secure two ragams (royal decrees) which have been and will continue to be of great service to the Christian community here. One of them mitigates the great wrong that is constantly perpetrated on those Christians who have lost from their family a member by his or her having joined the Moslems. The Islamic law commands that the property of all relatives to the seventh degree of relationship shall come to the Moslems with this new convert. This, you can see, makes no end of trouble, and gives no end of excuses for annoying the relatives. The present order grants only that portion which any Moslem could command from his relatives. The other one was secured in order to give our people more confidence, and to help them in cases of litigation with other Christian sects. You know that our Church has a Legal Board to

which are referred all cases pertaining to its members where ecclesiastical decisions are required, as the validity of notes, deeds, settlement of quarrels, inheritances, divorces, etc. Up to the present time our Church has not had any formal written recognition of its right and authority to act upon these matters, but by our influence with the governors and others in authority, we have also insisted upon recognition, and have obtained it. As I am expecting to go away, it seemed a good time to ask formally for such an order, and this ragam has now been secured.

It is only just to add that the Civil Law in Persia does not recognize the Ecclesiastical Law as binding, and the Islamic provision has never been enforced in Persia in its full stringency. Dr. Cochran's last report before leaving for his furlough was characteristically simple and straightforward:—

The hospital has been open during this period with the exception of the three months when it has always been our custom to close it. During those months, also, a few who had come from long distances had to be received. At one time it looked as if we must not open this hospital again this year, and indeed we could not have done so had not the missionaries and others come to our rescue. The total number of patients for the time under consideration was 577. The total seen by me in and out of the hospital was 9,352. Quite a number were from the refugees from Turkey, Nestorians and Armenians. The sufferings endured by many of these people in making their way over here was something terrible. Unable to come away openly, a company would start out from their village in the night, under escort of paid Kurds. Neither the Christians nor the Kurds dared to be seen on the public roads in the valleys, and so steep and high mountains had to be crossed. At night they could not venture into villages, and so would pass the darkest hours in the best shelter they could find among the rocks, surrounded by banks of the perpetual snows; or those who came later in the season would make the whole journey in snow. Some of them sick, owing to

privations, to start with; most of them with bread enough for a day or two at best; and all of them thinly clad and from four to eight days on the road, would reach Urumia in a sad condition. It is not strange that from among these people the hospital should get many applicants. The largest number suffered from frozen toes and fingers, many of which had to be amputated. Others had lung troubles and low fevers. Three Armenians who were tracked and chased, but finally escaped, and after ten days of hunger, bitter cold, and fright reached us but one step removed from raving maniacs. After a long pull they recovered fully. Not a few came to us torn most cruelly by dog bites in their rounds for food in the villages after getting here. Severe dysentery and malaria have brought others to the hospital. It has been a great satisfaction, with the money so generously provided for this work, to be able to care for these poor patients. With warm rooms and bedding and good food in addition to the medicine, these poor people pick up very quickly usually, although we have had several deaths among them.

There have been Kurdish chiefs and Kurdish subjects in the hospital. Among the latter class we have now a young man who was sent here by his chief to steal another chief's mules. He and his two companions stole up to the place where the mules were feeding, and secured three, and started off with them, but were surrounded by their owners who recovered the animals, killed his companions, and shot him through the lower jaw, fracturing it, and tearing open his mouth almost to the ear. Now that he has nearly recovered, his wild and belligerent nature is again asserting itself, and he is picking quarrels with his fellow-patients. I have had to take his dagger from him, and threaten to dismiss him if he does not behave.

We have had several Nestorian patients from Saat, a village situated far from any other Christian village, among a powerful Kurdish tribe. This village lies, or hangs, on the side of a very steep and high mountain, in one of the wildest and most inaccessible parts of Kurdistan. Through all these centuries the Christians have remained here because of a church which tradition says was built upon the death and over the grave of one of the seventy

whom Christ sent out to preach. These churches in the mountains usually have a little land connected with them which is cultivated by the priest and those in charge. The Kurds look with superstitious reverence and fear upon these churches, and so do not utterly rob the people, but allow them to remain in these places far away from other Christians. It is in this region that the Sheikh Kadir made his last stand after the Kurdish invasion of west Persia in 1880 before being taken by the Turks to Constantinople. The stories told of the swift punishment meted out to offenders by the saints of these churches are many, and believed alike by Christian and Kurd. We have had a number of patients from another village in Turkey, but nearer the frontier. The inhabitants, after being plundered repeatedly by the Kurds, and fearing they might share the same treatment which the Turks had been giving to the Armenians, left their village and came to Persia to live. This village, too, has an old church, said to be built over 1,200 years ago. Since the village was forsaken, the Kurds have been taking away everything movable from the houses. A few days ago a band undertook to take away the church door. (The church doors are always very low in order to secure them against desecration by having animals driven in by their enemies.) It was loaded on a horse, and he died almost immediately, when they put it on to a second, and he met with an accident which disabled him. The third horse got it to its destination, together with the robbers, who at last accounts were still surviving. We have had more than the usual number of Moslems this year, and most of them have gone away most grateful and under a deep impression of the spirit of the religion which would impel its followers to provide such means for the welfare of all nationalities. . . .

Among the outside patients have been many leading people of the place, the governors, the chief Moslem ecclesiastics, and many Khans, one of them the highest in rank in the place, who died after a long siege, has been a lifelong friend of the missionaries. He was one of a small class of Khans who took a few lessons in English with Dr. Austin Wright. One other old gentleman, also a member of that class and a good friend, has been under my care the past year. I think,

without exception, the members of that class, largely a result of that intimacy forty-five years ago, have been most courteous, kind, and helpful to our Mission. Both of these men were sick in their summer home about fifteen and twenty miles out of the city. The latter Khan gives twenty horse loads of wheat to the hospital annually.

A man of peace and love in the midst of turmoil and hate, he had ever walked as reconciler and friend. Open to all, rich and poor, fearing no man, however great, and firm for justice for each man, however lowly, he had lived his life in Urumia, and no man in the city, perhaps no man in the Province, was feared and loved as he. But his only strength was the strength of his Christian service and his Christian integrity.

XII

HIS LAST VISIT TO AMERICA AND RETURN TO PERSIA

IN the summer of 1898, with his son Harry, Dr. Cochran came to America for the visit which was to prove his last. After a short stop with friends near New York and Buffalo, he went on to Minneapolis to his wife's family, where Clement and Lillie were. "We had rented a cottage at Lake Minnetonka that summer," wrote his sister-in-law, "and there he spent several weeks in August and September with the three older children. His sister, Mrs. Scott, also came from California, and met him there. Some of our other young people were there, and altogether we had quite a houseful of young folks. It was delightful to see Dr. Cochran throw off the burdens he had borne so long and enter into all the sports and interests of the young people, rowing, sailing, swimming, etc. He was always young at heart. At that time everybody was riding a bicycle. Not to be behind the times, he was ambitious to learn, and accomplished the feat about as quickly as the average boy. In a few days he had learned to ride, and came in town to select a bicycle for himself, and rode it out, a distance of some fifteen miles. His great regret was that it would not be considered *dignified* for him to ride one in Persia.

"One of the vivid remembrances of that visit is an address that he delivered in Plymouth Church one Sun-

day morning. It was one of the noblest missionary addresses I ever heard. He spoke very calmly, but with a force drawn from his own experience that carried conviction. Many spoke of it at the time, and that talk is still remembered.

"We spent two delightful evenings in hearing him read his journal of the trip to Nineveh and Babylon, with comments and illustrations, to the family and intimate friends. That journal was very interesting. We always meant to have a copy of it, but failed to do so. I hardly know how much of the charm of it was in hearing him read it, with the comments he added at the time."

He spent the winter with Mr. Clement in Buffalo, visiting the hospitals and reading up on his profession, and speaking upon missions in Persia, often with lantern slides. He was utterly unpretentious in his style of address, never departing from the tone of a calm and completely unselfish restraint. At times when he spoke in company with one who knew him and the greatness of his service, his companion could not refrain from telling the people almost with indignation of the inadequacy of the doctor's statements about his own work. He made no parade of it, and the ordinary hearer, anxious for something melodramatic or sensational, would never have gathered from the calm talk of the quiet little man, in his simple but always faultless dress, which represented the most careful and manly economy, that he was listening to one whose life was full of the most dramatic experiences, and whose name was a name to conjure with in a great Persian province, and among all the valleys of Kurdistan. He disliked prominence and all advertising, and sought no great audiences, but went where he was

asked, and wherever he went, as on his previous furlough, there were some who saw beyond the simple unpretentiousness, the man's great power, and who felt the distinction of his character. He was watchful for useful small services. He secured the introduction of a proper list of books on Persia into the Minneapolis Public Library, and he was earnest in presenting to the Board the conditions and needs of the field and of his associates there. He praised the work others were doing, and sought to support it in every way. He looked for a good man, to be appointed specially for the mountain work, and he interviewed, with this in view, a number of theological students. "I do not know," he wrote, "of a more open field among any Mohammedans than there is among the Kurds of this mountain field." While he was at home Dr. Labaree, who had been away from Persia from 1891 to 1898, returned to give the remaining years of his life to the work, and although in seniority he would supersede Dr. Cochran, the doctor wrote, rejoicing unfeignedly in the great accession of strength which he would bring to the Station. He was very scrupulous as always in all money matters. He would not touch a dollar for his own work which he could secure for the general work of the Board. "I am called upon to speak here and there a good deal," he wrote, "and when I am asked on what terms I will do it, I tell them that I make no charge, aside from the expenses of getting to and from the place, and that if any special contribution is taken up in connection with the service I would wish it to go to the Board for Foreign Mission Work."

His own work in Urumia was conducted in the most careful and economical way, and he had hoped that

while he was gone and the hospital was closed, the small appropriation made for it might be used to improve the equipment. The Station found it necessary, however, to use the appropriation in other ways. He generously concurred, and would have gone back to work with the old equipment had not friends who invited him to Florida for a few weeks in the winter generously provided for the hospital's needs, including a new operating room, surgical instruments, and hospital furnishings. In the spring he came to New York for special work in the Post-graduate Medical School.

While in New York he went with one of the secretaries of the Board to Washington to see Mr. Foster and Mr. Hay. No one could foresee at that time what might be the issue of the Russian Mission in Urumia. It was not impossible that the Russian government might follow up the priests of the Greek Church and Azerbaijan pass in some sense under Russian control. The Station thought it would be very desirable for Mr. Foster, former Secretary of State, who had ever been a firm friend of the Mission work, and for Mr. Hay, who was then Secretary of State, to be informed of the conditions in Persia, and especially that Mr. Hay should know, as Mr. Foster already knew, the extent of the Mission work and the breadth and the long continued recognition of its rights. Mr. Hay was very attentive to the statement made to him, and at the close spoke with a positiveness which surprised his visitors of the assurance which they might feel that even if Russia should take possession of northern Persia the missionaries should not be dispossessed of any of the rights which they enjoyed. On returning to New York, Dr. Cochran prepared a brief statement to be included in a larger memorandum for which

Mr. Hay had asked, embodying the facts laid before him.

In the spring of 1899 he returned to Minneapolis to the meeting of the General Assembly. "The impression he made during that visit," wrote one who saw a great deal of him, "was of a character rounded and mellowed by all the work and all the suffering of his life. He was at ease in any society, and enjoyed to the full all the really good things of this world, but no one could meet him without feeling the strong, deep, steady purpose of a life consecrated to God and to his fellowmen."

He sailed on the "S. S. Mesaba" in July. "And now good-bye," he wrote, in his last letter to his Board correspondent. "My year has been full of blessings, and I am deeply touched by the kindness and love of all whom I have had much to do with. I only pray to deserve it and to make return by more faithful and fruitful work."

On Monday, September 11th, he arrived in Urumia to begin his twenty-first year of missionary service. It is the Persian custom to honour the return home of a friend by going out a considerable distance to meet him, or by sending out some representative to convey greetings of welcome, or in case the person is held in very high esteem, and the party doing the honour is of sufficient position, to send out a caparisoned horse or two, to be led before the arriving friend. Among the missionaries, it has been the practice to welcome the friends from a distance by preparing a picnic lunch for them near a bridge some three hours away from the city, and then riding in with them.

It was there [wrote Dr. Labaree] that we met our friends last Monday, they reaching the place about noon. Fifty or

sixty of the principal men in the Protestant Church from different parts of the field had come on horseback to the rendezvous, and with them the young Christian physician of the Persian Governor of the Province, sent by him with his special compliments for the new arrival. A few women, too, members of a not distant church, had come on foot, all joining in the hearty, joyous reception to the greatly beloved friends from America.

It was after one o'clock when the large procession started to do the last ten or twelve miles. Our missionary families and the ladies were in three-wheeled vehicles, and following them came the large cavalcade, Dr. Cochran at the head, in social chat with preachers and laymen. As we moved on, the number was increased by the arrival of other horsemen from the city, each dismounting as he approached, for so is the custom of the land, and taking the doctor's hand, and fervently greeting him. This had also been done when the missionary carriages with Miss Dean and Miss Van Duzee were met, who returned with him, and whom pastors and relatives of old pupils were delighted to greet. After perhaps an hour's ride, we were met by a carriage and outriders sent by one of the principal Mohammedan noblemen of the city, in charge of a responsible secretary. It was something of a relief for Dr. Cochran to get out of the tremendous dust into this comfortable conveyance. Later on, three other carriages from others of the nobility came up, in which, in deference to the courtesies shown, different members of the Mission took seats. A further striking feature of the constantly growing procession were three handsomely caparisoned horses from the stables of Persian military and civil officials, led before the carriage in which Dr. Cochran was seated. There was a halt from time to time to allow the honoured friends to receive the salutations of freshly arriving parties, either groups of Nestorians or representatives of some Persian nobleman, or mullah of note, addressing the newcomers after Persian mode of elegant speech. These falling in with the escort, its numbers must have swollen ere we reached the city walls to nearly two hundred, all mounted men, now crowded together as we passed between the walled vineyards, and now in more scattered ranks, sometimes at a rapid canter, but always orderly and decorous,

which cannot always be said of Persian receptions of this kind. As we came near the city, there were groups here and there of men and women on foot, desirous of showing some attention to their returning missionary friends, coming up to the carriages with their glad words of welcome, and sometimes with offerings of fruit from their nearby vineyards.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when this remarkable ovation came to its close on reaching our premises at the city.

It is seldom that any one among the Persians themselves, except it be an official of very high rank, is treated with such distinguished consideration as was Dr. Cochran on this occasion. As a mark of the high favour in which our missionary physician is held throughout a proud Moslem community, it is most gratifying. And it should be borne in mind that it is the sterling character of the man, even more than the skill of the successful physician, which inspires them thus to honour this representative missionary. The writer was told, as we were moving along on this occasion, of a recent interview between a Moslem ecclesiastic not so well informed about Dr. Cochran, and one of the nobility represented in this ovation: "Who is this Dr. Cochran?" said the sayid. The nobleman replied, "I will tell you about him. Let alone his eminence as a physician, he is a man of such integrity of character that once when I thought myself near to death, I made my will, and instead of intrusting it to any of the heads of my own religion, I placed it in the hands of Dr. Cochran for safekeeping and honest execution."

In the few days following Dr. Cochran's arrival, all the more prominent noblemen of Urumia City called personally upon him, and some of the leading Moslem ecclesiastics, a notable exception to their habitually proud bearing toward Christian foreigners.

"The reception was immense," wrote Mr. Shedd, "no foreigners ever had such a spontaneous welcome as he got—especially from the Persian nobility." All that

he himself wrote was the characteristically modest statement, "We had a comfortable and pleasant journey. I had planned to write to you by the first post after our arrival, but my time has been very fully occupied by the numerous calls from all classes and creeds. We have had a very cordial and hearty welcome back."

XIII

THE CLOSING YEARS OF WORK

SOON after his arrival he went to Tabriz to the annual meeting of the Mission. On returning he wrote:—

So far as I was concerned, I was glad to go away again almost as soon as I reached home, because our diminished estimate for the medical department would not allow of my opening the hospital as soon as that, and the people were flocking in for treatment in it, from far and from near, and it would be next to impossible to remain here and not open the hospital.

The outlook in the Tabriz field is favourable, in some parts of it at least; especially in Salmas and on the southern shore of the Lake. The Armenians in Tabriz are far more friendly than they were three or four years ago, but whether that is a great advantage or not time will tell alone. It, at least, makes them more accessible. Returning I came by the southern end of the lake, and found that the Moslems of Maragha and vicinity, and Mianduab and vicinity are more open than ever to the Gospel. I was invited to go to Sheikh Baba, but the Kurds and Persians of the neighbourhood of Souj Bulak were at odds with each other to such an extent that it was not wise for me at this time to visit one of the chiefs. It would be sure to be misinterpreted by both sides. This also debarred me from Souj Bulak, where I wanted to go. In Sulduz, however, I was able to stay and to see the condition of our work as well as to be with some patients of mine in the home of the chief man of the district, Nejef Kuly Khan. Here in Urumia the freshet or flood has passed, not without a good deal of damage, however, in some places, but with no harm

in others. Every one seems to think that we can look for better results in our work on the plain here this winter than ever before. Many of the people who joined the Russians willingly or by compulsion are now very sorry that they allowed themselves to be caught in the trap. In a few places there is still a great deal of opposition and persecution. I am going out to-morrow to Kosie, where our small flock is in great distress and fear owing to the threats and curses and false talk of a Russianized priest. He is, moreover, able to do the people much damage in one way and another by bribing the Moslem overseer, and backing up the rough classes in the village in their oppression of those who have withstood the invitations of this new Mission. I hope I can comfort and encourage them a little. In a few days the Knushya (Synod) convenes in Gulpashan. There I will be able to pick up all the threads of the work again, and feel in touch all along the line.

The next three years were years of slow progress in the work with somewhat less unrest and violence in the country than usual, and then the storm broke. During this time of tranquillity he pressed forward his own work with energy, and he entered as ever into all the plans of the Station. Dr. Labaree's presence was a great comfort to the doctor. His age, his patriarchal appearance, his noble character, and his ripe wisdom gave him an influence and enabled him to do a work which lightened much the burden which, before his coming, had rested on Dr. Cochran. "It is a great blessing to our work," he wrote, "to have a man of Dr. Labaree's calibre, and age, and experience here. I hope that he may be spared to the work a long time." New opportunities opened for work among Moslems. "I am doing all I can," he wrote, "to increase the interest among our workers in this work which is so important." It fell to him to review the work of the year for the Board, in the fall of 1900. He spoke of

the college, the meeting of the college alumni, who constituted the leading young men of the Syrian nation, the Fiske Seminary, and their alumnae meeting, with 120 graduates present, attended by Mrs. Rhea of Lake Forest, Ill., who years before had had charge of the Seminary, the vain effort of the Station to get the Evangelistic Board of the Native Church to assume responsibility for the use of the funds set apart by the Station for native preachers and evangelists, and then he added:—

Along the whole line we are having a period of quiet progress. Just at present there is nothing to disturb the peace of our churches. The head of the Russian Mission here has returned to Russia, and it is not fully known what will be their next step. Mr. Coan has been absent, touring the mountain field in Turkey. On his way from Gawar to Bashkalla his camp was attacked by Kurds one night, and one of the gendarmes furnished him by the Turkish government was killed, and three horses belonging to the gendarmes and Dr. Alexander were taken. Fortunately none of our party were wounded, notwithstanding a number of shots were exchanged. The movement threatened by the Roman Catholics of occupying so many places among the mountain Nestorians has fallen through, so that the prospects for work there are brighter than they were a few months ago. The very great poverty, however, together with the increasing oppressions of the Kurds and the tightening grip of the Turk, makes missionary work there very difficult.

It is with regret that our appropriations are so limited for the work of the press as well as in the other departments, while the outlook for the completion of the Syriac Lexicon and the Concordance is not encouraging. For the past month we have been trying very hard, in view of the insufficiency of our appropriation, to close the hospital, which has been no easy task, for the sick will not all get well at one time, and while there are a few patients in the hospital, it is very hard to convince others that they cannot be received as well. Daily there are patients coming who

offer to provide everything if they will only be admitted, but even when they do board themselves, as a number are doing at present, we are not entirely free from expense for them, for they are sure to borrow more or less, and the fuel and oil and food of one kind and another will never be returned. So, too, when any one is in the hospital on any conditions, we often have some come who are penniless, and yet who are in such absolute need of what a hospital can do for them that it is next to impossible to turn them away, simply because they cannot pay, when we have this plant here—the buildings, the assistants, and some of the servants. Yesterday five Kurds arrived from the region between Amadia and Mosul. The long and perilous journey has been made, they have been twenty-five days on the way, and have reached here with about two dollars in cash. Three of them are very seriously ill. Some of them old chronic cases; but they had heard that this institution received people of all nationalities and creeds, and that the poor could find treatment as well as the rich. It requires a very stony heart to close the doors to people from such a distance. They say that their one aim has been to reach here alive, thinking that if they only got here their troubles would be at end, that they never dreamed of the possibility of coming and not being received. I am keeping them a few days while I see if I can get the Kurds in a neighbouring village to take them into their mosque, as they often will do for strangers, and then they can come to us for medicines, and beg for their bread.

When one is discouraged, nothing is a better antidote to such a condition than to go out to one of our larger churches of a Sabbath day. Here the benefits of the Gospel in this land are clearly and unmistakably seen. To me it is a source of great encouragement and inspiration to look upon one of these congregations—the people dressed in their best—among the women white predominating as to colour. In front of the pulpit platform, and usually upon the floors, are the children of the church. The school teacher is often seated with them to lead in the singing and to make these pupils the choir for the church as well as to see that they are behaving with propriety. The women, with their infants in arms, on one side of the church, and on the other the

men. Some of our churches are seated, but in most the people sit upon the mats which carpet the floor. The attention given to the speaker is as close and good as you see it anywhere. In the Sabbath school, a prominent place is given to the recitation of verses from the Scriptures, and the old as well as the young take very evident satisfaction in studying and discussing the lessons. Then if you visit the homes of many of these people you will again realize what God hath wrought for this nation through His Gospel. Cleanliness, quiet orderliness, piety, love, and happiness, where formerly these homes were dirty, noisy, disorderly, impious, quarrelsome, and more commonly than not, miserable and unhappy. Every one of this generation, and many of the older people are readers now, so that you will see an assortment of books in all these homes.

We have a power in our churches, even if it be lying more or less latent at present. What we all desire is to so direct this power as to make it felt outside, both to the Christian and to the non-Christian population of this whole land. I believe our people are waking up more and more to the duty and privilege of proclaiming this Gospel to those who have not heard it. I shall not be surprised if we soon see the Church here take a concerted and forward step in the direction of a more systematic effort to labour for others after having so freely received these blessings themselves.

This winter he organized a little medical society among the doctors, most of whom had received their training from him, but some of whom had studied in Europe or America. They met each fortnight in the city in his office there. He was president, and at the first meeting made an inaugural address on "The progress of medicine during the past year." There were twelve doctors present. At other meetings he spoke on "Diphtheria Antitoxin," and on "Röntgen Rays and other manipulations of electricity." He was ever trying to spread knowledge, and at the homes of his patients, the Khans and officials, he was constantly

expected to tell what was going on in the world, and what new discoveries and inventions had been made. There were no newspapers, and he was not only a doctor and a missionary, but also a public teacher. It was all hard work, and the hospital and the general wretchedness and want wore on his heart. "I should like to have heard and seen Joe Jefferson," he wrote. "Often nights when I am too tired to feel like doing much, I wish there was something in the way of entertainment and entirely apart from my work that I could do. Friday night all of us were very tired, and after the children had gone to bed, we sat down in the parlour and heard some twenty new gramophone pieces. They were very good indeed."

Some extracts from his letters and reports will show his activities and amusements and experiences:—

May 12th, 1901.—Last week I did not get off a letter, as I was in Salmas for five days attending the Sheikh ul Islam and a merchant, an Armenian, in Kalasar. It was as usual quite a tiresome trip, for it meant seeing people from daybreak to midnight, and being company all of the time. The only rest was the afternoon nap, which I prolonged as much as possible, spending a part of this time in reading.

June 8th.—Thursday we had Professor and Mrs. Margoliouth, and the English Mission to dinner. They are very interesting people and good company.

September 14th.—The city has been in a state of unrest, to say the least, for the past few weeks. The ecclesiastics have been opposed to the Governor and particularly to the officer in charge of the local revenues and taxes. They have been demanding that the latter be deposed, but the Prince has upheld him, and has tried to force those who were against him to withdraw their charges, and accept him. There have been many large gatherings of all classes of people for and against. Orders have been received by the Governor to arrest some of these leading mullahs, and send

them to Tabriz, but they replied that they were not the servants of the government, and that they would do as they liked about accepting such an invitation. There were three important mullahs on the side of the Governor, and they sent around to the merchants to secure promises from them that they would not close the bazars at the command of the other mullahs, and did get many to so promise. The other party being pressed to go to Tabriz gave out that they were willing to do so at the command of their King. They hired a lot of horses and mules, loaded them with journey goods, and had their own horses saddled, with their servants mounted, and had them paraded through the principal streets and bazars. This created such an interest in the abused mullahs that the town rallied to their side, ordered the bazars closed, and challenged the government to turn them out of town if they could. This now necessitated a change of front, so the Tabriz authorities sent word that they had forgiven and forgotten the offence of these mullahs, and that they were not required in Tabriz; also their request that the officer of the revenues be dismissed was granted. He has now been sent to Tabriz. To-day the mullahs are still in arms, demanding that his whole house, his brother, and his sons all leave the city and the country never to return. They are threatening to loot his house to-night unless a promise is given to leave. I presume the Governor will have to leave too. He has been here but a short time. There is quite a little disturbance along the Turkish frontier. The Turks have occupied a number of villages to the west of Ararat, belonging to Persia, also some on the plain of Baradost.

We have had more cases than usual of leprosy under treatment. They have been kept in the hospital for a few days, and then have continued treatment at home. One family, most of the members of which are leprous, came from Turkey. This Memmad Beg is from the noted family of the great chief, Nurallah Beg, who led the massacre against the Christians in 1840. This man, however, has been a friend of the Christians about him, and has frequently rendered service to the missionaries when in his district. His wife's brother eloped many years ago with a Christian girl, who has never, however, become Moslem.

She has taught many Kurds the Syriac language, and reads the Scriptures to them frequently, and urges their acceptance of them. The faith exhibited by this chief in coming to us touched us all, and made it even more difficult to tell him the hopelessness of his condition. Some of the other members of the family were in the early stages of the disease, and may derive some benefit from treatment. Memmad Beg cited the case of Naaman coming to God's prophet. He quoted passage after passage of Scripture, showing how Christ taught that unto him who had faith all things would be given. He urged that he had come with unwavering faith to the representatives of Christ, and all that remained was for us to use the means which Christ had given us, and he and his household would return rejoicing in complete recovery.

Another Kurd came with very much the same faith, and insisted that we could cure him, since we were working in Christ's name, and doing all for His sake, and since he came believing in Christ's power to heal. . . . He was very much helped, and he gave all the honour and praise to Christ. While here he enjoyed the Sabbath services as well as all the religious exercises and conversations, and has taken a Testament home with him.

Another Mohammedan patient who manifested a good deal of interest in Christianity was a young Persian Khan from Teheran, who was sent to the hospital this summer by the Governor of Souj Bulak, and was under treatment about a month.

The Crown Prince, who became Shah and was deposed in 1909, made a visit to Urumia in November, 1901, of which Dr. Cochran wrote an entertaining account:—

November 20th, 1901.—Urumia has just been favoured with a visit from His Royal Highness, Mohammed Ali Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia. Tabriz is the residence of the Crown Prince, and has been for many years back, but this is the first time that His Royal Highness has come here. This young man, who is about twenty-five years old, is an active, wide-awake prince who is fond of the hunt

and of travel. His visit here was made probably for the pleasure of the outing, for the sake of seeing this part of the Province over which he is Governor, and for the sake also of adding to his treasury. In the cities along the line of his route it is expected that all the higher military officers, all the wealthy land owners, and the merchants and Moslem ecclesiastics will make a present to him, according to their station and ability. If by chance any one of these gives less than His Royal Highness deems necessary, he will signify his displeasure by returning it, when more will have to be added to the gift, free-will offering as it is called. In this way his revenue is materially increased as he travels about, while his expenses are paid by the state or the private citizens along the way. He had with him about 1,500 attendants. These included his secretaries, a few of the higher office holders at his court, the retinues which officers always have of their own, two or three companies of cavalry, and as many more infantry. He brought, too, his chief wife, a daughter of his uncle, together with her two young sons, and five eunuchs, and many maids. He himself, as well as his wife and children, and the ladies in attendance upon her, and the chief officers, rode in carriages, having their horses along so that they could ride them wherever the wheeling was not good. Carpets and bedding, furniture, and many changes of raiment, together with everything pertaining to the cooking department of the Prince and his officers, as well as table service, was packed on mules and horses and camels. Had it been warmer tents would have been brought, and all would have occupied them rather than finding quarters in the poor houses in the villages and in the cities. Here in Urumia, as well as in two or three other stopping places in the tour around the Lake he found as good houses as he required. All of the leading officers, military and civil, of this place, together with an escort of cavalry and artillery, went out a day's journey to meet him. About six miles out of town, tents had been provided for the foreigners, and for the chief merchants. Here the local Governor for the Christians and Jews presented all who had come out to His Royal Highness. Representatives of our Mission, the English, French, and Russian Missions were ready to meet him before the cannon

sounded his start from the lunching station a few miles up the road. We had met the harem, the Princess in a covered carriage drawn by six horses, and her attendants in other carriages drawn by four, with a mounted escort, when we first left the city. After being presented, Dr. Labaree and I mounted our horses, and taking a shorter way into town, reached our city premises before the Crown Prince arrived at our gate of the city. This gate was gaily decorated with expensive shawls, bunting, carpets, pictures, looking-glasses, candelabra, etc. So, too, the buildings along the street, including our city premises, were festooned and decorated. The private residences where he and his immediate attendants were to establish themselves were near ours. The other noted men were divided around among the noblemen of the city. For about a mile outside the city wall the road was lined with men, women, and children to witness the royal procession. Probably Urumia was never so completely emptied before. Cannon stationed along the route from his lunching place to the palace which he occupied announced his progress. He himself rode in about the middle of the long caravan. Not far ahead of him was an escort of cavalry, then came a mounted band, playing better than anything we are accustomed to hear here. Some distance ahead of him a band riding on camels had also passed. The musical instruments used by these musicians were of the old Persian style. After the mounted band came a large escort of military officers in full-dress uniforms, then ten mounted men in Cossack uniform, bearing spears with banners streaming from the upper end. The Crown Prince's carriage was drawn by six horses. Only royalty is allowed the privilege of having six horses attached to its carriages. Behind the carriage rode the Prince Governor of Urumia on horseback, and he was followed by all the remaining carriages in the caravan with their escorts. As is customary here every class of people coming out in a body to meet him either offered him a present or offered a sheep which was killed just as he approached the offering. The next morning after His Royal Highness's arrival he sent for Dr. Miller and myself to call on his wife. With his chief Moslem physician we went first into his presence, and then he took us into the ladies' apartments. Both in his own

room and in the ladies' he offered seats to Dr. Miller and myself while every one else stood in his apartments, and for a time in the inner apartments. After this general consultation I was invited to see the Princess every day, and almost always I had the opportunity of seeing the Prince also. At our first visit he said that he wished to call the next day on us and see the college and hospital. We put everything in the best order possible, and were at the outside gate of the compound ready to meet him as he drove up, accompanied by one hundred horsemen and several noblemen in carriages. We had lined up all the college students on either side of the avenue that leads between the hospital and college to our house. From either side the students made a profound bow and threw a bouquet of flowers at his feet as the Prince came opposite each couple. A few officers led the way before him, and Dr. Labaree and I walked on either side, as I had to explain things to him, and introduce him to the students and teachers, etc. All of the gentlemen of the Station were at the gate to meet him, and accompanied him down to our house, where he alone sat in a chair at the head of the room and drank a cup of tea, which his taster had first sipped, while he asked many questions about our work and about our country, etc. As soon as he had taken his tea we went up to the college chapel, where again every one but himself stood. Our Persian Mirza made a statement of the course of studies, and a young man read an address of welcome prepared by the Persian teacher; another young man read a little English, and they all sang in Syriac. Then we went up to the hospital. We passed through some of the rooms, showing how the sick were cared for, and then he went into the operating room, where we had made a fine display of all of our instruments. He stayed in this room about half an hour, examining everything closely. Some of these instruments reminded him of some of his own ailments, and so he asked all to go out but his physician and myself, when he described his symptoms and asked for treatment. After going up to the office and drug-room we escorted him to the gate again, and he rode off. He gave fifty dollars to the college, and a fine shawl to me as he was leaving the city. He was very much pleased with the address that the Persian teacher had written, and asked

for a copy of it to incorporate it into his diary of the tour. When our Mirza took it to him he told him he wished to give him a title, which he did: "The Tongue of the Presence" literally, or the spokesman to His Majesty and to His Royal Highness. This was a special favour because it came without solicitation and purchase as most titles in this country do, and because the Prince sealed it himself, and delivered it to the Mirza with his own hand. The scribe of the Prince wished to write out the order for the title in an outer room, but His Royal Highness commanded that he do it on his feet in his presence, and giving it himself, even this scribe got nothing for his pains. A shawl was given to each of the two doctors who went with us to see the Princess, Drs. Isaac and Israel Khan.

December 18th.—Whatever the Russian Church does in Persia, and it is likely to do more and not less than it has already done, political Russia is tightening its hold upon the country and the government. The railroad to Erivan is now completed, and the contracts for work on to Julfa are being given. In eastern Persia, along the Afghan border, there are railroads planned, and even on the Persian Gulf the Russians are more or less active, but where their influence and power is felt the most is through their representatives at the court in Teheran and in the larger cities, and in the loans which they make to them.

April 6th, 1902.—Haji Shaffee Khan, the Beglerbeg, died yesterday at seven; Dr. Isaac was there with him. An hour or more later, the Prince sent a man recommending that they bleed him. It was done, and the report taken to the Prince (the Governor) that the blood had spurted out, and consequently that he must be alive. So I was sent for to settle the question. I found the room where he lay packed with women; his wife was especially boisterous, tearing her hair and crying in a very loud voice. His sister, the chief heir, was wild with joy that he had died. I was scarcely safe in that bedlam, for they began to call out, "Why did you not save him?" "What kind of a doctor are you?" etc. He had been sick but two days with paralysis of the cord, which finally affected his respiration and brought the end.

JUNE 3rd.—I have been back from Tabriz a little over a week. I was there ten days, being called to do an operation on Mr. Wilson for appendicitis. I went, and returned as fast as my horses could carry me, losing no time on the road. We are all very grateful to see Mr. Wilson convalescent and once more out of danger. It was a great rush while there, for, as usual in this country, the arrival of a new doctor brings much in the way of medical work and consultations with the Europeans and European practising physicians. The Crown Prince and his chief wife took some of my time too, so that that visit and the catching up in the work here has been somewhat absorbing and pressing, but things will assume their usual routine soon. We have a good deal that is interesting in the hospital just now.

JUNE 21st.—It has been Commencement week here, and after the graduation exercises came the Alumni meetings, which lasted a day. I had one of the addresses, so that I had to give a good deal of time to preparation. "Perfect Manliness" was the subject given to me.

In July, 1902, he made his last visit to Russia, where Mr. Clement and his family spent some happy weeks with him at his sister's, Mrs. Ponafidine's, and then returned to Urumia for the work in the fall.

SEPTEMBER 30th.—After the medical work the one that has occupied the most of my time the past year has been diwan work. This work becomes more and more of a burden, since the civil and ecclesiastical courts are avowedly doing business, more and more, for the money that can be procured from it rather than to redress wrongs. It, nevertheless, seems necessary to take the time to listen to the oppressions of our people, whether any active effort to obtain redress is made or not. Assistance can sometimes be given, but often all that we can do is to show our sympathy, and let the cases go through the usual process of the courts. As a member of the Legal Board of our Church, the better part of one day every other week is given to the arbitration of questions arising among our constituency. The work of this Board is, on the whole,

quite helpful to our Church, as it often settles in a just and satisfactory manner cases that would otherwise go to the corrupt courts for settlement. Some time every week has been devoted to social calls among those in authority here.

December 28th.—I think Russia is going to push into Persia with its commerce, if nothing else, as rapidly as possible. They have opened an agency here for express packages, and are preparing to open a bank. They have done so in Tabriz as a rival to the English Imperial Bank. A new Belgian has come to Tabriz to be at the head of the post-office department in Azerbaijan. We will see what he will do. There is a new issue of stamps at last, after using these provisionals for more than half a year.

It is blowing hard and cold—a good night for thieves. This reminds me of the trouble that the Checklui people are in. Last summer they caught a Moslem thief in their vineyards, and took him to the master. Day before yesterday he died. The friends immediately went to law, to recover blood money, claiming that this man had died of the effects of the fright he had when caught three or four months ago. He is a man whom I have been treating off and on this fall for other difficulties than those brought on by fright. The Governor's men and the Sarparast's (governor for the Christians) went out to the village, and it was reported that they were laying waste the village, and that the Moslems from neighbouring villages were present with bags in hand to plunder. The head of the Russian Mission, with two or three Nestorians, went out there late yesterday afternoon. I have not learned what they saw and heard; I am glad they went, though I should not do it.

Payajuk, Salmas, January 20th, 1903.—A week ago I was called over here to see two brothers, Armenian merchants, who have been shot by revolutionists that were set apart to do it by their chief. One of them is shot through the abdomen on the right side. The ball penetrated the large intestine, and has scratched the lower edge of the liver and the surface of the kidney, coming out in the loin, in the region of the kidney. The younger brother is shot through the

shoulder joint. Both are doing as well as can be expected. The latter is sure to recover, and I hope with pretty good use of the arm, but it is quite uncertain as to the former. I reached here fifty hours after the accident, and it did not seem wise to operate, with a view to closing the intestine, because the man looked as if he could live but a few hours, and gangrene of certain parts had set in. He is, however, getting a little better every hour, and the inflammation is becoming localized, so that now, although the contents of the bowels are evacuated from the posterior wound, I think I can remedy that difficulty after a month or so if he survives the shock he has been through. These revolutionists have been the means of the greatest losses to this plain. In the past seven years it is estimated that they have killed openly and secretly, and hidden or buried, not less than two hundred Armenians. The miserable government is more than glad to have them do these things, for it gives them the chance to make a lot of money, always coming from the innocent people in the villages.

Payajuk, Salmas, February 2nd.—As you see, I am over here again. I have operated on the man with the perforations of the intestines, and if he can only live through the exhaustion that he has had, and which has increased since the operation, the wounds will be all right, but he is very low. The other brother, whose shoulder joint is affected, is also a badly wounded man. Dr. Shlimun and I have been very anxious. The operation was a most difficult one to get the perforations in view sufficiently to enable us to see them, and then to get at them to sew them. There were such adhesions that we could not draw the intestines out of the abdominal cavity, as is the rule, and operate outside. I hope to go back in two or three days whether the patient lives or dies. I am sorry not to be at home on Joseph's birthday. I begin to realize that I have not much longer with Harry, and then the worst of it is that, after he goes, who can tell when or how much I shall see him again. The people at whose house I am staying have three or four very good horses. They have also a lot of cows and buffalo-cows, so that their milk and cream and mesta are plentiful. They own about one-half of the land of this village, consequently

they are wealthy farmers, as well as raisin and almond merchants. They have just shipped 80,000 pounds of raisins to London. The brothers are great hunters, too; they have a lot of guns of all descriptions—rifles mostly, but good shotguns and revolvers as well—a regular arsenal. Two of them will pass many a day before they go hunting again. One of them will perhaps never leave his bed. It was a cold journey coming over; I hope it will moderate before I return.

March 1st.—Yesterday I saw, for the last time, an old Moslem doctor, who was a very intelligent and pleasant man, and one who thought a great deal about the more weighty matters in life, and often wished to talk about the future life. He has been sick for some ten days, but only told me yesterday, when I found him nearly gone with dysentery. He was seventy years old.

March 30th.—I think that I wrote you that one of the Armenians of Salmas whom I treated died. The other, the one with the wounded shoulder, has come over here now for treatment. His joint is very stiff, but I think we can fix him up in time. I performed another operation to-day on the kidney of a man, opening it, and removing stones from it, and a lot of accumulated pus. He is doing well. Did I tell you that Kasha Oshana sees very well with the eye that I last operated on? I am so glad for the old man.

April 5th.—This has been a hard day, for I rushed all I could to see the hospital patients early, and get to Degala with Kasha Isaac to see if we could settle their quarrel at last. As you know, it has been going on for some weeks, and a great deal of effort and pains have been expended in righting the matter, but so far it has been to no real purpose, or at least it has brought the case to no satisfactory termination.

May 9th.—Things are in a pretty stormy condition up in Tergawar. I went up there last week. Two or three days before five Nestorians from Balulan had gone up to a sheepfold in the valley which lies between the villages of Umbi and Balulan, which has been used by the Kurdish Begs of the former village. The Nestorians tore it down,

claiming that the Begs had no right to it. The shepherd told one of the chiefs, who went down with him to the spot, but the Syrians fired on him. He returned the fire, and soon, from both villages, there was quite a crowd that joined the fray. At quite a distance from both these firing parties was a company of Kurdish children watching the fight. One of the Syrians fired at right angles from the direction in which the opposing Kurds were, and his bullet entered the knee of the late Hessu Beg's youngest son, a boy of thirteen years. So far the fault was wholly on the Syrian side. The sheepfold they had no right to, and they should not have fired at this crowd of children who were merely looking on. I removed the bullet, but the knee-joint is likely to be more or less stiff always. The Kurds were very much enraged, both because it seemed so unnecessary, and because this particular young chief is held in great love and reverence. There were assembled there not less than 300 Kurds, all ready to make an attack on Balulan, and avenge themselves. I argued with them, hoping they would refer the matter to the authorities, and not go to war themselves, for it would only result in bloodshed, and make it more difficult to come to an understanding. The older chiefs promised to scatter the Kurds and wait to see what the Salar would do, but the young men vowed that fight and death were better than serfdom! As soon as we were well off a couple of hundred attacked Balulan, and fought till midnight. They succeeded in entering three houses, which they looted and burned, together with the stables. One of these happened to be our Kasha's house. His house was on the edge of the village; but the Kurds lost four killed and fourteen wounded, and were driven from the village when help arrived from Mawana. This is the way matters stand. The Kurds were beaten, and they have not attempted another attack. The Salar has returned from Tabriz, and has sent a few soldiers up to Balulan, and has told them to sit quietly and await the action of the Crown Prince.

May 17th.—The past week, including yesterday, Sunday, has been a crazy one, made so by the arrival of the Crown Prince, his chief wife, and her children last Wednesday. Not only have I had to see him and them, but so many of

the big guns that are with them have called upon me for professional aid, or sent for me to go there, that I have been unusually busy. Yesterday was the Coans' and Harry's last Sunday here; we were together as much as we could be. Before tea we had a walk together in the inner garden, and we had our usual Sunday-school lesson on the roof. Later several came over, and the Coans played for us all. They now plan to leave next Saturday, but if the Vali Ahd goes also on that day, it may necessitate a change. It is growing on me, the loneliness which we will experience when they are all gone. We have been having trouble over the servant question, so that makes the situation embarrassing. Still, we shall get on somehow. We could very easily get along for months on native food, if it should have to come to that, which it is not likely to do.

June 1st.—Here we are alone in this big house, we three. Last Monday the Coans and Harry left. The little boys and I went as far as Gavelan, and returned the next day. The natives have expressed much sympathy with us in our loneliness. It is very hard, the house seems so quiet and lonely, and we miss so much the many dear ones. The week has been full of work and anxiety for the Christians of Tergawar. Shebani, Balulan, Hekki, and Dostullan have been burned after the people fled from them. In Dostullan, Selbi, Kasha Onar's mother (she graduated from Fiske Seminary in the first class) was burned to death with three other women. In Shebani twelve men were cut off from the rest and were killed. At present all the Syrians of the villages of northern Tergawar are flocked together in Mawana, surrounded by not less than 1,000 Kurds. There is not much anxiety for them as they are able to hold the village as long as their ammunition holds out. Some reached them yesterday from here. There is general panic. All the villages along the frontier are running their property into the city. No troops have stirred out of the city. The officials say that until they receive orders from headquarters they are not able to do so. We have been in conference with these authorities and are keeping the consuls notified. More than likely the Sheikh has a hand in it, and is anxious to wipe out Mawana. Meanwhile the sheep and cattle of the villages are also being

taken. Last night they came down to Anhar and took their sheep; the night before those of a village further up were taken.

JUNE ?rd.—From the mountains you probably get direct reports. The most encouraging thing this winter in this field has been the work in Gawar, where Mr. McDowell worked with the native helpers. There was an awakening there such as we have not seen since the very earliest history of missionary effort on that plain.

Recently a new Patriarch has been consecrated in place of the late Mar Shimon, and it has been voted that I join Mr. McDowell in a visit to the new Patriarch early in July. This young man is only sixteen years old, but he is a bright, active fellow, and there seems to be a general acceptance of him as a civil and ecclesiastical head of the Syrian tribes in Kurdistan. Now that Mr. McDowell has established his family in Van as headquarters, the question arises again as to whether it is not the wisest plan to open the training school for mountain helpers there. There have and always will be strong arguments in favour of doing this work in our college here, but there are advantages also in making Van one at least of the places where a limited number of students from the mountains can be prepared for our work in their districts. The Mission will undoubtedly consider this question shortly, and we pray that guidance shall be given in this important matter.

It is reported that we are soon to have a Russian consul here, probably a vice-consul. When this event takes place it will materially augment the feeling on the part of all classes of the ever-increasing influence the Russians are obtaining in Persia. Already they have control of the administration of the customs, with the Belgians as the nominal agents, also of the postal service. The large loans which the Persian government has secured in Russia and Belgium give the Russians again a powerful hold upon this country. For some reason or other the road that the Russians had just begun to construct between the Russian boundary at Julfa and Teheran is not being built at present, work on it having been suspended. A strong feeling prevails among the ruling classes as well as among the peasants that Persia is

practically in the hands of the great Czar, to do as he pleases with it. The missionary efforts on the part of the Russians here at present are chiefly manifest along the line of establishing, on a large scale, a plant for printing, as well as in war that is being waged with the representatives of the old Nestorian party for the possession of the Nestorian churches and property.

At the present writing we all, and by we I mean all the Christian population of Urumia, are in deep anxiety over the fate of the Christians of Tergawar, as well as to the outcome of the disturbances there, upon the fanatical Moslems of the city and villages on the plain.

JUNE 14th.—A few words will inform you of all that has occurred in the way of the affair which I have reported rather fully the last two weeks. The Vali Ahd's special "mamur" succeeded in getting Kudu Beg, the brother of the boy whom I went to see, who was shot in the knee, to come down, also a number of the Mawana men. He told them that he wished them to make up and let bygones be bygones. They did this, and then the three Kashas of Mawana and Dostullan had a present of a shawl each, Beijan was given a horse, and two Kurds had presents. After this they were all sent home. Nothing has been done or said in regard to a recompense for the Christians. Indeed, they have no reason to think that they will ever get back anything that they have lost. The Salar has told them that he will give them joists for the roofs that were burned down, but judging from past promises they don't expect much from this. I presume some will stay and others quit the country. Two days ago the Shekoik Kurds came down on Salmas, and plundered two villages. We have no particulars, but the Fath-i-Sultan was ordered by the Crown Prince to go there with two hundred horsemen, and then return to Tabriz, which continues disturbed. Here in the city there have been rumours and troubles of one kind or another. In the chief caravansarai, where we have our book-room, there were a number of our people sitting, talking together, when a large company of the young mullah students marched through, accompanied by the rabble, shouting, "Drive the foreigners out, kill the Christians!" Soon another company, subjects

of the village Karagoz, which is owned by a Moslem, who is a Russian subject, and who is oppressing them greatly, followed, crying, "Drive the Russians out." The Syrians and Armenians from the shops closed up their quarters, and lost no time in getting away, naturally thoroughly frightened.

JUNE 25th.—The chicks are asleep, and I am alone up here in my study. It has been a very busy day, and indeed all these days are very full, and I am very much rushed and very tired by night. Still, when I awake in the morning, I am as well off as ever, so that I think I can stand the work all right. The dreariness of the home grows rather than diminishes as time goes on. It is a month since the Coans and Harry left. It seems much more, or less, as you look at it. Joseph and Andrew and I went out after our late supper, and weeded in the flowerbeds, then the boys went over to practise their songs together for to-morrow night when we have a Mission supper, and the children have an exhibition as their school year is about to close. I have been doing accounts and seeing the teachers, for I have all the work that exists as to the superintendence of the college affairs, the accounts, looking after the grounds, the repairs, the teachers and servants, during vacation, until Mr. Shedd returns. The whole main college building is being whitened, the first time since it was built. Now it is late and I must only begin this letter and get to bed to prepare for to-morrow which is very full of engagements.

He wrote careful reports of the trouble in Tergawar to the Board and to the British consul-general in Tabriz. The British representatives in Tabriz for years had charge of American interests in northwestern Persia, where there was, until 1907, no American consul, and had cared for them with characteristic faithfulness and generosity.

In the autumn, to the doctor's great joy, his daughter Lillie returned to Urumia from America. On September 12th, 1903, he wrote to the secretary of the Board, who had visited him in 1896:—

History of a certain sort and not altogether desirable is forming rapidly. We seldom have had a summer of such utter lawlessness. The notorious thieves and robbers have been reaping freely, and as usual at such times, when noted outlaws are out in the field, many inclined in the same way are doing what they can under the name of these chiefs in this pastime. Our late Governor was utterly incapable of keeping any kind of order, and made criminal mistakes in dealing with the troubles in Tergawar. It is only within the last few days that those inhabitants of the five villages which have been crowded into one village have been able to scatter somewhat, under escort of soldiers, and reap what they find left of their wheat fields. Whenever, up to this time, they attempted it a large escort of armed neighbours would watch while they harvested, and one day the escort was surprised, and two men were shot, one dying on the spot, and the other made a cripple for life. The late Governor was a man whom you called on, I think, and who showed you his room with canary birds nesting in it. About a month ago a new Governor arrived who, with the Majdi Seltaneh (the bravest and most active of our young officers of Urumia), has secured the governorship of Urumia, including as usual Ushnuk to the south of us, Salmas, and Khoi. The Majdi Seltaneh has sublet Salmas and Khoi, and he himself, at the head of 1,000 cavalry, consisting of Shekoik Kurds, rough riders, and sitters from Maku, and a regiment of cavalry from near Tabriz, as well as two regiments of infantry with three Krupp guns and their artillery men are skirting the border to the west of us. Just at present they are camped near a fort that the noted Kurdish chief (the son of Obeidullah who invaded Persia in 1880) has just built in a village which the Persians claim is theirs, and which the Turks are trying to get hold of. It is on the main way to Gawar and clearly Persian from a geographical viewpoint. This young man has been sent with secret orders to attack and destroy that fort. Before he approached it some Shekoik Kurds, without orders, attacked it, and in a skirmish that followed lost a few killed and wounded, and inflicted like damages upon the Sheikh's men occupying it. It was reported that a number of Turkish soldiers had been killed, and that the Turkish troops

all along the border were assembling to take revenge, and that the Sheikh was about to attack Urumia, and the Majdi Seltaneh and the Governor here nearly lost their positions, as the Crown Prince was ready to prove to the Turks that they had not acted under orders, and would be punished for their mistake. The Governor here sent for one of the chief Kurds nearby, and sent a very sweet letter to the Sheikh, telling him what a terrible mistake had been committed by Persian Kurds, and that they always admired him, and desired closer relations with him, etc., etc. One of our oldest officers here by the title of Vali has now gone up to visit the Sheikh and to see if he can patch the thing up somehow. This chief is very powerful, and the Turkish government, whose subject he is, is always in trouble with him, and never or seldom takes any measures to displease him.

The next few days will decide this question for us, I think. They will probably come to some agreement by which the Sheikh will have his way and the Persian officials will have their bribes. Or there may be some real danger of a serious conflict. Mr. Sterrett and Mr. McDowell have been down here for a conference the past two weeks, and cannot find any one willing to take them over the border. This fort is a day's march from here, perhaps thirty miles.

The arrival of a Russian vice-consul, to reside in Urumia, marks a new era for this part of Persia. A few nights ago, at a banquet given by the Governor on the occasion of the Shah's birthday, where a representative from each foreign mission was invited and this consul, the consul in response to a toast and address of welcome given by a Persian official who was so drunk that he could not stop the flow of flattering words, remarked that his position and action would depend largely upon the attitude of the Persian government to him, that he was ready to aid the Persians if they would do as they should, or that he would have to act without their aid if they failed to support him. It was a long course-dinner, served in our style, with a boisterous and inharmonious band to play a snatch of a tune after each toast had been given. After the dinner we had the finest display of fireworks that I have seen in Persia. Adjoining the Governor's yard lives one of our wealthiest Khans, who was having a ten-day wedding for his grandson. We were

all asked to go in there and watch the ceremony of receiving the sweets sent by the bride's household to the bridegroom. At the banquet, with us, aside from the Governor, and the Governor for the Christians, there were three Persians, the highest officials in the town. These, with us, sat at the windows of an elegant saloon looking out upon the courtyard. A large space was spread with rich rugs, and on these sat several hundred of the merchant class and lower Khans who were invited. Thirty immense wooden trays, each about ten and a half feet wide and six feet long were brought in and arranged between these guests. Each tray was lighted with four candles in shades that prevent their being blown out, and with a costly oil lamp in the centre, and spread with flowers and fruit and candies. There were two trays bearing a costly Persian shawl suit for the bridegroom from the bride, and quite a little of her needlework for him. The sum that he had to pay her was about 20,000 tomans; and two villages representing not less than this sum. In case this young man at any time chooses to divorce her he can do so on relinquishing all right to this money and property. So long as they live together they can both live on it, but this much is made over to her in her name. As a matter of fact, no one divorces a lady who has such a dowry. The men can marry other wives, of course, if they choose, and concubines without limit. Here we had a repetition of the fireworks, and the same band played for us. The sweets were distributed to the assembled multitudes in the yard, while we were refreshed with tea and sherbets. We also had a taste of the sweets. That day we had been invited to dinner at this house where the wedding was going on. Dr. Labaree and Mr. Sterrett and I went, and on the following day the ladies were invited. It was the day when all the Khan's wives were invited, and so they had a very spectacular scene as they looked upon some two hundred ladies dressed in costliest silks and satins and velvets, who wore every colour of the rainbow.

I am treating an interesting German, a Dr. Mann, who has spent the last two years in Kurdistan and other parts of Persia, learning the dialects of the Persian and Kurdish languages. He was a good scholar in both before he left Germany, and now has taken them up on the ground. He

is down with typhoid fever, but is getting along quite well. The two chief men in the Russian Mission, the Archimandrite and the Yarmanakh, have also had a siege, but I have now stopped calling regularly on them as they are convalescent.

The troubles with the Kurds of Tergawar and Dasht were not the only occasion of anxiety. The employment by the government of Belgians in the customs and post led to bitter feeling on the part of the ecclesiastics and of the displaced Persian officials. In October, Dr. Cochran sent to the Board a comprehensive report of the whole situation and of his unavoidable relation to it, in which he reviewed also the actions of the Kurds of Dasht, whose resentment at his resistance to their crimes and outrages was to have such fatal result:—

The position of the missionary to the Christian community about us is still unchanged in respect of his being, in a sense, the "father," and the one to whom it can look for aid and counsel in the time of oppression and danger. Perhaps the time will come when foreign consuls take up their residence here, that all such relations will be assumed by them, but for the present we are bound to do what we can. At the same time we ever keep in mind the fact that we desire to present every case to the proper officials in a way that will not offend them, nor make them feel that we are too officious, but in a polite and kind way bring our influence to bear upon them in such a manner as to secure some degree of redress for the oppressed.

It is the relation that the doctor sustains to those in authority, because of his professional work among them, that brings to him in this station, at least, a large, responsible, and anxious labour.

The last summer has been full of anxiety and trouble, due largely to the lawless condition of the country. The weakness and supineness of the government, always very evident, becomes painfully so whenever there is any unusual

uprising among the Kurds or the rougher elements in the towns and cities. For some time back there has been a great deal of grumbling against the government for giving away in concessions so much to the foreigners. The Custom and Postal systems are in the hands of the Belgians. There is a rumour that the internal revenues will also be given over to the care of the foreigners, and in consequence much hard feeling is stirred up among two classes of people in the land.

The Mohammedan ecclesiastics, who have such power and influence in criminal and civil cases, and who, when unable to make the authorities submit to their wishes, will proclaim the bazars closed, and stir up all the people of the baser sort to make a demonstration against the man or men, or action which they oppose, see in the coming of the foreigners into power here an element of danger to their position and religious influence. The second class that is affected by having the administration of these departments committed to the foreigner is the vast number of munshis, or secretaries, who will be thrown out of employment. Much of the revenue in the country never passes out of the hands of these men, and they will always be an army of malcontents, ready to do what they can to prevent the change that means such a loss to them. In many cities of the land there have been open demonstrations against the King and his administration, demanding that the Europeans who have charge of this work be expelled, and that the country be permitted to live along in the good old way of their fathers. In Tabriz there was a demonstration which compelled the Crown Prince to move to a neighbouring town the European chief of the Customs with his family, and keep careful watch over him. In this case, however, the government was equal to the occasion, and by making the opposers believe that Russian Cossacks were ready to enter Persia all along the frontier if they did not desist, the disturbances were quelled, and the ringleaders were banished.

At the same time Urumia City and country are dwelling in fear and actual danger of a general uprising, against the Christians first, and secondly against the government. A comparatively small affair had been exaggerated, and had become the starting-point for a most serious attack upon

the Christians of Tergawar, a little district of six Christian and three or four Kurdish villages lying over the foothills, some twenty miles from the city. The southern end of this valley or plateau is called Dasht, where there are more than twice as many Kurdish villages, with several hundred Christian families living in them with the Kurds. The Kurds of Dasht united to crush or drive out the Christians of Tergawar. These Christians are brave and warlike, and not unlike their Kurdish neighbours in dress, manners, and morals. But as the government did not come to their aid, as it usually has done in the past when they have been attacked, they were badly beaten. They took refuge together in the largest village, and there they have been huddled together since June. Three villages were burned, twenty-one men, and four women have been killed; others have been wounded; sixteen hundred sheep have been taken; their haystacks have been burned, and they have been practically besieged day and night; they have been unable to feed their flocks at any distance from their village, and so have had to feed the winter clover and the grain fields nearby; they have had to go armed and in large numbers to harvest their grain.

The Kurds at the head of this trouble were making every effort to excite Mohammedan ecclesiastics of this city against the Christians by reporting that they had desecrated their mosques, and burned their holy books and their dead. These stories were disseminated, and aroused not a little bitter feeling, and talk, and some action against Christians generally. The Mohammedans of the city were preparing to do something serious when the failure of the mullahs in Tabriz to accomplish their purpose, together with the arrest and expulsion of the leading mullahs, made the revolutionists desist from their purpose. At the same time the Kurds and thieves, and robbers generally, vied with each other in doing all the harm they could. Everywhere the roads were dangerous. Large and small bodies of men, and caravans would be robbed, flocks and herds were carried away daily, and nightly thieves broke through and stole. The Kurds all along the border emboldened, threatened to overrun the country in a general raid, and now both Christian and Moslem, thoroughly frightened, began to desert their villages and move their goods within the city walls. It was only

after a new Governor had arrived, and an army had been sent to the border that comparative quiet was restored.

It is very difficult to look upon the condition of the people about us and be able to do so little to relieve their distress. When it is not the attacks of outlaws, it is the government officials that oppress, or the cruel hands of the land proprietors, or the wickedness of each other that bring down upon them the losses and suffering which they are bearing so constantly.

Recently I was waited on by a large delegation of Christians from Degala. Their plea was that they be protected, in the first place from the ravages of officers who had been sent to the village to arrest a large number of them, in order to fine them for the loss of 150 sheep, and for the murder of two men that had occurred some time ago, and secondly, that they be helped to clear themselves of this charge of murder. Last spring some Kurds from the south, who had brought sheep for sale, came for the night to Degala. They were attacked in the night by enemies who had tracked and followed them, and two of their men, who were watching their sheep in the streets of the place, were killed, and their sheep were carried off. The next day the affair was reported to the Governor, and he had sent horsemen with the surviving owners of the sheep, who overtook the robbers, but were not strong enough to recover their sheep. I wrote our present Governor, telling him the facts in the case, and he replied that although he had orders from the Crown Prince to take the blood money and the price of the sheep from Degala village, he would, for my sake, bring his policemen away from the village. He inclosed an order to his chief officer in that village, commanding him to come away with his men. While the village was thus relieved from the unjust burden, and of the anxiety of caring for and feeding these wolf-like officers of the government, and were even spared paying this very heavy fine, they had to pay a good sum to the officials who had been charged with the duty of exacting this fine from them. It is not exaggeration to say that the chief end of most of the officials here is to make all the money they can out of each case, irrespective of the merits of the case. Here was a good excuse: An order from the Crown Prince to take the blood money for two men,

and the price of 150 sheep, from a well-to-do Christian village. The price of a Christian killed by a Moslem is $32. That of a Moslem killed by a Christian $1,000. In such a case the natural course pursued by the government would be to take this fine from the village, together with a good deal more for the trouble of the officers, and the benefit of all hands. They would then reserve at least one-tenth of this price of the blood and the sheep for themselves, send a large portion to the Crown Prince, and give something to the friends of the deceased, and the owners of the sheep.

The past week has witnessed the murder, in cold blood, of one of the best educated and most respected of the Syrians of the country, Mr. M. G. Daniel of this place. After graduating from the Mission schools this man had been our High School teacher, and later college teacher. He then spent eleven years in the United States and Canada, chiefly in the study of theology. He returned to his family this summer. On the day of this tragedy, he was overseeing workmen in his vineyard when a notorious outlaw, Sayid Ghafar, who has been terrorizing the community without let or hindrance, shot him down because he would not give up his watch.

It will be best to add here a paragraph written by Dr. Cochran in the following spring, indicating the grave consequences of this tragedy:—

This Mr. Daniel was blameless in character, and of a peaceable disposition. The outrages of this sayid for so long a time now culminated in this deed against a naturalized British subject. The cries to local authorities to be protected against this man for the past three years were now repeated, and we were asked to send strong representations to the consuls, and to urge the local authorities to arrest the assassin. I joined with a member of the English Mission here in bringing the case to the immediate notice of the authorities, and in reporting it to Tabriz and Teheran. Being a lineal descendant of the prophet Mohammed, this sayid enjoyed the privilege of all sayids of exemption from the more common punishments, or for any offence against

his fellowmen unless of the very gravest nature, and then, too, he would not expect to receive any severe punishment. So this Ghafar was not arrested, although he was every now and then seen about the village where he committed this murder, and boldly challenged the government officers to catch him, breathing out threats all the while against all foreigners who should dare have him punished. For five months this man was allowed to wander about, sometimes seen by the officers of the law, but never arrested until he inflamed the minds of many people against Christians. He was, of course, strongly encouraged by fanatical Mohammedans, and finally was sent by the ecclesiastics to the Dasht Kurds for safekeeping. While there he increased their dissatisfaction with all and any persons who should in any way oppose them in their deeds of wickedness. There is no doubt but that he had a strong influence upon these Kurds, and when word was sent to them that there was a good opportunity to attack me as I was about to start for Khoi, where the distance from this place would make it unlikely that it would be known who the murderers were, a band of men started on their errand of revenge for having had their wicked deeds brought to the notice of the authorities. The Dasht Kurds have enlisted him in their warfare against the Christians, whom they wish to persecute, and so far as we can understand his motives, they are one with those that have been cherished by the Dasht Kurds for the past year. They have both wished to rid the country of one who knows them well, and now has been more or less active in endeavouring to get the authorities to protect those whom they have been robbing and killing, and whom they wish to destroy utterly.

This last paragraph, with its quiet recognition of the enmity which he had aroused, was written in May, 1904, after the tragedy in which, at the hands of this band, another died in Dr. Cochran's stead.

XIV

"TO FAITHFUL WARRIORS COMES THE REST"

THE journey from Urumia to Julfa on the Aras River, which divides Russia from Persia, even when not dangerous, is rough and uncomfortable, and the Station, of course, always arranged that some one of the men should accompany, at least to Julfa, any of the women missionaries leaving for Europe or for home. On March 4th, 1904, Miss Margaret Dean, who had been the teacher of the children of the Mission circle, and Miss Paulat, of the German Orphanage, which had been established in 1896, and Pastor Wolff, a Swedish missionary, started for Russia, and Mr. B. W. Labaree, who was born in Urumia and who had come back as a missionary in 1893, after a college course at Marietta, Ohio, and a Seminary course at Hartford, Conn., went with them. It appears quite certain, as Dr. Cochran stated in the report quoted in the last chapter, that enemies of his understood that he and not Mr. Labaree was going out with the party, and sent word to Sayid Ghafar and to the Kurds of Dasht that they could, without risk of detection, follow them and attack them outside of the Urumia district, and kill the doctor. When the party left Urumia, unconscious of any special danger, the Sayid and thirteen of the Dasht Kurds followed, but failed to overtake them. They inquired in Salmas of the movements of the missionaries, and learning that

some were to come back soon on the return to Urumia, they waited for them. In his report to the Board, Dr. Cochran relates what ensued:—

The party of Kurds divided up into three companies, which held the three different roads, and on the 9th, the Sayid and three Kurds attacked Mr. Labaree and his servant as they were approaching Salmas, before they were out of the mountain pass. Israel was shot down, some of his clothing stripped off, and his horse, with Mr. Labaree's journey outfit, taken, and Mr. Labaree was carried off toward the other passes, and finally murdered in a most cruel manner, with daggers and sword blows (thirteen in all), about five miles distant from where his servant's body lay. Travellers who had seen them on the other side of the pass, and came after them, now recognized Israel's body as they came upon it, and reported the murder to our preacher in Salmas. This preacher, with a physician who is a graduate of our schools, obtained government horsemen, and recovered the body of the servant, and finding the fresh tracks of the horsemen in the snow and muddy grounds across the hills, came upon the body of Mr. Labaree in a wild and sheltered valley. The bodies were carefully prepared to be sent to Urumia, while Mr. Shedd went out as far as Gavelan and met them, and on Sunday, the 13th, amid a large throng, the bodies were brought to the college, from whence the next day, after impressive funeral services had been held, they were escorted to Seir, and laid side by side in the Mission cemetery. The Christian population of the city and villages along the route turned out in very large numbers, while on the day of the funeral, a very much larger number than the college chapel could accommodate stood outside to show their sympathy and horror at the cruel and violent death. Immediately upon returning from the burial, news reached us that the fourteen persons that had been known to have left Tergawar some days before had been seen returning, and with them were two extra horses, which were described as Mr. Labaree's. From that time to this, as I have already said, evidence has been accumulating. The horses have been seen by many. Ten days ago they were taken up to Jurma in hope of getting them off across the border into Turkey, but owing

Dr. Cochran, Mr. Wratislaw, The British Consul, and Mr. Wratislaw's Indian Sowars

to the snow-bound roads, they did not succeed in crossing the high pass, so they were kept in a sheepfold for a few days, and finally, lest they be seen there by Christians in a village near by, they were killed and buried. . . . We have very good evidence that the Sayid returned with these Kurds and that about the 25th of March he came to Urumia. He remained down here for a few days, and was then returned to the Kurdish chiefs with the instructions that he should be escorted across the border into Turkey if they could not give him shelter. There is constant communication between the Sayid and Kurds on the one hand and the enemies here on the other, the latter keeping them informed of all that is going on here. Even the telegrams which we are obliged to send to the consulate and the embassy are, we have reason to believe, reported to enemies here and in turn given by them to the criminals. These Kurdish chiefs of Tergawar are not a large force, but they have repeatedly been in open rebellion against the government. Their mountain fastnesses have been destroyed, and they have received severe punishment for their outlawry, only to repeat their deeds of oppression and violence after a time. Up to last year we have been able to keep on good terms with them, and I went up to the home of the lad who had been shot, and removed the bullet from his knee, and begged the large force of warriors that had assembled to take revenge to commit the case to the government, but immediately on leaving them, they attacked the village of the men who had shot their young chief. Representations had to be made to the authorities here and in Tabriz in behalf of the poor Christians, and this with the constant active opposition of the enemies, has created much bitter feeling against me in particular, and against foreigners and Christians generally.

In a more personal letter to the secretary of the Board, he wrote:—

The government, as well as ourselves, are convinced that this act has been committed with malice and premeditation, and not for the sake of plunder. When travellers resist with arms, the robbers may, if driven to it, shoot them down,

but that is all; they would not inflict needless wounds. This of itself nearly proves that the Sayid Ghafar has done it. This was done on Wednesday. On the previous Sunday, he was seen in a tea-house in Salmas, reviling all the foreign powers, and threatening to kill every foreigner he could. Mr. Labaree was told the next day when he was going to Khoi that the Sayid has been seen there, but he did not think it was so, as he had heard just before leaving here that he was up in Tergawar. . . .

These Kurds of Tergawar have repeatedly rebelled against the government, and they have been severely punished, but never have they been allowed to do as much as they have this last year without restraint and opposition from the government. It is very difficult to understand why these young men should have been allowed to be assassinated in this cruel manner, unless God means to accept them as an offering without blemish in behalf of and for the sake of this distressed and oppressed borderland.

The heaviness of his personal sorrow, and the peril in which he himself lived did not turn his mind from the wrongs and sufferings of the poor Christians, whose strong defence he had been. On April 4th, 1904, he closed a careful report to the American minister in Teheran with the words:—

Within the last week a company of these Dasht Kurds carried off 210 sheep belonging to the Tergawar Christians, and on the following day an attack was said to have been made upon a sheepfold in the night, during a heavy rain, and in tearing it down the roof came down and killed eighty-five more sheep, and crushed two men, but not mortally. Then an attack was made on Mawana on two consecutive nights, and finally a message was sent to the Christians that they must either come out and settle the quarrels of past months, or that the Kurds, who were assembling in force, would attack and exterminate them. The poor Christions, once so brave, were terrified, and came to the three Missions here in the hope of getting redress. The Fath-i-Sultan . . . has recently sent to one of these Kurdish

chiefs a most flattering letter, telling him of the confidence of the government in them, and thanking them for the services rendered the government, and has sent him a title, etc. It was the actions of this man . . . that have made the Kurds so overbearing and bold. . . . This and the ——'s driving the Christians out of Balulan last summer was the starting-point for the bold behaviour of the Kurds ever since. And on the other hand the government has not aided the Christians in the least, leaving them for now a year nearly crowded in two villages, without crops and without redress for their losses and wrongs.

On April 23rd, 1904, he wrote to the British consul-general in Tabriz:—

The six villages in Tergawar are in constant danger still. Since our last telegram to you on this subject, the Christians have been attacked twice, and now a number of families have been carried off, so the report goes, by the Kurds to force them to live in their villages, and the few houses which the Christians had fixed up for themselves in Shebani have been burned down. Whenever they come to the city they do so in large bands, and when they went up yesterday they expected to be met by fifty or more Kurds who were holding the valley and watching for their return. They came down to beg the Governor to give them permission to pack up and leave the country, but he ordered them back, repeating the promises which have filled their ears for the past nine months. In this condition of affairs they cannot plough and sow; most of their cattle and sheep have been carried away, or have been sold, or have died for lack of food, and their condition for the ensuing year will be that of absolute famine if the country is not quickly restored to order, as the time for sowing is the present.

On June 20th, he wrote to the American Legation to the *chargé d'affaires*:—

Recently, as I reported, a large number of Kurds attacked Mawana, and killed three men, and wounded five. The Gov-

ernor, when reporting this to the Crown Prince, made out that the whole blame was on the Christians, that they had gone up against the Kurds, etc. This was a falsehood. He asked a number of Khans to go up to Tergawar and see whether the battle had taken place near the Christian village or near the Kurds. He selected a number of men who own villages between the city and the Kurds, and some of whom sent word that if they went up and found the Kurds to blame they would not be able to say so publicly. . . . It was for this reason and to find the exact truth that Mr. Wratislaw (the British consul-general from Tabriz, who had come to Urumia) went to the spot, and found out for himself that the Christians had been attacked almost in their doors, and one of the three that was killed had a halter tied to his neck, and fastened to the saddle girth of one of the Kurds who was of the party that killed Mr. Labaree, and dragged for miles, scattering the blood and the contents of his abdomen along the way. . . . A week ago to-day two Mawana men, who between them had lost four brothers, met one of the murderers, and shot him in the leg before he was rescued by the caravan with which he was travelling. That was the first and only case of aggression on the part of the Mawana people since the trouble began a year ago. This man is said to have been shot through the flesh of the thigh. Four days ago, three miles out of town on the road to Tergawar, these Kurds met three Christians from a village at that point, and robbed them, and held them till a fourth came along on a horse. He was told to dismount and give up his horse, and as he did not do it immediately he was struck senseless with the butt of the gun, and then badly stabbed in four places about the head and neck, his horse and clothes, and all of any value that he had taken from him. The Governor has not attempted to do a thing to punish or reprove these Kurds. On the contrary, last Wednesday, as he was entering the city from a ride, he met some Christians from Mawana, and stopped them, and asked what news they had from Tergawar. They replied that the roads were held, and they could not get back home, that although they were a large party, they dared not return because they had heard that the Kurds were out in large numbers, waiting to attack them. He was very gracious

to them, and told them that he would immediately see that the roads were cleared. He did send right away to the Salar, and demanded that he prevent the Christians of Mawana from holding the roads against the Kurds, and to see that they discontinued to trouble the Kurds. . . .

I have mentioned these very recent occurrences in reply to your request in to-day's letter. In regard to your question as to the future, I can only say that you will remember I have frequently said in my correspondence with the Legation that the only thing that seems at the same time practicable and possible, and also effectual, would be to have several of the chiefs of Dasht kept in Tabriz or Teheran as hostages, as the government has often done in the past, and allowed to return to their homes, only as they are replaced by others of the same rank. But this must be a permanent arrangement; that is, for a term of years, at least. So, too, the Legations must demand the expulsion of —— for a long time, or things will be worse than ever if he return after a few months, as they so often do, with great pomp and show of triumph. I do not believe that the Kurds can be disarmed. They would as soon part with their heads, and then if they were disarmed, it would not last long.

The sorrows of these villagers, and the grief which he felt at Mr. Labaree's death in his stead, weighed on his heart by day and by night. Those who watched him saw his hair whitening and the lines of his face deepening, and perceived that the burden he was bearing was pressing with perilous weight. "How can I eat of your bread," he said to the Governor with whom, under constraint, he was dining, "when it is your fault that my brother has been killed?" "His intense feeling all through those awful months is, as I feel," writes Mrs. Labaree, "what hastened his end more than anything else. He never voluntarily spoke to me of the fact that Mr. Labaree died for him, and when he would take my little fatherless children into his arms, such a look of suffering and grief came into his face as I

never want to see again. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that death was absolutely *the only way out* of the maze of suffering, danger, and anxiety in which the doctor found himself. And God in His love and mercy did not try His servant beyond his strength, but gently released him. I love to think that Dr. Cochran and Mr. Labaree look at the whole awful tragedy *from God's side now* and together, in the light, they are convinced that they were led safely through the awful darkness that surrounded their deaths. And I also love to think that we, too, shall know and understand some day, and in that hope we may even now rest satisfied that 'all is right that seems most wrong, if it be His dear will.'"

In the general report which he wrote of the work of the Urumia Station for the year ending October, 1904, he spoke with earnest feeling of the loss which came home with keenest sorrow to him:—

In such a review of the year's history of our Station, the mere mention of the death of our beloved co-labourer, the Rev. B. W. Labaree, is not sufficient. Others have left us during the year to recuperate and to return, but Mr. Labaree, while pursuing one of the very common duties in our life here, met his death by the hands of bloodthirsty assassins, and has reached the bourn from which no traveller returns. God's mysterious dealings with His faithful servant and with His work, in this field, we cannot fathom. We thought we beheld in this cruel murder a sacrifice in behalf of the people, a sacrifice by which an oppressed and misruled community might find peace and security. But weary and anxious months have passed, and all the murderers are not apprehended, nor has the condition of the Christians in Tergawar improved. To relate all that has been done by members of our Station in connection with this terrible tragedy would take many hours of time. The grief and agony of the full realization of our loss, and of the cruel

death which ended our brother's life, with the anxiety and danger and suspense of the subsequent weeks and months, my pen cannot picture. The gathering of testimony, fragment by fragment, day after day, the fitting of these fragments and the elimination of proven false testimony, until a mass of circumstantial evidence has accumulated that is an overpowering and convicting charge of guilt against the Sayid, Mir Ghafar and thirteen Dasht Kurds, has taken much time and hard work. Nor is this task completed, for new corroborative evidence is still coming in. One of the greatest causes of deep anxiety in this whole effort to get at the exact truth has been the fact that, with the exception of the confession of Mir Ghafar that he had killed Mr. Labaree, and the positive evidence that this man had been with the Dasht Kurds up to within a few days of Mr. Labaree's murder, and that he returned to them immediately after, and was finally captured from among them, our evidence as to who his accomplices were rests on circumstantial evidence, very abundant in the aggregate, but fragmentary, as I have said, and obtained for the most part from the lower classes of Tergawar and Dasht Christians; from Kurds of these districts and Tergawar; and from shepherds and travellers in the neighbourhood of the tragedy. We regret most keenly to be forced to arrive at the conviction that our neighbours, the Dasht Kurds, are the criminals with the Sayid. We have friendly relations with all the chiefs. They have often visited me, and have been in the hospital, and I and others of our Station have been in their homes. To have the murderers from a district immediately contiguous to us, and the road to the city passing our gate, increases very greatly the element of danger, not only for the present, but also for the future, whatever punishment or lack of punishment this tribe may receive. Another cause for the deepest concern is the condition of the Tergawar Christians. For weeks at a time, since the murder as well as previous to it, for nearly a year these people among whom we have laboured for so many years have daily visited our doors, recounted the suffering they were passing through in loss of life and property, in crowding into two villages, and in their attempt for mere existence. Their pleas to us for redress and aid have been wellnigh unendurable.

Their wretched condition has been wretchedly linked with our own case. The unpunished attack upon them led up to our own loss; and the punishment or non-punishment of our common foe must equally affect us both. . . .

From whatever standpoint we look at it, the situation is a critical one. Whether or no the criminals are ever arrested still remains to be seen; and whether if arrested, and executed, quiet and security are to be gained, or whether the revengeful Kurds will make life insecure and difficult we cannot foretell, but we can trust in Him who knoweth all, for " They that wait on the Lord shall not be ashamed."

In the midst of many anxieties on account of the work and the oppressed Christians, he yet rejoiced this spring in the re-establishment of his home. On Wednesday, June 15th, he was married to Miss Bertha McConaughy, who had come out to the station in 1900. The British consul from Tabriz was in Urumia at the time, and his four Indian sowars formed the guard which escorted Dr. and Mrs. Cochran from the city out to the college. This constituted the wedding journey. The Indian cavalrymen were not merely ornamental. The peril in which he lived was well known to him, and it was ever present to his mind. Writing to Mr. Coan, who was in America on furlough, with regard to the long years during which he and his children had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Coan and their children, while Mrs. Coan was a mother to all, and referring to his new home life, he added:—

One thing that makes it seem uncanny in a way (and this is confidential) is the constant danger I suppose I am living in. The threats are constant and sharp. Every one seems to think that if I were out of the way, the guilty would go free, and therefore I should be put out of the way. I know that God can prevent it if He wishes, and I do not feel a real fear, simply an uneasiness and real dis-

appointment that I should have such enemies. Yet, as the Syrians from Dasht say, people who are ready to mob and kill all the time, are not going to have the feeling to think whether they have sometimes been kindly treated, if that means that they must give up their wicked purposes. There is no way of shirking the responsibility of the situation, and even if I were not to do anything, and perhaps if I had not done anything to bring the people to justice, I would, from the very nature of the case, have the credit of it.

In the fall he wrote to Mr. Clement:—

Urumia, Sunday evening, September 25th.—The last few weeks there have been a few suspicious-looking Kurds prowling about between here and the city, on the road or over the walls, in the orchards along the way. They have stopped a good many people, and have made enquiries regarding our servants. Once they stopped our steward, and then let him go, and again a mountain man in our employ. Four days ago I was told by one of our helpers that a friendly Kurd had told him that they were men who had undertaken to kill me, and that I must be told to be on my guard. I do not know whether it is true or not. This Kurd said they were the Sheikh's men, but I do not much believe that, as there would be no advantage for him to get rid of me, and I am rather useful to him. There is hardly a week but that he writes me, asking for professional advice for himself and for friends of his, and often to get him this and that thing, which I am able to do.

So if any one is after me, it is said that it is he, I think, simply as a cover to the men that are about. I reported to the Governor that there were men on the road between here and the city, stopping our men and others, and he replied that he had no horsemen to send out to care for the road, and if it was the Dasht Kurds that are sending their men here, nothing could be done to them but to send an army against them, and that he was not provided with. And so it goes; every little while there is some special scare, and then there is the main trouble all the time without redress. Apart from our case, one that is worse is the con-

dition of all the Christians of Tergawar. Their lot is just unbearable.

Meanwhile, he went quietly on with his work. The cholera came again in the fall, and kept him busy. "There is a regular stampede for the cholera antitoxine," wrote Mrs. Labaree. "The Governor went out twice to the college before he could get up his courage for the ordeal, and finally, at the doctor's house, he called to his servant in the hall, 'Come in, you donkey, and try it first.' The servant protested, 'I would rather die,' but the Governor insisted, 'I shall not let you die.'"

In his report for the year 1904, he wrote:—

The medical work of Urumia Station for the year 1904 has been heavier than usual. The following are the statistics for the year:

Attendance at the dispensaries . .	7727
Outside office patients	3235
Visits in city and villages . . .	1218
Hospital patients	574
	12,754

There have been 574 patients treated during the year in the hospital. These, as in former years, have been from among all classes and conditions of men; from this plain, from the mountains, and from the surrounding countries. One set of men in whose treatment we took a considerable satisfaction, was a company of Kurds. Their home is in one of the wildest gorges of Kurdistan, and the chief of that place, Sutu Beg, holds undisputed sway for a long distance about it. He sent his nephew to me with a letter resembling very closely that which Naaman bore to the King of Israel. It read somewhat as follows: "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Kazim, my nephew, to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his troubles. Thou wilt return him soon to me that we

may all rejoice in his recovery, and praise God and thee." Kazim had with him a number of other men of rank and position, all of whom were under treatment. When they were dismissed, they went away in a very happy and grateful frame of mind. A wealthy Kurd and his son, from a district four days' journey to the south of us, was here for a time last spring, and as he and his men all received speedy cures, they have spread the news of healing in our hospital, and a number have come to us from their district since they returned. One old merchant has just been sent up to us from this Ismail Beg's village, who is over eighty, and has several chronic troubles, and yet he comes, thinking that youth will be restored, in a measure, to him again. From a medical and surgical standpoint, the year has been a very satisfactory one, as so large a proportion of our patients have been greatly helped.

At the College Commencement we graduated four medical students who had completed their course of four years. This class ranks well with others that have graduated here. All four of the young men, one a Moslem, and the other three Syrians, began practice for themselves as soon as they took diplomas, which I got the Crown Prince to indorse, as well as his chief native doctor, who boasts the title of Loghman-ul-Mamalik, or the Loghman of Kingdoms. One of these young men went to Souj Bulak, a city in the southern part of this Province. While there the cholera epidemic visited the district, and he was able to be of much service to the inhabitants because of his having been invited by the Governor to be his family physician, and having gained his confidence, he was permitted to order such reforms in the sanitary condition of the town as to make it better prepared to resist the disease. The Governor secured for this young man from the Crown Prince the title of "The Illustrious among the Physicians." As I have pointed out at other times, the mission of teaching the medical science to the young men of this nation here, and right here in their homes, is doing a great deal to remove the prejudice that existed on the part of the Mohammedan nobility towards this despised and ignorant class. They find that they are capable of high attainments, and as soon as they acquire this profession they are quick to remunerate them in elevating their

social position, and taking them as their own confidential medical advisers.

In the outside medical work we have had many interesting patients. One was a gentleman of high rank from Teheran, who has been governor of two districts in this Province the last three years. He was in need of an operation for cancer, and was advised by the Tabriz physician to come here. He arrived with his wife and large retinue carriage and takhtirawans (litters). He had over one hundred horses to move his household. He engaged rooms in the city, where he kept house, and put himself under my care. The operation was successful, and he gave a very handsome feee for my services, according to the estimate of this country. I spent the first night with him, and after that saw him once or twice daily until he recovered completely and was dismissed. All through the first night, and many subsequent ones, he had four or five men sit around his bed that was spread on the floor, as usual, and knead his muscles so that he should sleep. This custom is very common among those who can afford many attendants. I have received almost weekly letters from him since his departure, and he is very grateful. His wife was a very pleasant, refined lady, and under treatment also. There have been many cases under my care among the nobility this year, rather more than common, and more than I could well attend, but it has perhaps well paid me for the trouble, because of the influence which I could exert in these homes. . . . An illustration of the other extreme of life was a woman who also came from a distance, leaving her husband and three small children in a pitiable condition with only God above and none below to care for them. The morning she left she covered the children in the stable with the dried manure used to bed the animals, and came away, as she expressed it, with "only Heaven above them, and hell under them, and their stomachs empty." The suffering of the poor sick in this country is most pitiful, and the deaths from these conditions is very heavy, especially among the children. At best the common people have only a charcoal dish under a low table with a spread over the latter, around which they gather, drawing the spread over them as far as it will cover them.

Heavy as was his medical work, however, what caused him most care was the responsibility which he was obliged to bear in connection with the efforts of the British and American governments to punish the murderers of Mr. Daniel and Mr. Labaree, and to establish justice. Two British consuls, Mr. Wratislaw of Tabriz, and Captain Gough of Kermanshah, and one American consul, Dr. Norton of Smyrna, were sent to Urumia, and did all that men could do, but after all, the chief burden, of necessity, rested upon Dr. Cochran. He had to sift evidence, and deal with officials, and prepare statements for the consuls and the Legations, and move about freely, in constant exposure to reckless and merciless men. And he could not take it lightly, for the interests that were involved were the interests for which he had given his life, the establishment of righteousness and the protection of the oppressed. The burden was too heavy for him, and it was the heavier because the Dasht Kurds were men for whom he had long worked, and whom he counted among those that he was sent to help.

His fiftieth birthday came on January 14th, 1905. The peril that lurks at night was near to him. A few days before Dr. Norton reported:—

As but one of numerous warnings communicated during the past few months to the resident Americans, of designs against their lives on the part of the Kurds from adjacent districts, I might adduce the following message brought to me to-day from friendly Syrian Christians of the village of Hashimawa, Mergawar (about nineteen miles from here). These men state that they overheard members of a band of Kurds and Persian outlaws of their district, reporting that they had been watching on the road between the city of Urumia and the American Mission compound (i.e., college and hospital grounds) in order to kill, if they had the

opportunity, Dr. J. P. Cochran, the resident physician, but that they failed to meet him. They then attempted to enter the college compound. One of the number secured an entrance by night through an aqueduct, and spent some time within the walls, hunting for Dr. Cochran. He successfully dodged the watchman a while, but finally withdrew without accomplishing his purpose, on account of the growing severity of the cold.

In spite of shadows it was felt that the occasion of his fiftieth birthday ought to be specially noticed, "so all the Station," writes Mrs. Labaree, "the English missionaries, and Dr. Norton, and Captain Gough, gathered quietly in his parlour, and when he came down to a family dinner he found a circle of loving friends who had brought in a bountiful meal and many loving greetings. It was a day of particular trials, when a series of diplomatic complications made our lookout very dark, but according to our custom, the fear and anxieties were set aside for the time being, and we all entered into the pleasure of the occasion. It was the last time that company gathered in the doctor's hospitable parlour."

A week after this, and later in March, Mrs. Labaree wrote in her journal:—

Father Labaree made some calls at the college this P. M., and found that Dr. Cochran has had more information about the threats of the Kurds against him. Doctor always has the shades drawn at night in whatever room he may be sitting; one or two of Captain Gough's lancers escort him to and from the city, the entrance to the water courses at the college have been barred, and various precautions have been taken.

March 21st, 1905.—A Tergawar woman, who lives among the Kurds, tells of two bands of them who have come at different times to attack the college and to shed blood.

One band secured a ladder, but found it too short for the high wall, and finally abandoned the attempt, saying the wall was so high that if they got in they could not get out again.

March 25th.—New threats and warnings keep coming down from the Kurds. Dr. Cochran was very strongly warned not to allow a single Kurd to come into the college compound on any pretext whatever, as they might secrete themselves in order to murder some one. He and Dr. Coan called on the Governor to-day, and doctor told him the whole state of affairs, and the Governor said he was listening, and would put all these facts in the "tub of his mind."

"The pages of my diary," writes Mrs. Labaree, "are full of the dangers and harassing perplexities of those awful months, and of the doctor's wonderful wisdom, courage, and tact. His utter weariness and heart-sickness used to make us who watched him feel fairly faint with fear as to the outcome. One day, some six or eight months after Mr. Labaree's death, doctor went to see a prominent patient, who had come from Tabriz for an operation for cancer, and, on entering the room, saw, to his dismay ——, the man who had plotted his death. It was a situation to try the greatest diplomat or the most Christlike character. Dr. Cochran was both, but he suffered intensely during that interview when —— spent his time in Oriental flattery, and assured his host that if ever he (the host) had need of any medical aid he would surely find Dr. Cochran the finest and most skilful of physicians. The doctor told his wife that never to his dying day should he get over the thought that his life had been so plotted against, and that another had died in his stead."

In God's providence, Dr. Cochran was not to die

at the hands of the Kurds of Dasht. But neither was he to live to see the end of the troubles which had darkened the last two years. The strain of the work and of its burdens was too much for him, and the end came in the midsummer, when the vineyards were rich in fruitage and the wheat fields of the Urumia plain were waving green, and the long rows of poplars along the water courses made a pleasant shade for such men as could think of pleasure where there was only outrage and oppression. Neither he nor any one else apprehended that the end was near. His letters during the spring deal with the local conditions and the troubles which he longed to see settled, and there is not one reference to any personal danger or to himself. In April he escorted Mrs. Labaree and her two children and his daughter, Lillie, to Tabriz, and on into Russia, on their way home, and then returned to Tabriz on business connected with his unceasing endeavour to have quietness and re-establish order. From Tabriz he wrote:—

Tabriz, April 26th, 1904.—Mrs. Labaree made the journey from Urumia to Tabriz very comfortably on the whole. A week before our party crossed the Aras, a boat load full of Persians were drowned. About fifty of them got into the little boat, and failing to make the island, owing to the swiftness of the current and the weight of the load, the boat was swept out into the channel of the main river. This frightened the passengers, and one of the boatmen had just thrown himself into the river at the lower point of the island with a rope, hoping to make the shore, and to fasten the boat, so all the passengers did the same thing, but the rapid stream bore them down, drowning all that went overboard. Only three were saved. Two of them had remained in the boat, and one of them had made the island. When our party crossed there was a strong wind blowing down the river, and I was very anxious for them because they

insisted in putting a number of passengers in the boat, aside from the baggage, and also because they would not accept my suggestion to lay the trunks on the bottom of the boat instead of piling them on top of each other as they did, and then having one man sit on the top one. They almost made the lower point of the island, and had the sailor had his outside clothes off so that he should not be delayed in throwing himself in to carry the painter to the shore they would have made the island easily, but the wind and the current took them past it, out into the open river. It was a moment of the deepest anxiety, but fortunately every one sat perfectly still, and although the boatsides were within six inches of the water the boat was safely driven by the current to the Persian shore again, but far down below the point of departure. After towing it up, we sent the loads over alone, and then only our party, both of which got across safely. Returning, I came in two days, and so was here for Easter. We do not yet know how our travellers fared in Russia, for the trains are irregular, and everything more or less upset. They may be able to take a construction train from a point two stations beyond Nakhchivan, and thus shorten the journey by post. Affairs here are in a bad state. Bread is up to famine prices, and the new Governor is making the effort to procure wheat, purchasing it himself, and selling it to the breadmakers at a much lower rate, so that they can give it to the people at terms that are fairly reasonable. This may make others sell their storehouses of wheat at lower rates. This Governor is a strong man, and we hope for more peace and quiet on the border, once he gets in full command. The Crown Prince is to be regent in the absence of his father. There is some doubt, however, about the departure to Europe of the Shah.

—— is still here. He is hoping to be allowed to return to Urumia, but the British government has secured his removal from there, and they are not likely to let go until he is banished to Meshed. . . .

There are two of the implicated chiefs with the Sayid, and a number of the servants of the former in Teheran still. Meanwhile, the Kurds in Urumia are desperate because these are held in the capital, and they are threatening all sorts

of terrible things. The condition there is quite intolerable, and if they are not to be crushed there is nothing to do but to come to some terms with them. There is almost no hope that a punitive expedition can be undertaken against them, with the present attitude of the government.

We are planning to return to Urumia by way of the Lake to avoid the necessity of a large and expensive escort. We have asked that a boat be ready on this side two full day's journey from here, on the 5th. We may, by good chance, be on the water only a day or two, or we may be as many as ten. We hope not to be so long on the Lake, for we would starve and perish for want of water. (Urumia Lake is intensely salt.)

I have been kept busy here with calls on the sick and receiving the sick, aside from the time given to other social duties with the consuls and some of the other Europeans. . . .

On arriving here I find Mr. Wratislaw has come to the same conclusion that we had arrived at, independently of him, namely, that since there is every reason to believe that the Kurds are not going to be thoroughly punished, we had better come to some terms with them, for the present condition of affairs in Urumia is intolerable and fraught with danger to all of us and to our people. . . .

The British government, as you know, have from the first insisted upon the removal of ——. They have succeeded, after a year's effort, in getting him driven out of Urumia. He is here in Tabriz, and thoroughly humbled. The two leading mujtahids of this place have sent a telegram to the King and the Crown Prince, begging that he be released and be allowed to return to his home. —— does not hope for much from this. He is at a large expense daily, and is commanded by the Governor-General to go on to Teheran. Mr. Wratislaw now tells me that he has reason to believe that the Legations will not succeed in keeping him away from Urumia long, and asks if we had not better intercede in his behalf, and let him go back from here. We proposed this at one time when we feared that he would be taken to the capital and then allowed to return in a spirit to do much worse for us than if he had not gone, but Mr. Wratislaw would not listen to it. We in Urumia feel that we

had much better appear to be the ones to get him pardoned and returned from here than to have him secure his return in any other way. I have been asked, therefore, to stay on here another week until we shall get instructions from the British Legation, and if it seems best still to do so, to give him the opportunity to come to the British consulate, and in the presence of other Persians, make his apologies and promises, and I will intercede in his behalf in a formal way, and we will let him return to Urumia. At first glance this all may appear like receiving much less than the original demands. It is less, but it is better than to get nothing more, and to leave matters in a very unsatisfactory condition. At the same time, much has been done. The Sayid is in prison, two noted chiefs who have had much to do with the murder or the affairs connected with it ever since that event are also under arrest in Teheran; this very influential man has been removed from Urumia, notwithstanding the fact that every effort has been put forth to save him by his people and by the Crown Prince, and a large indemnity has been paid over, and the late Governor has been dismissed, and is now an exile. . . .

Unless the Legations are going to undertake to keep —— away for a long time, it is better for us to step in and act as mediators. He is well aware now that there is another power beside Russia and Turkey and Persia that he must consider when he acts too independently. He is here with about fifty men, and their daily expense is heavy, and they are out of funds, while he is not making anything, of course. I have, at the consul's suggestion, let Majd-i-Sultaneh inform him that I am trying to get the consul to pardon his offence and to let him return from here, at the same time that the British Legation must be consulted, and that it will take some time, and it will also depend, of course, on the assurances of being friendly, and of his making apologies at the consulate, etc. . . .

Urumia, July 17th. To the American Minister.—I have the great pleasure to be able to report that the condition of things in and about Urumia has changed very materially the past two months since the arrival of this Governor. He has his cavalry out on the different roads day and night,

and wherever a robbery is committed he follows it right up, and punishes the culprits, returning the stolen goods, or herds, or cattle. He has given written orders to many villages along the Kurdish border to kill without hesitation any Kurds who enter the villages as thieves or robbers, and that he will give those doing this a large reward. He has repeatedly sent threats to the Dasht Kurdish chiefs, and has several times punished their servants. Since we returned from Tabriz, none of these chiefs have dared to come near the city, and it is seldom that their servants are seen. The recent execution of Jaffar Agha, the noted highway robber and plunderer of Salmas, one of the Shekoik chiefs, although done in a most bungling manner, has had a good effect upon the Kurds of the whole border. The quiet we are enjoying now is another proof that any strong Governor, if he be allowed to do so, can with very little outside help keep the Kurds under control if he chooses to do so. The only force at the Governor's command, outside his own servants, are seventy-five horsemen.

At this time he wrote his last hospital report, not summarizing the year's work—for the year was not completed—but drawing pictures of a few of the cases which he had under his care:—

July 10th, 1905.—Just now we have in the hospital one of the noted cavalry officers of the Province of Azerbaijan. He, with his retinue of companions and servants, occupy three rooms devoted to them, while a little kitchen is given up to the use of his cooks. He is the chief of a tribe of brave people, Mohammedans, living five days' journey to the south of us. His people are taxed by requiring of them 350 horsemen to be ready at the command of the government for any service demanded of them in the Province or outside of it. The people of his tribe can easily call 1,000 good horsemen, well armed, to war at any time. He is suffering from articular rheumatism. His mullah, or ecclesiastical adviser, is also under treatment, as is his brother-in-law. So, too, most of his seven servants, who are always with him, are taking medicine for slight troubles. His horses we could not accommodate, so the hostlers keep them in town,

and they are brought out every day or two for this general to take a slow ride about the country. He, with most of his retinue, came into church last Sunday, and we have the chance to talk to him and his people a great deal about our religion and Christ as the Saviour of the world.

Another case, from a very different class of society, is a Kurd and his son three years old. The father requires an operation on his eyes; his son had stone in the bladder, which I have removed. This couple came from a long way off, too. The father felt that it was a very risky business to commit himself and his son to a foreign doctor, but both had suffered so much, and his son especially had been so great a burden day and night to his parents, that they decided that I could not "any more than kill them anyway," and so he came here. He is one of the most grateful and happy patients I have ever had, for he is already helped by medicine, and he sees, almost for the first time in a year, his son absolutely comfortable. He says he will bring his son back to be a Christian, and if we will accept him, too, he wishes to belong to our faith and to share the blessings which he finds to be the inheritance of Christians.

There are two Kurds here who have just undergone operations for cataract. They are both from Erbil, near ancient Nineveh, and the modern city on the ruins of Arbela, where Alexander last met the Persian armies. Each of these came by a different route, and each brought a man to be eyes for him. One of them, a well-to-do man, first visited the nearest preacher we have to his home, and got a letter to me from him. Then he travelled eight days more, or eleven from Erbil, to the seat of the Christian Patriarch, and there got him to write me a letter, asking me to do what I could for him, and finally he visited a noted Kurd not far from here, and brought the last letter from him; and so, armed with these documents, he presented himself to me in true Oriental style of doing work through intermediaries. The other man had a longer and harder journey, was robbed twice by other Kurds, and several times travelled by night, and hid with his companions by day in the rocks on the moutains. Both will have their eyesight restored, so that they say they are already able to forget all the trials and perils of the long way.

One Nestorian came to us so seriously wounded that we did not think that he had long to remain in this world. He was returning from Russia in a large company of Christians, and had come to within thirty miles of home when the caravan was stopped by government guards who demanded money of them for safe transit. The guards were very rough, and took large sums of money from many of them. When one of them demanded a larger sum of this man he made objections, and, without further delay, the guard raised his rifle and shot him, the ball passing into the body at the armpit, and passing through the trunk, made its exit through the lowest rib on the opposite side. This man, after a long and weary period, recovered.

There are three men, Mohammedans, who have come from a Province seven days' journey from us. Two of them are almost blind, with old neglected diseases, and have stumbled along, barefooted, knocking against nearly all the stones on the road, one would think from the condition of their feet. The third insists that he swallowed a large snake whose colour and size he describes minutely, and says he has as his witnesses the whole population of his village who came out to see the calamity when the snake was half way in. He says the majority advised him to swallow him rather than to pull him out. I have at last made him believe that he has more snakes in his head than in his stomach, and so he is cheerful now, and likely to go back soon in good condition.

Another Mohammedan, a lad sixteen years old, has had to have his arm amputated near the shoulder. He was herding the village cattle with his father, and was carelessly sitting on the back of a buffalo when the animal took fright and he fell off, hitting a stone, which broke his arm. The village bonesetter put it up, but bound it so tightly that gangrene set in, and the whole arm was destroyed, necessitating its amputation. We have four or five very serious cases in the hospital, all of them the result of the practice of these ignorant and rough bonesetters. One a disorganized knee-joint; another a destroyed elbow-joint; a third is seriously injured below the knee.

There is a station of cavalry not far from our hospital, from which one of the men has come to us with an eye

trouble that has required an operation on it. This man has to go daily to see whether his horse is cared for by his companions. None of these men are paid anything by the government, either for their own food or for the keep of their horses, except at long intervals, so that they are forced to forage for themselves. Our patient says that we have made him very uncomfortable in helping himself to clover for his horse, and in forcibly taking cherries and mulberries and cucumbers from those who are raising them around here, and yet what can he do? All that he brought with him of food and money has been used up, and there are no prospects of getting anything from the government. So often the soldiers of this country are merely legalized robbers, because they are not cared for by the government!

This man has promised not to molest any of the neighbours in our vicinity, but he says we must not make him promise to keep all of his men out of the fields and orchards that are at some distance from us. In the women's wards there are diseases of all kinds, and the patients have come from near and far. There are Armenians and Kurds and Nestorians at present. One woman is under treatment who has been in her distant village ever since she was married, immediately after graduating from our Mission Seminary in the second graduating class. She, too, has just been operated on for cataract, and I hope she will get good enough sight to enable her to read the Scriptures to her neighbours, as she has done all these years.

His last letter to the Board was written on July 24th, 1905:—

The hospital is booming, and has been ever since our return from Tabriz, to make up for the absence. The schools and higher institutions have all had their closing exercises, all but the Moslem school, which closes this week. We have just purchased a yard for this promising institution with the money given by Mrs. Labaree.

To-night the great Sheikh Mohammed Sadik of Nochea, Turkey, has sent his daughter and another lady of high rank to the hospital. I have been treating them unsatisfactorily by correspondence.

The same day he wrote to Mr. Wratislaw:—

The Prince is doing splendidly as a Governor, better than he ever did before, and the country, as a whole, is in a more quiet condition than it has been for a long time. We see nothing of the Dasht Kurds, either the chiefs or their servants. They are chased beyond the borders of Urumia proper whenever his men know of their being around. He has punished severely a number of their servants, and has demanded and secured, also, stolen property that any of them has dared to take. So everywhere his men are on the watch for robbers and thieves, and the country is remarkably safe and quiet. It is as different from the condition of things when he arrived as can be.

Thursday last, on a pretence, the Jews were attacked in their shops and home, and the bazars closed at the instigation of three of the rather less notorious mullahs. Immediately on hearing of it, the Prince mounted a horse, and with such men as were at hand, galloped to the bazar, demanded that the bazars be reopened, promised protection to the Jews, and proclaimed himself alone the Governor of the town. By the new telephone lines all over the city, he ordered out all the prominent military officers with the men they could rally to patrol the bazars and the Jewish quarter, and to make themselves seen of all for a couple of hours or longer.

I was at the Bala Mujtahid's when the Governor came into the bazars, and later I saw every one of our chief officers, each with his retinue of men, and with them the 100 Chardowli cavalry, who are stationed between the city and our premises out here, parading the disturbed portions of the town.

I have seen many such closures of the bazars, but I have never witnessed a Governor act so promptly and energetically, and quiet the trouble so quickly. There are soldiers stationed throughout the Christian and Jewish quarters. Friday night, after bedtime, when no one was suspecting, he visited all the patrol stations in person.

These letters were written three days after his last illness had begun. On July 21st, 1905, after a delight-

ful Communion Service among the missionaries, he spoke of having a fever and terrible aching. For several days he would pay no attention to it, for he had a very serious case of typhoid fever under his care, one of the leading Mohammedan ecclesiastics of the city. Under his firm sense of duty he insisted on going into the city each day to see his patient, the Bala Mujtahid, until he fell in a faint in his yard, and was compelled to give up. Even then he declined any medical assistance. He said, with a smile, that he would look after himself until he lost his senses, and then others might be called. He diagnosed his complaint as "break-bone fever," and felt certain that it would not be typhoid. But he grew worse, and at the end of a fortnight the available physicians declared that it must be typhoid. Only then he consented to the Station's telegraphing to Tabriz for Dr. Vanneman. Dr. Vanneman did not delay an instant, but came through with the mail wagon in two days, and took charge of the case. All that skill and care could do was done, and on August 13th the fever was gone, and there was some hope of his recovery, although he himself foresaw what the end must be. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole of Urumia, plain and city, with its Moslem and Christian people alike, were hoping and praying for him. On the day that the fever broke, Dr. Coan wrote:—

Nothing has so strongly brought out the force of his character, and the universal esteem in which this most remarkable man is held as this illness. One can say, without fear of exaggeration, that the whole plain of Urumia is at present plunged into deepest grief and solicitude, and that scarcely anything else is talked of than his sickness. Last Sunday nearly all of our congregations gave up their regular services, and with strong supplications and weeping, plead

with God for his life. Everywhere, all over this plain, Moslems as well as Christians are begging to spare his life. Our servant came from the bazars yesterday, and said that he was everywhere stopped by merchants and traders—Moslems—who most anxiously inquired for the "Hakim Bashi's" health. Some, with tears in their eyes, said, "Would that God would take us and spare him."

Last week an unprecedented rain and hail storm came up, destroying thousands of dollars' worth of crops. The tobacco fields and vegetable gardens, orchards, and vineyards that lay in its track were left completely ruined. As some were commiserated with on their losses, they said, "That is nothing; may all our fields and crops be a sacrifice to God if only He will spare our doctor." It is really marvellous what a hold this quiet, undemonstrative man has on this whole country. . . .

To face the terrible calamity of his possible death has shown us as never before what the man has been in God's providence to this country and its people.

And Mrs. Cochran wrote:—

It is touching to see how deeply all classes feel concerned in his illness. From the Governor, who sends a messenger three times a day to inquire, down to the poorest Moslem, who brings a basket of his first fruits of grapes or peaches, all come to show sympathy and love.

A little boy in the hospital says repeatedly, if only he and his mother who is attending him could die in place of the Hakim Sahib, he would be happy.

Another said to me, "Would that the whole Syrian nation should die rather than the Hakim Sahib." Some one expressed such a sentiment to the doctor's son, Joseph, and he replied practically, "Why should he live if they died? For whom would he work?"

The two little girls of Dr. Pera, the native assistant of the hospital, were seen by their mother in a corner of the room, sobbing and acting rather strangely. She asked them what they were doing, and they said, "Praying for the Hakim Sahib to get well."

But he was not to get well. The fever had gone, but his heart and other organs had borne too great a strain. The hard work and overwhelming burdens that he had carried, work and burdens that he could not do and bear perfunctorily, but that ate into his life, had sapped his vitality, and he grew weaker, mercifully without pain, until at three o'clock on the morning of August 18th, 1905, the true soul went quietly to its reward. In the days of his delirium he had often been thinking of the Kurds, and once he spoke about Heaven, and added, "And there will be no Kurds there." In the land to which he was going, he was thinking, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." He would be beyond all Kurdish plots and hatreds and fears then. But there were Kurds there, some of them waiting for him to welcome him whither he had guided them.

"Two wives of a nobleman have called upon me," wrote Mrs. Cochran, "dressed in mourning for Joe, and told me that all the Moslems in the city were wearing mourning for him. The Syrians wept day and night, and held memorial services in their churches, as they had before held special services of prayer, and many had fasted and prayed for days before, that his life might be spared. A rugged Kurd came yesterday, saying if the sahibs were not here he must see me, and he wept with sobs that shake a strong man's frame, and told how on one hand he had saved his life, and on the other he had saved his soul. He had worked three years over him in the hospital for a wound he had, and while here he had been converted."

All the Moslems were not, of course, wearing mourning for him, but to say that sorrow filled the whole city and plain is to speak soberly.

For days [wrote the Rev. R. M. Labaree, who had resigned his church in America to come out to take his brother's place] the Governor and the principal men of Urumia had been sending around men to inquire as to his condition; missionaries, and every one connected with us were repeatedly stopped in the streets by total strangers to be asked in regard to him. That night all the people in the college yards assembled about the house, weeping, and slipped up quietly to get one more glimpse of the face they loved so well as he lay on his bed unconsciously breathing out his life. And when the end came every one felt in all this city that he had lost a personal friend—and this in every walk of life, from the Governor, who burst into tears on hearing the news, to the poorest beggar, two of whom on the day of the funeral threw themselves upon the ground at the foot of the casket, and in true Oriental fashion beat their heads upon the ground until they were forcibly removed. It was this sense of personal loss on the part of hundreds of every nationality and grade of life that was to me the most impressive thing that I ever encountered at a funeral service. What sort of man was this that could so impress himself upon high and low, upon Nestorian of every form of faith, upon Persian, Armenian, Jew, and even Kurd, as his own personal friend. And I could not but think how cheap would have been the reputation and wealth that doctor could have easily attained in the homeland compared with the love and the trust and the almost worship that he has won here in Persia.

The funeral services were held at the college and hospital compound, without the city. After a simple, private service in the house, the body was borne by six of his former medical pupils, now men of influence in the community, down the long avenue of trees toward the lower garden gate, where a platform had been erected. All ostentation was avoided. Everything was in the same modest and undemonstrative spirit characteristic of his life, though it was not easy

to restrain the Oriental expressions natural to the people.

But [wrote one of the new missionaries, Miss Mary Fleming, now Mrs. R. M. Labaree, who had been graduated at Vassar in 1902, and had gone out in 1904 to Persia] what a service of tribute it was, that service of honour to the almost worshipped "Hakim Sahib." There was singing, prayer by Dr. Labaree, Scripture-reading by our chief Kasha, and a glowing address on ministering, and Dr. Cochran as a minister, by Mr. Shedd, followed by words of love and praise and sorrow from three Kashas, two doctors, a member of the English Mission, Mar Eleeya, bishop of the Russians, and Mar Tuma, bishop of the Chaldeans.

What a tribute, and what a scene! The avenue of white-pillared sycamores arching sixty feet overhead, the sobbing men, women, and children—the central mass Syrians, the women in white or black head-dresses, the men bareheaded, grave; near the platform, the Russian ecclesiastics in black robes, towering black hats, with beads in hand, and chains, and holy pictures around their necks; and the Chaldeans, the underlings in white, the chief in a black cerise-bordered robe and broad purple girdle. Around the edge was a crowd of rugged Christians, Moslems, mountaineers, and Kurds, and on the Shedd balcony the Russian consul, telegrapher, chief of post and customs, and Persian noblemen.

At the close of the two hours' service the body, surrounded by chanting men, according to the Syrian custom, was borne back in front of the house, where the people who had trudged from all over the plain to honour the dead were allowed to file by for a last look at the face of their "father, Hakim Sahib."

While this was being done, we all went to Mrs. Coan's home for a bite of lunch to sustain us for the ten miles of ride to and from Seir, where the doctor was to be laid to rest in the little Mission graveyard on the mountainside. At last we set out, and you can imagine the four carriages, headed by Dr. Coan's carriage bearing the body, curving by the college wall, driving down the stony river bed, splashing through the channels, then turning into the Seir road, and after a long, straight stretch, winding up through the foot-

hills and up the long last slope to the village. But we were not alone—the Russian consul with his Cossacks, and some Persian gentlemen rode halfway, until, with thanks for their courtesy, they were urged to return; and there were guards from the Prince-Governor, representatives of Moslem lords, and our own people—a hundred horsemen in all. And then when we got up to Hyderlui, the whole village streamed over the mountainside to line the road, and the weeping Seir people came down to escort the remains of him they loved, flocking along in groups and lines, but the majority massing themselves around the "Hakim Sahib's" carriage.

At length we got to the village, and the sobbing people pressed around so that the few minutes that were taken to bear the casket from the carriage and up to us on the rough path seemed endless. But all too soon we were gathered around the open grave, and after it was sealed the same dear words of hope and comfort that lay away our dead at home were pronounced—the same dear words, though they were in Syriac. Then, with Mrs. Cochran and the boys first, we lined up to have our "heads healed," and several hundred men and women filed by, shaking hands, and murmuring "Rishokhon hawi basseemi" (May you be comforted), literally, "May your head be healed!"—and all we could do for Dr. Cochran had come to an end.

After a short delay we drove down to the college, where all was strangely quiet and empty as the house itself—for the 700 people who had had dinner in our absence had all departed, and those who had ridden up with us had remained at Seir for the dinner which had been provided for themselves and their horses.

I could not pretend to gather up for you the innumerable words of love and praise that come to us these days about our beloved physician; but a great wail is going up from high and low. When the Prince-Governor was told he replied to our Mirza, "It is not the sahibs, but I, that am to be condoled with."

The place he had filled, and the esteem in which he was held among the Nestorians were described by the

Dr. Cochran, Dr. Norton, The American Consul, and Persian Guards

Rev. I. M. Yonan in his address at the funeral service. He spoke in the large way of the East and under the shadow of the doctor's death, but what he said had truth in it:—

My friends, the glory of Urumia has departed with the departure of Joseph P. Cochran. The splendour, the ornament of the country is gone, since the greatest, the saintliest man who ever lived in it has gone forever.

Our last year has been a year of plagues, sickness, and sorrow, but these are like a gentle evening shadow compared with this last sorrow that God has inflicted upon our people, for in taking away from us the man who was a refuge to our persecuted, a shelter to our afflicted, the healer of our sick, and the father of our orphans, we are left desolate and hopeless. . . .

I wish to speak of him as a true and great *man,* who has been and ever will remain a worthy ideal to all the young men of Persia.

He had three characteristics that shone like three bright and lustrous stars in the firmament of his life. First, he was a just man, true and honest to his God, his fellowmen, and himself. His determination was to do right at any cost. He sacrificed expediency to truth. He crowned his conscience as the sovereign of his soul.

Being a just man he had no cause for fear. In times of adversity or peace he stood against every form of evil that raged about him, as immovable as Gibraltar. Being always an uncompromising hater of wrong and an ardent lover of right, people looked upon him as a tower of strength in our Church and society.

But it is not enough to be strong and stiff. Ice is strong but cold and cruel. His heart was full of mercy and grace. With his majestic justice was combined the tenderness of mercy. His tears flowed with all who wept. He mourned with the mourners.

His great heart thrilled with sympathy toward those who were persecuted and wronged in the hands of cruel tyrants.

He healed our sick and soothed our pains.

He fed our hungry and helped our poor.

He forgave his enemies, and prayed for those who hated him and sought to take his life.

He loved his fellowmen with the tender love of a woman, and, like his Lord, he went about doing good all his life.

He was the salt of the earth and a shining light among men. Christ was in him, and he lived and manifested Christ in his every word and deed. In these mighty principles he perfected himself a holy temple, a pure sanctuary where God was to be worshipped and honoured evermore.

My friends! Dr. Cochran is gone! And he will never return! We feel bowed down, distressed, and discouraged. What shall we do? There is only one thing we ought to do, and that is to have *faith* in God and in an all-wise Providence, and to pray earnestly that the mantle of Elijah should fall upon an Elisha who will come forth to fill the vacant place.

Other warm-hearted friends among the Nestorians wrote their estimates to Mr. Clement and to others, speaking after the free and figurative fashion of the Orient:—

He was more than Nehemiah for our people [wrote Kasha Eshoo]. I do not believe that America for a thousand years hereafter can send us a man like Dr. Cochran to be able to fill his place.

Dr. Cochran was one and the only one in this generation [wrote Mr. John Mooshie]. One of the greatest testimonies given to-day about him was that he was the greatest diplomat that ever came to Persia from a foreign country. No American or any other foreigner ever knew Persian "forms and fables," no one ever had such influence over the kings and governors. In all his career, it has never been known in any instance that his word or request was refused from the government side. I must not and cannot speak any longer; his death was a very, very untimely one. We never dreamed of his death; we often feared his assassination by his Kurdish enemies, but to die of a natural death, it was far from our expectation.

And it was not only Christians and Moslem political officials who mourned him. The most influential Mos-

lem preacher in Urumia at the time, and also one of the most zealous of the mullahs in the city, was Mirza Abdul Kazim Agha. He spoke openly and repeatedly in eulogy of the doctor, not only in various companies, but publicly in the mosque, praising his virtues, and declaring that even from the religious point of view he was to be admired as a believer in the divine unity. His missionary associates knew him best, however.

I do not think it is possible for any one who has not lived in Urumia [wrote Arthur Longden of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission] to realize what Dr. Cochran's death means and will mean to all the Europeans there as well as to the natives. . . .

It was not, however, until we travelled together that I realized fully the truth of the statements I had often heard of his great unselfishness and continuous desire to give himself up to the consideration of others.

I am absolutely unable to express my feelings of sorrow, but I do know what lessons I have to learn from contemplation of his life of self-sacrifice.

One of his own Mission, whose judgment was calm and careful, pronounced him to have been the noblest character he had ever met, and another who had lived in relations of peculiar intimacy and testing with him for many years, declared, "He was the most perfect, Christlike man I ever knew." At its Annual Meeting in the fall, the whole Mission placed on record its measured estimate of his influence and character.

It has been many years since this Mission has had to record the death of a medical missionary. In the death of Dr. Cochran, the Mission has lost its most influential member. We have not known or heard of any other foreigner whose loss has been so widely and deeply mourned in this country. Dr. Cochran was well known all over northern Persia, and many people came to him from far beyond—

middle Persia, eastern Turkey, and southern Russia. In these regions there are many hearts who are sad at the loss of one to whom they always looked in time of illness.

Dr. Cochran had a combination of qualities which it will be hardly possible again to find combined in any one man. Born in Urumia, he could speak three languages, Syriac, Turkish, and Persian. He knew better than any other the customs of the people, and along with his Western education, had combined the politeness and grace of the East. His skill as a physician and surgeon would have given him fame in any land, and he was especially beloved in this country for his loving help to thousands.

His hatred of oppression and love of the people led him to become their intercessor between themselves and their masters, and between themselves and the government. In this position he was highly respected by the Persian government and adored by the Syrian people. The amount of good he did in this line alone was very great, and probably much more than we realize. Yet, with all this work upon him, he never lost sight of the chief aim of the missionary cause. His personal work with the people he spoke of very little, but we know he had an earnest and active spiritual interest in all those with whom he came in contact.

Personally, we shall miss more and more his lovely character, his warm friendship, and his deep interest in us all. We can learn much from his life, his tact, his superior judgment, his great patience, and his devotion to duty. Dr. Cochran's life was a life of devoted service. "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

XV.

AS A PEACE-MAKER AND DIPLOMATIST

IT is doubtful if any other missionary of modern times, outside of Africa or the South Seas, with their primitive tribes, has won a more interesting position in the political life of the people than came, unsought, to Dr. Cochran. Born in the country, speaking the three languages of the people as fluently and beautifully as the people themselves, with an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of all the races, their conditions, their customs, their social and political relatians, and with a skill at race diagnosis which brought him into touch with their inner life, their modes and currents of thought and motives of action, their ideals, their prejudices, the secret springs of their racial, social, and religious consciousness,—possessing a mind of exceptional powers of observation and receptivity, and with a thorough practical training, he began his work at the age of twenty-three. His work lay primarily among the Christian people, but it reached out to the Persian on one side, and the Kurd on the other, at whose hands the Christian was ever subject to oppression and outrage. The rôle of mediator was, in consequence, early forced upon the American physician whose professional skill and kindness of heart were quickly recognized, and whose services were freely given to all comers without distinction of station or creed.

The influence he soon gained over men of every class was marvellous,—an influence always exerted to allay strife, to right wrong, and to promote good will among men. The peasants looked to him as a friend ever ready to help: he had won the respect and the favour of the mullahs and the mujtahids, while the village proprietors, the local rulers, and the predatory Kurds loved, and yet feared him; for his influence grew with the years and, in restraining injustice and exactions, was felt in places of highest authority in the land. It was well understood that he was both a careful and acute observer, and an incorruptible and fearless witness.

The Governor-General of Azerbaijan at one time asked him to assist in bringing about an interview which he was trying to arrange with an enemy, a noted Kurdish chief, saying that he was ready to take an oath on the Koran to give him safe conduct. "But I would not trust your oath," was the doctor's frank reply. "As soon as you got him in your power you would kill him as you killed ——." The Governor did not press the matter further.

I was with him once in a little village where a nest of robbers lived. The morning we left, among those who came to say good-bye was the head of the band. The doctor, who was a man of slight stature, looked him steadily in the eyes, and in his calm, even voice, told him in the plainest terms what sort of man he was, and what he thought of him. The Moslems admired a man who could not be intimidated and who was not afraid to speak truth to any man.

An old tyrannical Governor, who was several times appointed to the district of Urumia, knew how to keep the district in order by his stern measures. A few

noses and ears lopped off, and a throat or two cut in the early months of his governorship served as a sufficient warning to evil-doers, who kept out of the way thereafter. When the gentlemen of the Station called on this Governor, they were amused to see the servant insert the long stem of the water pipe into the mouth of his indolent Excellency, and take it out at the proper moment, and were startled to hear him swear violently if the servant did not drive the fly off his nose. Everything had to be done for him, and when a violent attack of rheumatism laid him low, life was not worth living for his attendants. Dr. Cochran was in great and constant demand at this juncture, and had to traverse the long distance from his hospital to the palace at least twice a day to attend his unruly patient, whom the missionaries dubbed, "Doctor's Baby." Finally the patient had improved to such an extent that the doctor ordered him out for a drive,—an order that was not heeded. One day, the doctor being very busy with operations at the hospital, and knowing that his presence was entirely unnecessary, postponed his call until the latter part of the afternoon. As he entered the large reception room he saw it was filled with callers,—noblemen and wealthy subjects who were paying their respects to the Governor. The doctor's entrance was the signal for a perfect tirade from his angry patient. "What sort of a doctor is this who comes to see a sick man at this time of day?" etc., etc., with impolite interjections to his attendants. Dr. Cochran stood calmly waiting until the torrent of abuse had spent itself, then said with his own unequalled dignity, "I did not come to-day as a physician, but to say farewell. No one is a patient of mine who does not obey my orders, and I understand

you have not taken a drive, so I bid you good-bye." There was an awful silence, for no person present had ever heard an Oriental despot addressed in such fashion, and what the consequence might be could not be predicted. Suddenly the Governor burst out into a hearty laugh in which all present gladly joined, and the scene ended with a drive in the state carriage, the doctor and the Governor sitting side by side and attended by large numbers of mounted retainers.

He became the great character of the city and of western Persia. A Moslem lady of high rank in Urumia once remarked, as he was starting away, "We always feel that the city is perfectly safe when Dr. Cochran is here." In 1887 Mrs. Cochran wrote:—

August 4th.—While Joe was visiting the Governor the other day, the Governor asked him if he could not help him to find a way to catch Hessu. I think I have written you about that dangerous Kurd, who infests the mountains with his band, and whom the Persian army have been trying to take all the year past. The Governor said, "If the King disgraced and fined a Prince, a son of Fath-ali-Shah, for not taking Hessu and quieting the border, what may not I expect at his hands? You, Hakim-bashi, are wise and well acquainted with the ways of this country; now help me out of this dilemma." Joe suggested that it was no way to catch such a man to send a whole army to sit and watch him. While they were waiting in camp, Hessu came down behind them, robbing on the plain. He asked him why he did not offer a reward to single persons here and there to go and kill him. There is no doubt that the earth should be rid of a creature like Hessu, who robs and kills at his will. The Governor said he had offered a reward, but no one believed that he would really get the money, and would run no risk for it. Then he said to Joe, "You take the money. I will count it out to you now—500 tomans—and tell the people they can go to you for pay. They will believe you,

they won't me." Is not that an edifying speech from a Persian Governor? Joe, however, refused to have anything to do with it, said it was not his business here.

It is wonderful what confidence these people have in us and even in our people. The Governor gave Joe his gold watch to send to Europe to be repaired. It was just too late for Mr. Hargrave, so Joe told him there was no chance to send it unless by some of our Nestorians as far as Constantinople, and there would be several changes of hands, and perhaps it would not be safe. "Oh, yes," said he, "the hands of all your people are good."

The poor looked up to Dr. Cochran with a great and grateful awe. "I chanced to see in the compound one day," wrote one of the missionaries, "a poor, ragged man reverently lifting and kissing the skirt of the doctor's frock coat in which he had been calling upon the Governor, while he, oblivious of the incident, was talking to another man."

People knew that he knew the truth. No man in Persia had a better knowledge of the people than he. "What Dr. Cochran does not know about Persia," said Captain Gough, the British consul at Kermanshah, when he came to know him, "is not worth knowing." And he knew perfectly how to deal with Persians. No one of them was more of a Persian gentleman than he was. He knew and observed the etiquette of the land, and moved as easily and quietly among the nobles and princes as among the poor of the villages. His brother-in-law, Dr. George W. Holmes, who was in Persia for years on closest terms with the people, from the Shah to the meanest peasant, and who was himself located in Urumia from 1874 to 1877, when ill health in his family compelled a temporary return to America, wrote with full knowledge of the conditions and the man:—

Dr. Cochran's relations of friendship, and often of intimacy, with the higher classes kept him always well informed in Persian affairs, but he had no taste for the arts of the politician. He did much to relieve the oppression of the people of Urumia, many of whom had come to look to him as a protector. This was accomplished, more than anything else, through his unique personal influence. He had no prestige as the representative of a foreign power; he had no battleships at his command, no Cossacks across the border to add weight to his representations. He seldom found it necessary, in matters within their jurisdiction, to call in the aid of our Legation officials. His success as a mediator or as a diplomatist was due to the justice of the cause he advocated, the thoroughness with which he investigated it in all its aspects, the dignity, firmness, patience, and rare courtesy with which he prosecuted it, but, more than all, to the high character and winning personality of the man himself. All who knew him felt it to be an honour to have the friendship of the "Hakim Sahib," and in the presence of such a friend all doors were open. He was diplomatic in the sense that he was courteous and tactful. But he was more the statesman than the diplomat. He realized, more clearly perhaps than any other has done, the points of injurious pressure in the ill-fitting adjustment of Persia's political and religious rule to the industrial and social life of the Nestorian people. He had personal knowledge of much of the evils of that rule, for he saw much, and much that he did not see he felt. For it was true of him in a large sense that in all the afflictions of his adopted people he was afflicted. There was much of the patriarchal in his relations to the Protestant communities of the plains, and the contiguous mountains of Kurdistan. Only with the difference that he levied no tribute, he exacted no obedience, he came to them not to be ministered unto but to minister. This relation was very strongly brought out in the course of two trips to the mountains of Kurdistan on both sides of the frontier, in which it was my privilege to accompany him. At that time, still a young man, and comparatively new to the work, he was destined to develop along lines broad and comprehensive, and he was already accepted by the grey-bearded elders of the villages we visited as a father and a protector, and they

came to him with all their troubles, assured of wise and sympathetic counsel.

He understood at first hand the needs of the people among whom his work lay, and his heart, out of the abundance of its sympathies, responded promptly to their appeals to him to relieve the pressure of some new and unaccustomed burden here, or some removable cause of irritation there, or when possible to bring about some permanent improvement in their condition.

Wherever he went the people came to him to heal their diseases, and the best resources of medical science, administered by the hand of tender sympathy, were placed freely at their command; they came with the story of their wrongs, and his time was at their disposal to listen judiciously to their complaints, to sift the truth out of a mass of often conflicting testimony, and to help them, perhaps by a simple word of advice, perhaps as a friendly mediator between ruler or subject, or between man and neighbour; perhaps as a terror to evil-doers who knew that his representations to those in authority would be accepted as true, and perhaps as the last word on the subject.

For there were few of the nobility, of the official classes, or of the ecclesiastics who dwelt in, or who visited Urumia, all of them Mohammedans, who did not at one time or another ask his advice as a physician, and to meet him in that relation was almost invariably to become his friend. With many, this took on the character of strong personal affection, in which all differences of race or religion were kept in abeyance.

Dr. Cochran was always as ready to help a Moslem as a Christian when the appeal was made to him, and he was careful, also, to see that the help he secured for one should not act to the prejudice of another. I remember one occasion where he sought redress of the Governor for a robbery by Kurds, of property belonging to some of the missionaries. This was a case that could be referred to our minister in Teheran, and an order came for the Governor to pay an indemnity for the loss. Dr. Cochran was offered payment for the property, but he had meantime learned that the robbery had been perpetrated by a clan of Kurds with whose chief the Governor was in alliance, and that the intention

of the latter was to make reprisals on the Kurds of another village which chanced to be near the scene of the outrage. He represented the facts to the Governor, but the ruler plead the sanctions of Persian usage from time immemorial, and the payment tendered was consequently declined.

One important element of Dr. Cochran's influence with the higher classes was his intelligent and thoughtful observance of Persian etiquette. They felt it to be a compliment to them that he should care for these things, so important in their eyes, that he should take the pains to familiarize himself with their somewhat complex details. His dignity of demeanour, his unfailing courtesy, his hospitality, his thoughtfulness and consideration and sincerity endeared him to them, and often smoothed the way over difficulties which a less engaging manner would have found insurmountable. Few men have met a great opportunity with a finer equipment, a more perfect adaptation of mental and moral qualities to the work they have undertaken. He made it a greater opportunity. He enriched it with his own noble ideals, lifted it out of its narrow environment, and made it an object lesson and an inspiration to multitudes who have known him, or who read the record of his life. He did not have to wait for the grave to make that inspiration effective for his fellow-missionaries, and particularly for those of his own profession in the medical work in Persia. Every one who came into any kind of close personal relations with him felt and recognized the stimulus of his personality and was made stronger by it. Much as he was to the people, he was more to his fellow-workers, for after all, as has been said by one of those who dearly loved him, all that he did was of minor importance compared with what he was. For it was the spirit of Christ that was his own inspiration; it was the love of Christ that constrained him, and made of him a lover of his kind. And it was their instinctive recognition of this, and their belief in its genuineness that endeared him alike to Christian and Moslem. For it is a fact which ought to be a more compelling one in the relations of our missionaries to individual Moslems than is always the case, that the Christ-life exemplified in the Christian disciple, if its genuineness be unquestioned, makes the strongest possible appeal to the mind of the Moslem, and

elicits his admiration, whether or not he be led to emulate it himself.

As has been the case with many others who have wrought great things, Dr. Cochran was indebted to the wife of his youth for many of the formative influences which had to do with the shaping and development of his character. Her well-trained mind, her mature judgment, and her strong and beautiful character constituted her a counsellor whose aid he frequently sought, and to whom his judgment often deferred, while their strong mutual affection contributed largely, doubtless, to the graciousness and gentleness of spirit which so signally marked his advancing years.

The influence which Dr. Cochran possessed, and the conditions by which he was surrounded, forced upon him the question of the duty of a missionary to improve civil conditions, to promote justice, and to prevent wrong. He was a man of righteous character and a preacher of a righteous life. Was he not to do justice, and to love mercy, and to see, so far as he was able, that mercy was loved and justice done by others? The situation in which he lived was a tangle of races and religions, of civil and ecclesiastical laws and institutions. It would have been bad enough with only Moslems to deal with, and Turks and Persians and Kurds, but when Armenians and Jews and Nestorians were added, with the network of precedents and compromises, under which non-Moslems were enabled to live under Moslem law, existence itself, not to speak of missionary influence, depended upon the tact and Christian diplomacy with which a man met men and bore himself as a mediator and friend among them.

What Dr. Cochran thought on the problem of political action on the part of a missionary in his situation, we are not left to guess. In 1900 he presented to the Annual Meeting of the West Persia Mission a careful paper on "The Missionary and Native Litigation,"

which should be quoted in full as a study of the problem by a man who lived in it, and who could not brush aside its difficulties in the easy way of the doctrinaire student or critic of Missions ten thousand miles away:—

This subject which has been given me is one of the many important ones which confront nearly all Foreign Missions. The replies that were received to the nine questions on this subject which were sent out to all foreign countries by the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada indicate a diversity of conditions, as would be supposed, at the same time that they show that nearly all Missions have to cope with this problem in one form and another, and to a greater or less extent. In our Urumia field the conditions are such that this subject assumes an important position. Twenty-five thousand Syrians dwell together in a comparatively small area. These people are divided up into a number of sects, while about and over them dwell and rule the Mohammedans. The government is in the hands of the latter, and for the most part the land is owned by them. The Christians, together with the Mohammedan peasants, possess only, if anything, the improvements upon the land. In the early days of the history of this Mission, the relation between the Christians and the proprietors of the villages were materially different from the present. The master looked upon his subject very much as a slave owner would, or in exceptional cases, as an Oriental head of a large family might. The peasant, on the other hand, accepted whatever burdens his lord might be pleased to impose upon him, never for a moment dreaming of seeking redress for any wrong. I am not aware that the condition of the Christian peasant, at that time, was any harder than that of the Mohammedan peasant. In case of any difficulty arising between his subjects, the lord of the village settled the dispute. Sometimes he would punish both with a fine and a bastinado; at others he would take the part of one and chastise the other, or he might pay little or no attention to the quarrel. Never would these Christians be brought to the central government, unless they were involved in a case with Mohammedans, or with

men of another village. As time went on, however, and all the people became more enlightened, the yoke of their masters grew more irksome, and moreover, they found sympathizers with them in their oppressions as they related their wrongs to the missionaries and to the more favoured of their own people, and at last they became bold enough to enter complaints before the Governor against their masters. As the years passed by, this became more general, and when in quarrels with one another these peasants failed to get satisfaction at the court of their master, they would appeal directly to the Governor. This very naturally generated more and more an estrangement between the peasants and the masters of their villages. It undoubtedly produced also an aggravation of the oppressions. These masters included the wealthiest and most influential men of the place. It was no small matter for these noblemen to be forced to answer to charges preferred against them by some plebeian, a subject of their own. So, too, the Governor would often espouse the cause of the nobleman rather than to encourage the peasant in what seemed like a very bold revolt against the rights of the former. It became finally so difficult for the Christians to obtain redress when they had a litigation with a Moslem, no matter what the standing of the latter, that the missionaries joined with the Christians in making representations to the capital of their wrongs, and of the difficulty of obtaining satisfaction, requesting that a special officer be appointed to be Governor for the non-Moslem sects. H. B. M., minister at Teheran, succeeded in having such an office (the Sarparast) created, and this has continued to the present time. .

Turning now to the Christians themselves, we cannot dispute the fact that the Syrians are litigious people. The spirit of contention and quarrelsomeness is developed strongly among them, and alas, of spite and revenge as well. Cases could be given, without number, showing how prevalent this spirit is, and what havoc it is working among the people. I will mention only one of the many cases which are in the courts at the present time: A woman buys a vineyard in the name of her cousin for 480 tomans. She sells one-half of it shortly for 240 tomans, and gives a deed in her own name. The value of the vineyard soon increases greatly, and

in order to repossess her vineyard she enters suit to recover it again, on the ground that she had no right to sell the property in her name which belonged to her cousin. Already the two parties to this litigation have paid to the courts 500 tomans, and the case is not yet settled.

Some of the apologies which we may make for the people are these: They have always been a subject race. They have been born with the feeling that every man's hand is against them. What they possess has been earned under great difficulties, and their hold upon what they may have accumulated is very insecure. They have never, until comparatively recently, voluntarily given money to any one or for any cause. When they have paid out anything it has usually been under the rod of the tax-master or the sword of the robber. All this has tended to make them close, and constantly on the defensive, and hard masters when they have it in their power to oppress others. Aside from the oppressions of some of the masters and many of the overseers, the injustice of all the courts, and the insecurity from petty thieving and open robbery, there is much else in their life here to embitter them against their Mohammedan neighbours. They are regarded as unclean by them. They cannot sell any of their moist produce, like fruit, vegetables, molasses, etc., to the Moslems. Their testimony at court against a Moslem is not legally acceptable. A convert to Islam from Christianity can legally claim, not only the property to which he would fall heir had he remained Christian, but all the property of his seventy nearest relations. These and many other things can be said in the way of explanation for this spirit of contention and revenge among the Christians.

The evils arising from these litigations are many and obvious. I will mention only some of the more glaring ones. Undoubtedly the greatest evil is the damage it does to the spiritual life of those who engage, to any extent, in these contentions. It cultivates the spirit of revenge; it sunders harmony; it breaks up the people into cliques and classes instead of fostering and increasing unity; it weakens instead of strengthens the people; it often breaks up the Church. The baneful effects of this habit, unfortunately, are not confined to those who wilfully practise it, for it stimulates the

cupidity of the government officials, and, in their minds, magnifies the resources of the people. Every additional fine thus levied makes the office of the Sarparast the more lucrative, and therefore the more sought after. This, in turn, begets at headquarters the excuse for demanding a higher price for the position, and consequently necessitates heavier fining and the search after every conceivable method to make additional money. The price in cash which the Sarparast has to pay annually is 1,000 tomans, but, in addition to this, he is called upon freely and often to send to his superiors loads of arrack, rose water, and other perfumeries, secretaries, and other pieces of woodwork so well made here. He must also share with the central government all the large fines he levies or those obtained in important suits. Time does not permit me to remind you in detail of the still greater evils to which one is led, to the subsequent steps, and the correspondingly larger fees and bribes which the litigant must pay when he is sent by the Sarparast to the Moslem law courts, if his case is one involving questions which a Governor cannot decide. In such cases, frequently, the parties to the law-suit find that the expenses at the Sarparast's court were a mere rivulet in comparison with the torrents which now sweep away their possessions. Bribe upon bribe, and fee upon fee has to be given to one mujtahid and then another before the case is settled. The litigant now awakes to the fact that his suit has not only cost him already more than it is worth, but all that he owns has perhaps been mortgaged to secure ready cash for these expenses. In despair, lest it all be in vain, he throws himself in the stable (as asylum) of some great mujtahid or at the feet of some notorious and powerful sayid. He presents his case and all that it involves, and begs that he be protected, and that his property be saved. For a good compensation, in advance, this man promises to secure him his rights. The case is reopened, and compromises are made with his previous judges and with the opponent, and finally settled. Some of the evils of litigation to our Christian people here have been pointed out. There are many objections, also, to the missionaries having much to do with these litigations before the courts.

Oftener than one would suppose it is very difficult to

obtain the actual facts in any given case. Mistakes arising in consequence of such misunderstanding are, to say the least, very unfortunate. Often where successful redress is obtained for some wrong done to our people, the impression is left that in every case we might secure such redress, and when failure is the result, the people are more likely to attribute it to a lack of interest and a desire to avoid trouble than to anything else. It puts us frequently in a delicate relation to the owners of the villages and to the authorities. It frequently adds to the irritation felt by the authorities against foreigners who interfere in any way with their unrestrained will to do what they wish, rightly or wrongly, with their subjects. It calls forth the sympathy of the missionary as much, if not more, than any other part of the work. What then is the missionary to do? Is he not to show his sympathy with the oppressed and the down-trodden? Is he not commanded to "relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow"? In the light of events transpiring in China at present, this question becomes more than usually important. Some go so far as to believe that the rising against the foreigners by the Chinese is the direct outcome of the relation which the Roman Catholic missionaries have sustained towards the government and their converts. In China, as in Persia, they have made a general offer to those whom they wish to win as converts, that the missionaries will stand between them and litigations on the part of native authorities. They have in many places in China given out the impression that a sort of protectorate has been established by them over all their converts. No such criticism can be justly made of the methods pursued in this regard by our Mission. At the same time, we have many times made the authorities feel and sometimes say that it was a question whether we had the right to interfere in affairs between themselves and their subjects. The relation existing at present between the authorities of all classes and ourselves is extremely pleasant; perhaps they were never more so. At the same time, what can we do to retain their good will and at the same time to show our sympathy for our people when they are oppressed by their rulers or by public marauders?

Howsoever interesting the study of the morbid conditions

and their etiology may be, nevertheless it is the remedy that we all seek. The missionary must for all time, and probably in all places, show his sympathy in the troubles and trials of the people if he would reach their hearts. He cannot help them by simply refusing to listen to their tales of woe, and declining to exert any influence, in any way, in their behalf. He must in this, as in so many other relations of their life, take the lead, and exert upon them, unconsciously, if possible, an influence that will direct them to the best methods of meeting these difficulties. It behooves us to be mindful of the signs of the times. Many lessons must be learned from the troubles in China. We must take note, too, of the word of the Prime Minister of England in his recent address before the S. P. G. Bicentenary. He speaks there for the English government to the missionaries. It is not an encouraging message that he gives to English missionaries. It may, in our opinion, be a decidedly one-sided statement of the facts. He makes no mention of the benefits accruing to civilization and science and good government from missionary work. He takes no notice of the fact that wars and rebellions have more than once been averted as a direct outcome of Mission work. We may criticize Lord Salisbury for so publicly giving his advice of caution to missionaries, especially in their work among Moslems; but nevertheless, in the consideration of the question of the relation of the missionary towards the government and the people in this matter, we must give due consideration to sentiments emanating from the source which they do. It can be said for our Mission that we have always discouraged litigations. We have preached loyalty to the government, and have endeavoured to minimize the friction that has arisen between the people and those in authority. Our efforts along this line have been appreciated by the masters and the civil and religious courts. So far as possible we have kept ourselves in the background, and have appeared directly as little as possible when our people have had suits with Mohammedans. Since the appointment, now nearly twenty years ago, of a civil head by our Protestant community, the missionary does not need to appear so often between the authorities and the people. It is perfectly natural that this man should be the spokesman for our people when cases

come before the government, and when he has done all he can, if it seem best, the missionary can add his influence and counsel.

Let us now turn our attention to the question of finding a remedy for the frequent litigations among our own people. It seems to me that this evil can be greatly modified if we set about in earnest to accomplish it. The steps to this end which I have to propose are not new ideas, but are sufficient, I am convinced, if we all exert our influence together to put them into operation.

1st. Encourage, in every possible manner, the settlement of all minor disputes in the villages. A small committee can be set apart in the church to attend to such cases. We have Scriptural authority for this, dating from the time of Jethro, in the wilderness, when we see the first institution of the Courts of Judicature. In New Testament times the law is laid down for us: "Dare any of you having a matter against another go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints?" "Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you. No, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren. Brother goeth to law with his brother, and that before the unbelievers. Why do ye rather not take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?"

2nd. Where this does not avail, encourage and assist them in referring the case to a committee of their own appointment from among the prominent men of their nation. It is a gratifying sign that the majority of litigants are more and more ready to do this.

3rd. Direct that the next court of appeal be the Legal Board of our own Church. When one party to the dispute belongs to one of the other sects the case should be taken before the general committee appointed to settle disputes among the different sects. Arrangements had been made for this procedure, and it was in successful operation when the Russians arrived and upset it. A new committee has just been appointed, consisting of three men from each sect, and there is reason to hope that this body will accomplish much for the Syrian people here.

4th. Spare no pains to show our disapproval of taking any case that can be thus adjudicated to the government. This should be preached in the churches, at the helpers' meetings,

in the Boards, in the Knushyas, in the "Rays of Light," and constantly thus kept before the people.

5th. The office of Sarparast should be abolished. Conceived with the express purpose of mitigating the troubles of the Christians, this office to-day is a curse to the people. If the above four rules be carried out, we will shortly see that the Sarparast is starved out. As soon as it becomes so profitless a post as to give poor returns to the government as well, it will be possible to have it abolished altogether. In our effort to do away with this office, we will have on our side the masters of the villages, the Governor of the district, while the Courts of the Ecclesiastics would suffer none by the change. I should therefore not look for much difficulty in abolishing altogether this office, as soon as we are able to keep our people away from it, at least to a considerable extent. When this court is closed, and when cases arise which have to be settled by the authorities, we will find that the customs of early years are again taken up, and that the masters of the villages will be appealed to. This is the natural and right way. The best friends that the Christians have are their masters (among the Moslems), and we will do well to remember this and to foster the friendship. In case of any general uprising against Christians no one will be able to do for our people as the masters of their villages. It will be to the advantage of our work here if we can show to these proprietors of the land that we are using our influence to make their subjects loyal to them, and are advising them to take their litigations to them rather than elsewhere. Sometimes the settlement of these difficulties and law-suits of one kind and another will be arbitrary, but on the whole we need not fear any great trouble, for the cases can be referred to the Governor from the master in cases of importance, and the masters will never assume the authority they once had over their subjects. There never was a riper time to put into operation these or similar rules bearing on this subject. The people generally are at last awake to the ruinous result of taking all their cases to the Moslem courts. The other sects are prepared to join us to a greater or less extent in the endeavour to settle disputes between Christians without taking them before unbelievers.

In our own Church and community the consciences of the people should be aroused and enlightened concerning these existing evils, and the man who persists in taking his case before the "unjust" should be put under the ban.

If we in Urumia agree to adopt such a platform, and put forth our united efforts to carry it out, I am certain we will soon reap a rich reward, and secure to our Church and people benefits which will be difficult to overestimate.

Dr. Cochran would have rejoiced to be free from all his diwan work that he might devote himself to his medical practice and to personal service for the spiritual help of men, but he simply could not refuse to do good. It is true that in trying to do good he incurred the enmity of the Dasht Kurds. If we say that he ought not to have done anything to help the oppressed Christians of Tergawar or to have stopped disorder, we may be prescribing a course which would have saved him the wrath of bad men, but we would also have prevented his accomplishing a work of relief and justice which is almost unique in missionary annals. It may be said that the missionary should not mingle in such matters, and this is a sound principle, but now and then a strong man will arise whose influence in the application of Christian principle to civil and social life simply cannot be suppressed. It is questionable whether any man in Dr. Cochran's place could have been strong enough to refuse to use his strength, and whether, if he had, he could have retained his strength. Moreover, he was working in a serious and complicated situation, where no line could be drawn between Church and state, or religious and civil affairs, because all are one, entangled inseparably. What it would be impossible to do, and unwise to do if it were possible, in Japan, he simply could not escape doing in Persia. And even in Persia his position was seen

to be unique. At the first Annual Meeting of the Mission after his death, resolutions were adopted which embodied the recognition of this:—

1. That we record our high appreciation of the unique and eminent services rendered by Dr. J. P. Cochran, both in using his influence to mitigate the oppressions endured by the people of this land at the hands of the rich and powerful and in his wise and tactful conduct of Mission affairs with governmental and diplomatic officers.

2. That while we sympathize with the oppressed, and would gladly do all in our power to bring relief to them, the change, especially to Urumia, brought about by the loss of Dr. Cochran, the irremovable difficulties attending all such action, and the importance of emphasizing the spiritual aims of our work, require us to exercise the greatest caution and prudence in taking any part in matters between Persian subjects and Persian officials and landlords.

3. That we approve of the missionaries in Urumia Station, in connection with the Syriac Evangelical Church, taking all practicable steps to strengthen the Legal Board of that Church, to secure the training of its members in upright dealing, to secure the peace of the Church, and to secure the rights of the Protestant Community as recognized by Mohammedan law.

The position which he occupied was very delicate and difficult. He realized this, and would gladly have escaped from it if he would not have escaped, in doing so, from his plain though perplexing duty. But he bore himself in it with a skill and judgment which were the admiration, not of his missionary associates alone, but of every traveller and official who came to know him. It will suffice to quote two representative testimonies.

The first is the estimate of Dr. Thomas H. Norton, American consul at Smyrna, who was sent by the American government to Urumia after Mr. Labaree's death:—

It was my privilege, during the winter of 1904-5, to pass five weeks at Urumia, where I found a group of exceptionally earnest, gifted, and congenial men, superior to any other Mission colony which I have encountered in Turkey or Persia, with the possible exception of those at Beirut and Constantinople. They were the second generation of the pioneers who established and built up the very remarkable Mission to the Nestorians.

It was soon apparent to me that, amidst the multiplied activities of the Urumia Mission circle, educational, benevolent, literary, medical, evangelistic, one mind was dominant, that of Dr. Cochran. During my stay as his guest, and while examining and studying the peculiar situation, which constantly threatened danger to his own life and the lives of the entire American colony, I was more and more impressed by the marvellous combination of talents which he possessed, and which were devoted so entirely and unreservedly to the welfare of an important section of Persia. In every phase of human activity about him, were brought to bear the tireless energy and consecrated talent of a Christian man of science and of a Christian statesman.

Others can better portray his happy family relations, and his widespread activity in distinctly evangelistic fields. During my brief stay at Urumia, I was much impressed by the medical work which he has created and carried on so effectively. The spacious, well-equipped hospital in that city, so admirably organized, the only institution of its kind in a vast province, is a lasting monument to his memory. The reputation of Dr. Cochran as a skilful surgeon had penetrated to every hamlet in this province, and throughout the wild Kurdish territory, beyond the nearby Turkish frontier. A wonderful accuracy in diagnosis, rare dexterity in surgical manipulation, ready adaptation to unusual conditions and the lack of facilities, considered almost indispensable for successful modern hospital practice, all these, combined with transparent honesty, unwearied patience, marvellous tact, and deep-seated sympathy, caused him to be regarded by the untutored, often savage, mountaineers of the region, with a mingled awe, veneration, and love, akin almost to the feeling of a pagan toward his deity.

The accessory qualities of tact, sympathy, sincerity, and patience which so enhanced the value and usefulness of Dr. Cochran in his professional career, found expression in another field. Although American educational and evangelistic work was established at Urumia three-quarters of a century ago, no American diplomatic or consular official had ever visited that section of Persia prior to my arrival in 1904. It was inevitable that some one should, in a measure, assume the duties which ordinarily fall upon an accredited representative of the country. By common consent such responsibilities and duties were confided to Dr. Cochran, and he grew to be regarded by the Persian authorities as practically the representative of all American interests. He was the adviser of the colony of naturalized American citizens, which has gradually been formed in and about the city of Urumia. In a variety of ways he gained the confidence of the authorities and of the influential men of different creeds and races about him. Even among the fanatic and corrupt, there seemed to be an unquestioned recognition of his sense of equity and his consideration for the rights of others.

Here was an excellent school for the development of the diplomatic side of his character in the midst of the discordant elements of northwestern Persia, where the native rivalries of Kurd, Turk, Persian, Syrian, Armenian, and Jew are intensified by the effort of the Russian to gain political ascendency. It was an admirable school, and it produced a finished diplomat. The abilities called into play in a confined, remote region would have done honour to an actor on the broader international stage.

It has been my privilege to meet several connected with the American missionary effort in the Orient who have displayed more or less of the elements entering into the make-up of the diplomat. The environment tends inevitably to bring out and develop any tendencies in this direction. No one, however, in my rather extended acquaintance, unless it be the honoured ex-President of Robert College at Constantinople, seemed to combine in such admirable equilibrium the various qualifications needed for the successful transaction of business with Oriental officials. I felt personally that my brief stay at Urumia, in daily converse with Dr. Cochran,

noting carefully his manners and methods in meeting Moslem officials and friends, was of inestimable value.

The other testimony is from Mr. John Tyler, who for the last sixteen years of Dr. Cochran's life was secretary of the American Legation and *chargé d'affaires* in Teheran during the frequent absences of the American ministers, and who had ample opportunities to learn, both from his own correspondence and from Persians of high and low positions, what Dr. Cochran's character and work were:—

In the exercise of a practical sympathy for the removal of grievances, the righting of wrongs, settling disputes, and protecting the weak against the strong, Dr. Cochran earned for himself gratitude and respect, from the highest in place to the lowest in position. To him life presented many aspects, and conduct many attitudes, but where a necessity for mediation or interference arose, he grudged neither trouble nor time, and bestowed the same care and skill in the solution of social problems as he gave to the treatment of bodily infirmities. The need of his services was the only plea he required.

For a period now of fifteen years in which I have been actively engaged in diplomatic and consular work, and especially during the many times I have had charge of American interests at the centre of government in Persia, I had frequent occasions to invoke the advice and co-operation of Dr. Cochran in the removal of misunderstandings and the settlement of disputes in which American citizens were involved; and it was generally due to his tact, prudence, and discretion that friction was prevented and unnecessary delays avoided.

In the absence of direct American representation in the northwestern regions of Persia, and the frequent calls to intervene in questions of a more or less official nature, Dr. Cochran had come to be looked upon as the intermediary of his government; and in transactions to which he gave his attention, he probably wielded a friendly influence greater

than would have been accorded to an accredited and responsible agent. His transparency of character, his earnest and diligent search after truth and right, and his undeviating adherence to the principles of justice lent to his representations and pleadings an irresistible claim on behalf of any cause he took up to fair and generous consideration. His accurate knowledge of the Persian variety of human nature, its strength and its weakness, its pleasant foibles and generous instincts, its early promises and late performances, gave him considerable advantage in the method and manner of presenting his cause and reaching the end in view.

It was to me a source of the greatest satisfaction to have at the important and most secluded field of the Society's work in Persia a gentleman endowed with such qualities of tact, intelligence, prudence, and moderation in dealing with questions of an official character. Trusted, respected, and admired by the authorities, and loved and venerated by American citizens, he was a most capable and ideal intermediary. Combined with this, his unfailing courtesy and consideration for the religious sentiments and susceptibilities of people of all denominations of faith, never aggressive, but always ready to defend a just cause, and extend his protection to those who had no claim upon his notice except the plea of need, gave to his representations in whatever quarter they were made, a careful and considerate attention, and made him one of the most useful and successful of colleagues.

Such services as those rendered by Dr. Cochran with patriotic and unselfish devotion in the cause of humanity will make the Society which sent him, and the country to which he belonged, feel proud, and if the record of his deeds is not inscribed on marble, it is engraved in the hearts of those he loved and for whom he laboured.

XVI

AS A MEDICAL MISSIONARY

DR. COCHRAN was primarily, of course, a medical missionary. The general influence which he wielded was secondary. It came to him, and was used by him as he went about his business of opening the eyes of the unseeing, restoring the lame and halt, and healing the sick of their diseases. The story of his life, as it has been told, has been necessarily filled with incidents of his medical work, but something should be said in a more connected way of what he did, and how he worked as a physician.

The centre of his medical work was the hospital. The first building was erected in 1880. A mile or two from the city of Urumia, on the banks of the river of the same name, the Mission had purchased fifteen acres of land. Four acres of this were enclosed, Persian fashion, by a wall fifteen feet high. It was a beautiful garden, with streams of water running through it. Avenues lined with sycamore, pear, and poplar trees, divided it into four squares, and filled it with pleasant shade.

On one of these squares [wrote Dr. Cochran in one of his reports] the hospital is built, on another the college, and on the remaining two the residences of the superintendent of the college and of the physicians. The building is seventy-five feet by thirty-five, faced with red brick, and two stories and a half high. Aside from accommodations for the sick, it

has drug rooms, operating and assistants' rooms, and storerooms. It has two large wards, and six smaller wards. The large wards have sixty beds, the smaller from three to six. The beds are of straw on high wooden bedsteads, and are furnished with sheets and quilts made in the native style, i.e., of wool, with a covering of bright calico. The windows are curtained with gay calico; pictures furnished by our friends adorn the walls, and in nearly every window are plants. The floors are either carpeted or of brick. The kitchen is at a short distance from the main building, where the cooking is done in a native oven (a large earthen jar, three feet wide by six feet deep).

The medical staff, at its fullest, consisted of Dr. Cochran himself, a woman physician, Dr. Emma T. Miller, an assistant physician from the number of Dr. Cochran's own graduate pupils, the necessary native nurses, and also a class of medical students. In the hospital were received those of every race and religion whose cases required long and careful treatment or surgical operations, especially those who came from a distance, and the poor whose homes were destitute of the comforts needed by the sick. On two days of every week the physicians were regularly ready to see any sick who might come, and to prescribe the remedies called for by their diseases, but on other days the sick were not turned away, and every day there came the pitiable caravan of woe and pain. Indeed, it is safe to say that Dr. Cochran never spent a day without seeing the sick, and never went into Urumia City or to any village without being stopped by some suffering soul. The number of sick seen by the doctor himself was in some years of his life not less than 10,000. The number of in-patients in the hospital, from the beginning till Dr. Cochran's death, was, according to the records kept by him, 5,783 persons. Of these

more than 1,100 required surgical operations, and nearly all of these operations were performed by Dr. Cochran's own hands, besides other operations performed at times outside the hospital. Two hundred and forty of these surgical cases were for stone, and one hundred and fifty for cataract. Dr. Cochran's skill as a surgeon is indicated by the fact that of the first one hundred and eight cases of stone only two died, one of them from another disease two months after the operation. Of these one hundred and eight cases, thirty-eight were Persian Moslems, and nine Kurds; and his patients always included large numbers of Moslems as well as Christians. The variety of the work done is indicated by the fact that in one year the list of patients kept in the hospital represented about seventy different diseases. One year, besides patients kept in the hospital and those who came to Dr. Cochran for treatment, 1,145 visits were made to the homes of patients, and still another year 1,208, including visits to thirty-eight villages. Not infrequently he made visits to Khoi and Salmas. Patients came to him from great distances—Van, Mosul, Jezireh on the Tigris, every part of Hakari, every city and region of Azerbaijan, and Caucasia. They included every class, but the majority were always the neediest, the poor who lacked the comforts that even a well man needs for his best good, and whose sufferings in sickness were multiplied many fold.

The character of the work can be indicated best by giving a few specific cases and incidents connected with it. During the last year of Dr. Cochran's life, a patient who came to him in order to avoid a difficult journey to Europe was His Excellency, Saad es Saltaneh of Kazvin, a nobleman whose services had ren-

dered him famous throughout Persia. He was suffering from a deadly disease (cancer) that required a very difficult operation. The operation was entirely successful. Another patient this same year was His Excellency, Bahadur ul Mulk of Sain Kulla. It is safe to say that during the years of Dr. Cochran's presence in Urumia no governor ever came to the city without being under obligations to him for medical services, and also without being bound to him by bonds of love and friendship. Both H. I. M. Muzaffr-i-Din Shah, when Vali Ahd, and his son who succeeded him, when they were in Urumia, or when Dr. Cochran was in Tabriz, consulted with him with reference to their health. Many Kurds of high rank, such as Sheikh Mohammed Sadik of Nochea, either came themselves to the hospital for treatment or sent members of their families. So, also, among the Christians of different races and sects, none stood higher in honour than the doctor. There was no more welcome guest at the Patriarchate of the Nestorian Church in Kochanis in the Vilayet of Van.

As has already been indicated, Dr. Cochran's mother was for years both a matron to the hospital and a mother to all who came to it. Here she poured out her warm missionary impulse in unwithholding service.

Some boxes have come from America [she wrote to a daughter in 1891]. There is nothing for me, but I am entirely satisfied because there are things for the hospital. I am as glad as if they were for me personally. I have a great deal to do this vacation, getting sheets made for the hospital beds, getting quilts and carpets washed, and all the rooms cleaned, etc.

I spent all the forenoon in the hospital. After attending to my duties as matron, I helped Joseph get the dispensary in order.

Two new cases in the hospital. This morning I read a while in the women's ward. I longed to make the room attractive. As I arranged flowers in water, and put a little touch of prettiness here and there, the patients watched me with exclamations of delight.

Poor Joseph is driven with work, and he is in the midst of all manner of diseases. I am glad to do what I can to help him in his work. I wish I could do more. Perhaps I do as much as I am able. This is the best place seemingly for me. Your father, on his deathbed, expressed the hope that I would remain in Persia.

The sight of such love and of the tender affection of mother and son in their common work exerted a great influence upon every one who saw it. Mrs. Shedd, Sr., writes:—

The doctor's mother was a lovely woman, and her influence upon the boys of our Station was very great. My son John wrote to me after he had been in America some time, "I would rather call on Mrs. Cochran than any one I have met in America."

She seemed able to draw out all that was chivalrous and manly in a boy's nature. When I first went to Persia there were six children in the Cochran home, and what a lively, happy group they were! I think that the doctor owed much to his mother. The perfect courtesy, the tender sympathy, generous helpfulness, and faithful friendship which were marked traits of the mother belonged, also, to the son. When she died, a native mason who worked on the Mission houses remarked, "Mrs. Cochran never made us feel that we were inferior."

Once when I was teaching a class of young men in ethics, the duty of children to parents was the subject. I spoke of the duty of sons to the mother, which is often so neglected where women are despised. One boy spoke up, "Yes," he said, "what you say is true. The Hakim Sahib every day walks on the roof with his mother."

The hospital was administered with a conscientious frugality almost incredible. For many years the entire

Dispensary Day (outdoors)

appropriation for the hospital and his other medical work was one thousand dollars. In 1891 he asked for a slight increase, saying in justification:—

The $1,000 which we have had annually in previous years, together with our receipts here, have never been enough for the work which has forced itself upon us. The hospital is the largest item of expense, but we carry on a large dispensary and outside practice aside from the Mission circle. Then this estimate must cover the expenses of the care and repair of two large hospital buildings, and all their outhouses, —dispensary, physicians' and assistants' residences,—stables, and grounds for all these. In this country of need, roofs and mud walls and water courses on the surface, constant and heavy repairs are demanded. Freight is very expensive. This, added to the bill for medicines and a few new instruments needed each year, makes an alarmingly large bill. We also have a medical class of six students, for whom we furnish books and furnished room. Considering all that is done in this department, I think all feel we are very economical.

In later years the appropriation grew to $1,500, but it required all his economy to compass so great a work on so slender resources, and he did not succeed without making personal contributions that he could ill afford. He helped out by utilizing all available drugs and herbs. Both in the hospital and among the people he always prescribed, if he could, remedies within the reach of the people, and reduced to the minimum the use of expensive, imported drugs. He knew what was obtainable and serviceable in the country, and he taught its use. He was clear in his conviction that it was right to make the work, as far as possible, self-supporting. In beginning it, as he wrote in 1883:—

I was expected to do everything free or nearly so. But notwithstanding the education of the people in the past in

this direction, I have always made it the rule to charge every patient something for medicine, unless he was very poor or had done some special favour to the Mission (Governors, for instance). So in the hospital I have always and do now charge all that I think I can get, and we are daily encouraged by the progress made in this line. As I say, we are daily advancing in this direction, constantly keeping this thought in mind, and for much that is done we get full returns. There are many perfectly penniless for whom we do what we can without charge, and many who only pay in part. I feel quite sure that we can soon support a bed for one year for less than $25, for this year the appropriation, with our receipts for the patients, has enabled us to treat a large number of patients, and to do considerable furnishing of the rooms and necessary repairs and preparations on the premises, walks, drains, washroom, etc. All our wards are not yet furnished; our nurses must be increased, and the three students who have just graduated from their medical course must now receive, the two of them who remain with me, about $14 a month. For students or assistants, for nurses, and for drugs and medicines we have asked a certain sum in our estimates, but this by no means covers the actual cost; we look to the bed funds and to the receipts for the balance. As I said before, while we have and will charge all whom we can for services and medicines, you must not expect that we are in a position in Urumia, now at least, to make our institution self-supporting. There are no Europeans here, as in China, India, etc., to contribute toward its support. We have received so far $3.00 for it from a native, outside of what individuals in the Station have given and patients paid. If we can get one-quarter of the total expense of running the institution from the patients, we will be doing better than the great majority of hospitals in America and Europe, and this is all that can possibly be expected for the present. You will please bear in mind that it is only to the patients, the majority of whom are very poor, that we can look for money in this country, at present at least. I say for the present because it is our constant endeavour to advance in this direction, and by slowly educating the people to pay for services and medicines, and with the growing success of our work we may do better soon.

In 1901 the question of self-support in medical work was laid by the Board before most of its medical missionaries. Dr. Cochran replied:—

> There was an inclosure in your letter from some medical missionary regarding self-support in the medical department. It has reference to China especially, but it may be equally applicable to many another field. You ask for the opinion of all medical men on the question. I am fully in favour of making the medical work as nearly self-supporting as possible, so far as this can be done without giving the idea of its being a money-making enterprise, and so far as it does provide for the very needy people who would otherwise go without treatment.
>
> I have also come to the conclusion that it would be wise to adopt the plan already in operation in many Stations of having the missionaries pay for the medicines they use. This I would do, not because a very large sum could be raised for the department thereby, but because it would make it so much easier to charge all the servants and other employes of the Mission.

Again and again he had to close the hospital because he had no money with which to conduct it. This was not always a loss, for it was the only way in which he could get any rest, and the want of funds was an explanation which the people understood. When he was away on furlough, it was, of course, closed, and he would strive to improve the equipment by the use of what could be saved from the hospital appropriation. Usually there was little or nothing; other departments of the work consuming it all, with Dr. Cochran's assent, as he was always more ready to yield to others than to claim for himself. He never had any feeling of jealousy of other branches of work, or consented to curtail them for the sake of his own.

Although he was constantly sought after by the rich, and always responded to their calls, his work was

chiefly, of course, for a very different class. Most of those in the hospital were always the poorest of the poor. One day Dr. Cochran was passing through the streets of the city and saw a little beggar boy, whose face was flushed with the burning of fever. He told his servant to bring him home. After he had cured him of his sickness, his kindness of heart did not permit him to send the boy out to be a homeless orphan beggar. Until he died the doctor cared for him, and after the doctor's death he was placed in an orphanage. He writes in one of his reports, "We are often pained beyond measure by being obliged to turn away hopeless cases that have come to us in the strongest confidence that they could be relieved. One night nine Nestorians, most forlorn and ragged creatures, lame, blind, and leprous, turned up at our gates, footsore and weary, after a perilous journey for them of fifteen days. There was but one of the nine that could be helped, and the duty of explaining to the rest their absolutely hopeless condition was nearly as hard a task for me as it was for them to hear it. They had come from the neighbourhood of Van, by a circuitous route, for greater safety, often hiding among rocks in the day time, and travelling by night."

One of Dr. Cochran's last patients was Mirza Fazl Ullah Agha (Bala Mujtahid), a Moslem ecclesiastic, famous for his learning, and for years a warm friend of Dr. Cochran. The last visit Dr. Cochran made to him was the last one he made to any sick person outside the hospital, and this time he fell in a swoon on the doorstep from weakness. A few days before, as Dr. Cochran was going to see this mujtahid, a poor man in the street was overheard complaining, and even cursing his lot. The physician asked what the trouble was, and learned that the man said he was poor and had a

sick wife, whom no one would help, while this great mujtahid was able to command the services of this skilful physician. Dr. Cochran asked where he lived, and something about the circumstances of his case, and although he was almost at the door of the mujtahid, and the man's home was in another part of the city, he insisted on first going to see the poor woman, and then returning to the house of the mujtahid. A similar incident occurred once when he was starting to see a sick lady of high rank and was stopped by some poor women of a village near the hospital. The servants who had come with the message from the lady, impatient with Dr. Cochran for delaying, and angry with the peasant women for daring to interrupt, began to speak harshly to them. Dr. Cochran immediately turned on them, and told them that he would first see the women, because their mistress had all the comforts of riches, while these poor women had to work hard, and had but few comforts. He had no higher ambition than to serve the poor with skill and love and devotion.

As with all medical missionaries, he had to accept cases of all kinds. There were no specialists to whom he could dismiss his patients and relieve himself of responsibility. Unless he gave help, he knew that no help would be given. He shirked nothing, accordingly, however hard. One year he varied his form of his report to the Board, which usually was full of incident and colour, though absolutely empty of himself, and wrote:—

> I have seldom given a report of the diseases which have been treated in the hospital, as such things are not often interesting reading, nor do even the secretaries of the Board care for them, but for a change I will give you a list of the diseases and numbers of same which we have met in

the hospital since opening it last fall, November 1st. I have brought these figures up to date to make the year right. As you know, the hospital is closed more or less each summer, although the rest of the medical work keeps on.

Typhoid fever, 4; entropium, 2; frostbite, 2; locomotor ataxia, 1; torticollis, 1; fistulæ, 2 (1 in ano, and 1 urethro-rectal); otitis, 1; abscesses, 2 (1 in foot, 1 in axilla); abortion, 1; gonorrhœa, 5; atresia, nares, 1; melancholia, 2; poisoned by arsenic, 1; contusion of ribs, 1; enlarged prostate, 2; anal warts, 1; incontinence of urine, 2; periostitis, 2; hemorrhoids, 9; tonsilitis, 10; valvular lesions, 5; stone in urethra, 1; stone in bladder, 23 (18 lithotomies, perineal, 1 suprapubic, 4 lithotrities); syphilis, 2; ulcers, 5 (legs, hand, cheek, and chin); cirrhosis of liver, 5; cystitis, 4; sciatica, 5; trichiasis, 8; conjunctivitis, 9; keratitis, 15; cataract, 24 (operations, 23); trachoma, 1; diphtheria, 5; tumours, 6 (lipoma 3, cystic 3); hemiplegia, 4; nephritis, 5; sterility, 2; tetanus, 1; vomiting of pregnancy, 1; glaucoma, 1; pneumonia, 4; pleuritis, 10; chronic bronchitis, 16; tuberculosis, 16; erysipelas, 5; malaria, 30; mastitis, 7; adenitis, 10; orchitis, 4; neuralgia, 6; tenia, 10; lupus, 1; acute rheumatism, 9; chronic rheumatism, 2; dysentery, 11; indigestion, 18; chronic diarrhœa, 8; cancer, 5 (stomach 2, breast 2, lip 1); uterine diseases, 13 (metritis 3, prolapse 4, lac. cervix 3, menorrhagia 1, amenorrhœa 2); gunshot wounds, 3 (femur, tibia, and jaw); dislocation of humerus, 1; fractures, 4 (fibula 1, ulna and radius 1, comp. tibia and fibular 2); amputations, 5 (toes 1, thigh 1, leg 1, arm at shoulder 1, breast 1); caries of bones, 48 (maxilla 3, tibia 9, frontal 1, humerus 6, ulna 1, radius 2, ribs 1, femur 6, vertebræ 10, Pott's disease, calcis 3, palate 1, tarsal 3, jaw 2).

Hospital cases for this period . .	455
Dispensary cases	3,251
Outside of hospital and dispensary .	5,031
Visits to the homes of sick . . .	1,131
Total seen by me	9,868
By native assistants, about . . .	4,000
	13,868

Adding to these those seen by Dr. Miller since her return, this department has had over 14,000 attendances. Hospital cases are, of course, seen one or more times daily all the time they are with us, while the patients treated outside the hospital are for the most part seen but once. This is the report for fourteen months.

With such a clinic he was able to give the young men whom he always had studying with him in a medical class no mean training.

As his hospital was the first hospital in Persia, so also he was the first to send out physicians, natives of Persia trained in Western medical science, and so to extend the benefits of his profession to many whom he never himself saw. The services of these physicians have been recognized by honours and titles bestowed on them by the Persian government, and the Governor-General of the Province sometimes counter-signed the certificates given them by Dr. Cochran. At the time of Dr. Cochran's death there were pupils of his practising in the following places in Persia: three in Khoi, one in Salmas, one in Ardebil, three in Soujbulak, one in Kurdistan, and six in Urumia. One other was practising in Gawar in Turkey. Two of these were Moslems, while the others were Nestorians. Besides these, not a few others have doubtless been influenced by the example of Dr. Cochran's work to go abroad, and there gain a medical education, the benefits of which have come back to Persia. It has been a wonder to those who knew Dr. Cochran that he could find time to teach these pupils. They learned much in the practical work of the hospital. Dr. Cochran's associates gave some of the lessons, but their chief teacher, and none was more faithful, was Dr. Cochran himself. He often taught in the evenings when it was impossible to find time in the days, crowded with demands from others.

Still another way in which Dr. Cochran was able as a physician to accomplish much good was by the extension of the knowledge of medicine and hygiene in the country.

In one of his early reports, he wrote of this work:—

My two students who have had instruction during all the year, with the exception of a short vacation, have made praiseworthy progress in their studies. They have at present, in addition to their medical studies, a daily lesson with my sister who will do much to assist in the varied cares of the hospital as well as help the students to more readily understand their English text-books by thus giving them this lesson.

The students are now competent to render assistance in the dispensary service and in the hospital wards. No pecuniary assistance, more than books, room, and fuel, is given to them. Of course, it is our chief aim to fit them to be missionary physicians. The call at present for good young men, educated in the science of medicine, is imperative in the district contiguous to ours, and if these two young men prove themselves competent physicians and faithful Christian workers, a large field of labour is open to them.

The training of men for so responsible a position, is of course, a cause of anxiety; time and labour must be given, but we take courage when we remember that all that is required of us is faithful labour day by day, and after that is done, the outcome can be left with the Lord.

In a later report he writes:—

The medical class consists at present of six young men, the seventh having gone to Teheran to be with Dr. Wishard. We have one studying pharmacy. Of the six, five are Nestorians, and one a Moslem from Khoi. This man entered the class after the others did, and so will probably be unable to pass the final examinations next July, as the others hope to do. He is a good scholar and a good man. He has asked to be baptized. This is the third year these boys are studying, having read each year from eight to ten months.

Last winter Dr. Miller gave them lessons in histology and miscroscopy, Dr. Isaac in materia medica, and I in two lessons. Dr. Holmes, who was here for a couple of months, also gave them a course of lectures. In order to fit them for practice, as well as to help them earn something, the work in the hospital and dispensary is so divided that each month one puts up all the prescriptions; one takes charge of the operating room and instruments, and does some of the daily surgical dressings; one has charge of the dining-room, conducting evening prayers there; one conducts religious exercises at the dispensary, and on the Sabbath reads and converses with the sick who can't or do not care to go to church service; one has general oversight of the rooms, the visitors, etc., and one has odd jobs given him. We provide tuition, rooms lighted and heated, and books.

Mrs. Cochran entered actively into this work, and shared in the training of the young men. In a home letter in 1884, she says:—

I have had the two young doctors to tea two Wednesday evenings. They do pretty well. We mean to train them in English, in table manners, and other points of politeness, and talk about some interesting things that are new to them. Immediately after tea they all retire to the study, and Joe gives a talk on some medical subject, tells them the new remedies and new ideas in the last medical journals, etc. Israel is going over to Salmas this winter. The people will not allow a preacher to occupy the house we rented there for a helper, but Dr. Shedd thinks that a doctor might open the way.

These evening talks of Dr. Cochran to his pupils were not careless or perfunctory. He made careful preparation, as his notes prove, giving the students accounts of all important advances and discoveries, not only in medicine and surgery, but in general knowledge.

The annual reports of his work, which he sent to the Board and to the Westminster Church in Buffalo,

would make by themselves a fascinating book. A few extracts from them, put together as a continuous story, will suffice to show their character and to illustrate the romance and variety and effectiveness of his work:—

We have built additional rooms for assistants, drugs, and waiting rooms, where outdoor patients can be treated. Large numbers come to the office every day. They flock in by sunrise, some on foot, others on horse, donkeys, oxen, or on the backs of their friends, or else borne on litters. They often throw these sick at our feet, saying, "We shall not take them away until you cure them or let them die here. Our only hope is in God above, and in you as His instrument below." Many are seen in the dispensary in the city and in the villages. In the past six months I have prescribed for 1,603 patients outside the hospital, have made fifty calls in the city, and been to fifteen villages. On my way to these places, the sick, as if by instinct knowing that a physician is to pass their way, get their friends to take and lay them in some shade by the road, where they can wait my arrival. Or I am stopped by others, who beg me to turn aside to some hamlet and see some one whom they cannot bring. Many hopeless cases are brought long distances. Last week two blind men were led on foot by a third old man from a district six days off. Overtaking them, the leader drew them up in line, and as I approached all bowed almost to the ground, then catching my clothes and kissing my shoes, they implored me to give them sight. Examination revealed eyes utterly ruined, and they went away overcome with grief, scarcely persuaded but that I could help them if I would, saying, "We have seen blind men whom you have cured" (referring to cases upon whom the operation for cataract had been performed).

One of our patients in the hospital was an old man who had for many years been in our employ as preacher. His home and his field are in the mountains about a day's journey away. His wife studied under Miss Fiske, and he under my father. Freshets last spring carried away his little fields, which he had made with great labour beside

the river in the crowded, stony valley, where a field the size of a large room is considered a valuable piece of property. Losing his all at home, and being out of employment, he took his family and came down here in the hope of bettering his condition. On crossing the Turko-Persian frontier, they were attacked by Kurds who stripped the caravan and badly wounded this good man, stabbing him in the back in three places, two of the wounds penetrating the lungs. He was also shot in the foot. This man is now convalescent, all of his wounds being healed except a surface sore on the foot. As he has lain on his bed with his Bible in his hand, suffering with pain and fever, at first suffering for breath, with his back and breast enormously puffed up with the escaping air from his lungs, all patients and attendants have marvelled at his patience, never complaining, but rather comforting the other sick in his room, and reading to them. His wife often called on him. She would stand by his bedside with a roll of wool wound round her left arm, a spindle or distaff in the other, twisting and winding the wool into yarn for stockings, which she sold to help support her large family.

To get to one of our villages about us you must go on horseback, for carriage roads are few. Being called to a village some fifteen miles away, I mounted my horse, accompanied by a servant to care for the horses, for you cannot blanket your horse in front of a house and have any positive assurance that when you come out you will find him. Should he be there, the blanket or saddle straps would almost surely be gone, and in the villages along the lake, where flamingoes, ducks, pelicans, and many other birds abound, you would at least lose your horse's tail, a sacrifice to the snare of the fowler. Arriving at the village, we dismounted in front of our preacher's house. The village school, under our Mission care, which is taught on the premises, was just out for noon recess. These children, with the men and boys who were sunning themselves on the low, flat roofs of the closely-built village, made a good body of spectators. To get to the sick man's house we have no clean sidewalks, but had to wade through the mud and snow in the middle of the narrow street. All the men, women, and children who had seen the doctor come, fell in line, and the procession marched upon the house

of our patient. Stooping to enter the low outside door, and walking in this posture, led by the brother of the sick man, and directed now to turn to the right, now to the left, to avoid a plough or low ceiling, I made my way through a long, dark passage,—which was at the same time the entrance to the stables, barns, and house,—and reached the only room in the house. Here it was lighter, and there were several openings in the ceiling to admit light and carry off the smoke when the fire was made in the well-like oven. The father and mother and brothers and younger sisters and brothers' wives, and their children, with many neighbours, sat about the sick man, who lay on the floor, tossing in delirium. In about two minutes the large room was packed with people, curious to see what the doctor would do, and especially what prognosis he would make, as well as to show their own sick, or call him to other houses. Our preacher, as well as the priest of the Old Church, begged the people to go out, but it made but little difference. After examining the sick man and leaving medicine for him, many others told their ailments and asked for treatment. Then I went to other houses to see those who were bedridden. After seeing to these, and looking at those who begged me "just to look at them," who stood at the doors, or in the yards, or on the street as I went from place to place, the pastor told the people I would not see any more until I had had my dinner, but that on mounting I would see the remaining sick. The pastor's wife, a graduate of Fiske Seminary, had a good dinner waiting for me, and a number of special friends to be treated. On going out to mount my horse, many new sick had come or were brought. An old paralyzed woman was brought on the back of her daughter. Several blind women were led out to hear me tell if there were any remedy for them. In an adjoining village, through which my road passed, I was forced to dismount and see several sick, and many more came out or were brought out on the street. In such a flying visit little could be done more than to tell them to come to the dispensary or hospital, or suggest some domestic remedy, but it does these people much good just to see them.

In July I was called to see the wife and son of a chief two days to the south of us. He owns the village in which

he lives, as well as a number of others, is the commanding general of a regiment of cavalry, and is practically the governor of the whole plain of Sulduz. He and his tribe have been placed here by the Shah to act as buffers against the Kurds, and are in consequence not taxed. I could stay only two days and a half at his comfortable home, but during this time, aside from seeing his wife and son often, I treated many others of the higher class in the district who are related to him. After the simple breakfast we had a good time to visit, once alone with him, but the other two mornings with other Khans as well. The usual breakfast is tea with bread, cream, honey, and cheese or curds. Sitting on the cool side of the house, and sipping the tea, the conversation at this hour was always religious. He had read the Testament, and asked many questions about it, and accepted it as the best book he had ever read. Evenings on the roof, with the full moon shining upon us, and the cool breeze blowing away the heat of the day, he seemed most eager for me to talk to him on all scientific subjects, and especially of the strange things in the Western world. About nine, our supper of two or three kinds of meat, rice, and side dishes of pickles, cheese, and fruit, with sherbet, was served on copper trays, a separate one always being given to the Christian. Then we would retire, I to the yard to a large, high bedstead covered with mosquito netting. One day he got up a fishing excursion, or exhibition, for my benefit. He ordered about a hundred buffaloes to be brought from his villages to a point on the river where the water was deep and where a tent had been pitched for us. There were not less than two hundred men and boys with these animals, aside from the Khans and their following. Some twenty men in bathing costume stood in the river where the water was not more than knee-deep, with long poles with a sharp hook on the end. Then the buffaloes were driven into the stream, and forced to wade or swim up to the shallow place to the music of yelling men and drum and fife. At times when the width of the stream was not great, and the buffaloes occupied it all, the great fish, sturgeons, called here whales, would leap up between the animals, and fall on their backs. The current was quite rapid, and their drivers swimming or riding on the backs of the buffaloes, kept them from turning back.

One was drowned, and fearing that others might succumb, I asked the general to order them out, as I had seen how it was done. "Oh, don't mind," he said, "I will pay for the buffalo," and so he did. As the fish were driven into the shallow water, the men who were watching for them struck and hauled them out with their hooks. After our dinner, which was brought us on an ox cart from a neighbouring village, we rode home, leaving about thirty fish, from a half to a yard and a half long, on the banks for the Kurds to come and take, both to eat them and extract their oil for lights. The Persian does not eat them.

A mountain Nestorian, while hunting wild boar, was accidently shot by his friend and companion, the rifle ball shattering his leg. His companion did not dare take him home, for he knew too well that swift retribution would be meted out to him by the wounded man's friends. So leaving his home and family, he puts off to another district, where his wife and children, driven away from their own village, in time joined him. They cannot return, at least for three years. What property they have not been able to take with them is confiscated—they must be exiles hereafter from their home. The code of honour amongst these wild Nestorians or Kurds demands blood for blood, without any form of trial, even if the injured party declares that he holds no grudge, and admits that the affair was accidental. The sequel to this story will illustrate another characteristic in human life as seen here. The man's leg was so injured that his mother-in-law was told that he must die, unless he would undergo quite a serious operation, and even then he must be a cripple for life. She took him away, saying that she would prefer a dead son-in-law to a cripple who would only be a burden to her daughter.

Another patient was a woman whose ankle and foot were diseased. She was very much reduced, a mere skeleton, thoroughly saturated with the poison of her sores. She had just let her infant child smother to death. A short time before she had tried to kill her husband by putting arsenic in his food. He, in turn, had cruelly neglected her in her sickness. We could do but little more than make her comfortable. Mrs. D. P. Cochran and some of her fellow-patients did much to set her thinking of her evil ways, and

afterwards to cheer her in the hopes of a sin-forgiving Saviour. She was taken to her village to die. We heard afterwards that her husband had put her off in a barn, and hastened her death by not giving her enough to eat, and forbidding the neighbours to take her food.

But Christianity can change the lives and hearts of people as dark and wicked as these. Another patient, the young wife of one of our preachers, was brought tenderly to the hospital by her husband. He came frequently to visit her, always bringing her something tempting to eat or something to add to her comfort. After her long stay in the hospital he took her for a change of air to a distant village, untiringly caring for her till she died, and has deeply mourned her ever since.

A Kurdish chief came to us in his gay costume, consisting of a bright blue pair of trousers, very full, a broad belt of Persian shawl goods, a coat of striped silk of many colours, and a green cloth skull-cap with many silk and cloth handkerchiefs for a large turban. Over his shawl belt was a cartridge belt and another slung over his shoulders. He was escorted by several servants. He brought a horseload of skins of cheese, melted butter, and honey. He was with us a month when word came that his people had gone to war with another tribe, so he hurriedly left. Not long afterward he sent a mule colt in payment of his bill. When here he often expressed his wonder at the motive that led people to come so far and others to send the means to do what is done here for the people of all nationalities. He repeatedly would say, "Great will be your reward in Heaven."

In the spring a Kurdish lady, with five maid-servants and twice as many men-servants, came to the hospital. She is the wife of Sheikh Mohammed Sadik, the daughter-in-law of the noted Sheikh Obeidullah, who in 1880 invaded this part of Persia. She was gaily and handsomely attired and very ladylike and pleasing in appearance. Her husband is the most influential Kurd for a long way about us. He resides in the mountains about three days' journey to the west of us. To have his favour is to open two Nestorian districts to the safe and free access of our teachers and preachers.

Another patient of the upper classes is now in the hospital, a Khan of 19, whose father, the Mirpanj, is the chief military and civil head of the district of Sulduz. He came to us under an escort of twenty armed men, bringing a letter from his mother to Mrs. Cochran, and from his father to me, commending him to our care. He keeps two men to wait on him. His father and mother are intelligent people who are instructed in our Scripture, and who help us in our work on the Sulduz plain. A few days after his arrival six camels came into our yard loaded with wheat and rice sent by his father for the hospital. We have a Moslem servant cook for this Khan alone.

Seeing the Khans and their families in times of sickness brings us into a pleasant relation with them, and many is the opportunity offered and availed of to have pleasant and profitable religious conversations. This friendship is helpful in many ways in our general work. The villages in which are our schools and congregations are all owned by these Khans, and so we are brought into close relation with them. If we are not on good terms they can annoy us very much in our work.

Among my Mohammedan patients is a lady who by birth and marriage is connected with the first families of the city. Her husband is one of the chief sayids—a lineal descendant of the Prophet, while her brother is a noted mujtahid, a preacher of considerable reputation, and one of the famous lawyers of this part of the country. Several years ago this gentleman sent for me to see a nephew who was in the last stages of Bright's disease. The large room, richly carpeted with Persian rugs, but bare of all other furnishings, as is often the case in the reception room in the better houses among the Moslem noblemen, was filled with the male relatives of the dying man. There were several other mujtahids present, and many sayids. The water pipe and tea were being passed. I was received very cordially, rather noticeably so. All rose from their seats on the floor, and showed me to the seat of honour at the upper end of the room. After sitting down on my knees, and making a bow to all in the room, beginning with the chief men, and ending with those nearest the door, I took my glass of tea, and listened to the description of the patient's symptoms. There

were no women present, because there were so many men, some of whom were not intimately acquainted with the family. The uncle of the sick lad then turned to me and apologized for waiting until the disease had progressed so far, and explained why he had sent for me just then. "This young man has been treated by our native doctors for a long time, and while we have often spoken of sending for you, or for one of the doctors whom you have taught, to come and take charge of the case, we have never accomplished it. Last night, however, I had a vision. It was a very vivid one and very remarkable. It is in pursuance of the commands of that vision that I sent for you to-day. I was asleep; it was just after the moon rose, about midnight, that an angel appeared unto me, and asked me why I was so heavy hearted and so distressed about my nephew. He asked me why I had not called you in to see him, and said that we did not appreciate sufficiently the blessings that we had in having you in this country, and that we were not making the use we should of this gift which God had provided for us. He said, furthermore, that I should not only send for you to come and see this young man, and tell us whether medicine would be of any benefit to him, but that I should proclaim his message regarding you to all my friends, and publicly, in the mosque." This mullah was very sincere and earnest in his account of his dream, often turning to his other guests and repeating some part of it to them, and emphasizing it. He continued: "It was for this reason that I sent for you, and now please examine our boy, and see if it is too late to do anything for him." After having made a careful examination, I informed him that unless God were pleased to make an exception of this case and to work in a manner contrary to the usual course of the disease, this boy must die very soon. He was already unconscious. Not long after, I heard that this gentleman had related his dream in the mosque to a large audience, and when I next saw him he told me that he had repeated it to every one he met. He has sent many patients to me since that time, and was one of the first to welcome me on my return here last fall. I am now, at his request, treating his sister, as I said at the outset, together with some of her children.

I have had an unusual number of patients among these

ecclesiastics the past few months, and it has been a pleasure to get into such close relations with so many of these pious and fanatical people, and see their prejudices gradually modify.

Returning from Tabriz last fall, along the southern shore of Lake Urumia, I came to a Kurdish village. I was acquainted with the chief of the village, and knew that it would be impossible for me to make myself known to him without being delayed, and it was now the middle of the afternoon, and I had promised to spend that night some fifteen miles further on with a Khan (nobleman) who was ill. I skirted the village, and dismounted in an apricot orchard at the edge of the town, for our horses needed a rest and to be fed, and we had not lunched. I had told the men who were with me that I did not wish them to inform any one about the village who I was. There were two or three men in the orchard trimming the trees, and others near-by were taking in their clover. As I sat under one of these trees and began to eat my lunch, one elderly Kurd came up towards me, and took a seat at a little distance from me and somewhat behind me. He was inclined to be very sociable and full of inquiries, while I was reserved. He finally asked me if my head comprehended any medicine; and I replied that it depended upon the gravity of the case that he wished to report to me. He told me the symptoms of his son's illness, and said, "Oh, if I could only get him to that American doctor that lives in Urumia, and have him kept in the hospital a little while, I know he would get well, for I was treated there myself for pneumonia about twenty years ago, and aside from being cured of my disease they did so much for me, and were so kind to me that I should have been willing to have been sick there all my life. Especially was the doctor's mother kind to me. She used to come to my bed two or three times a day (they had fixed me up on a bedstead like a European King) and put her hand upon my forehead and say, 'Khidir, how are you to-day?' and I would reply, 'May I be your sacrifice, my great lady, I am in heaven.'" And so he entertained me for some time, with stories true and untrue, about the wonders that he had seen performed in the hospital. As he spoke he gradually approached me, and I noticed that

Dr. Cochran in the Wards

he was scanning me closely; finally, he caught hold of my shoe, and pressing my foot, he said, "I swear, I half believe that you are that doctor yourself." I put him off, and he went on to tell of the things he said he had experienced there. All the time he was working himself more in front of me, when suddenly, with a cry, he exclaimed, "I swear you are that doctor! I adjure you by the living God, tell me, are you not?" He was now clinging to me and wringing the skirts of my coat. When I had to admit that I was the man he described, he made me promise to wait until he could bring to me his son. Soon he returned, with his son on the back of another young man, with his wife and his son's wife, and several little children, and four or five neighbours. They came laden with clover for my horses; they brought bread and butter and milk and curds. Although I had eaten my lunch, they insisted that I eat their bread, so I partook of this gift, and then they took the remainder and made my men finish it, while the horses were made to eat their clover instead of that which we had already bought. I prescribed for their sick, and then mounted and rode off, with five or six of these men as my escort on foot. They wished to come with me all the way to the end of my stage, as they feared I might be robbed, it was getting so late, but I declined their offer and hurried on.

About a month ago this man came here, bringing the same son, who now is very ill with an abscess of the liver, which is discharging through the lungs. We have been trying for some time to close the hospital for the summer, but it is no easy task, for the sick will not get well at one time, and while there are a few patients in the hospital it is very hard to convince others that they cannot be received as well. To meet the retrenchment, one-fifth of our estimate has to be given up, and we must close the hospital for several months to meet this. This Kurd and his son have rented a place in the city, and they come and see me from time to time, but five other Kurds from the region of Mosul, after having travelled twenty-five days over a perilous and difficult journey, cannot be refused admittance, even though our funds are so short. Just now six other men, Arabs from the south of Mosul, have come. One of them

is a man of considerable note, a Sheikh; all six are in need of hospital care, and while they are well off and able to pay all their expenses, we must labour under the same embarrassment mentioned above of keeping patients and at the same time refusing others.

A number of insane persons have been brought to the hospital this year as usual, but we never receive them if we can help it, for we are not in a position to give them the care and treatment necessary. One man, however, from a wealthy family, was received because his friends made it possible for us to give him a separate room and special attendants. There are no asylums for these unfortunates here in Persia. It is one of the most distressing sights which we have to behold, to see the way this wretched class goes about, without any care, always mocked and teased by the children and grown people as well. Where they are violent, they are chained up to some pillar or post about the house or stable, there to worry themselves to death. There is a popular notion, shared alike by the Christians and Mohammedans, that some of the departed Christian saints have the power to cure those thus afflicted. There is an old Syrian church on the mountain-side a few miles from here, in which there is a hole or dungeon for the reception of the insane and epileptic. The friends take the patient to this church, where he is incarcerated in this damp and dark hole over night, while an offering of a sheep or lamb is made to the patron saint of the church. Probably all the insane of this district have at some time or other been taken to this church.

There is a Mohammedan woman who has lost her nose and ears. How this came about makes a gruesome tale, but it is one of the many illustrations of the terrible life led by most under the Mohammedan religion. Twenty years ago, when a terrible famine was raging, this woman, as a babe in her mother's arms, was brought to our doors by her parents. The father was swollen and nearly dead, while the mother and children were in nearly as great distress, owing to starvation. They were fed, carefully, daily, until the worst was over, along with many other hundreds who were supported by funds sent from America and England for the purpose. When she grew up, she married a man who,

like a good many others in his village, steals and robs when the opportunity offers. Summer before last, he with three companions, broke into the house of an old hospital servant. This woman was alone, so she did not dare move or give the alarm. The men struck a light, and carried off whatever she had of any value to them. This man, a few nights ago, returned to his home, where he has two wives and two children. He was displeased with something they had done, got opium from one of the opium shops nearby, and gave it to them in honey. As soon as they were under the influence of the drug, he tied their hands behind them and cut off their ears and noses. As he slashed off the end of the nose of our patient, he threw it to one side. When the women recovered sufficiently from the effect of the opium and the shock to realize their condition, one of them adjusted the cut nose that was not wholly severed, and ran off to her father's house; while our patient looked about for her lost nose, and found it adhering to the mud wall. She slapped it on her face, and made her way to the hospital as soon as possible, hoping it could be repaired, but twenty-four hours had elapsed since it was cut off, and there was no hope for it. She does not regret the loss of her ears so much, for the head dress always covers them. The other wife was stabbed as well, and died on the succeeding day. The husband is still at large.

One of our patients, a Kurdish chief, who lives in the mountains two days' journey from here, and who with a number of other greater chiefs has just arranged terms of peace with the government, the latter holding as hostages, or security for peace, several young men or boys, the sons of these chiefs, has just left us. He is a bright and intelligent young man for one who has had as little chance to acquire any general knowledge. He was much impressed with what he saw in the hospital and college, of what we are doing for the people of this country. After being here a few days, he often would say, "This is Christ's home, and I have put myself into your care to cure me by His power. I know you ask for His blessing on all that is done here, and I wish you to do your best for me, and to pray to Christ, the Spirit of God, to bless the means." He was especially interested in the services held in Turkish. After having got-

ten acquainted with him, he one day told me that one of the nurses had told him of a robbery that had been perpetrated upon some of our people, and he said he wished to tell me something he knew about it. One of our missionaries last summer was making a tour across the border, in Turkey. One night the party camped out at a village, where they were attacked by robbers. They had three horses, which were picketed in front of their tent, taken. Two of them belonged to the government escort of gendarmes, and the third was owned by one of our graduates in medicine who was of the party. The Kurds made a dash, quickly cut loose these horses, and galloped away into the dark with them. One of the gendarmes started to his feet as soon as he heard the horsemen, but was shot down where he stood. This patient told me that he knew where the horse was that belongs to Dr. Alexander, and that if I would send some one to his home as soon as he returns, he would send one of his servants with him to the man who has him, and he would be delivered up. Whether or not it was his servants that made the raid, or only his neighbours, we may never know, but we will give him the opportunity of causing the horse to be returned, and will ask no questions.

One of our patients was a Kurdish Sheikh, from the region of Mosul, who came here for an operation. After one examination and the recommendation of a simple salve, to allay his distress, this man developed typhoid fever. He himself, as well as his attendants, regarded this new illness as the direct result of the application of the salve, and the man was removed to a neighbouring Kurdish village, where he grew daily worse, and after a few days, all hope of his recovery being abandoned, the poor man was borne on a bier, and the caravan started for their distant home. The friends who had brought this Sheikh did not wish him to die in a foreign land, nor above all, did they wish him to die in a Christian hospital (any more than we did), and so they hurried him over the border, into Turkey, where he died. During their stay in the hospital and in the village, two of the Sheikh's attendants took a course of treatment from us, which so signally helped them that they insisted that it was impossible that we had purposely killed their chief; and Sheikh Sadik of Nochea is reported to have

assured them most positively that we would not use anything that would harm our patients, and that he put implicit confidence in us, and would at any time trust any of his family in our care and treatment. Among a large number of people, however, we have the credit of being the direct means of the Sheikh's death. Fortunately, there is another side to this story, for I am sure it is the experience of all physicians in these lands that many are most grateful for what is done for them, even if the result be unsatisfactory, and when the sick recover, the physician is regarded as the means which God has been pleased to use, and the people are not slow to show their gratitude and love. In a work like ours, where patients often come from a distance, one cannot travel in any direction without meeting those who have been benefited, and the effort made by these persons to show their appreciation and gratitude is often very touching. The journey down from Tiflis here has been no exception to this rule. In the few hours that were spent in Tiflis, several Armenians, Moslems, and Syrians did their utmost to show their gratitude and affection. On the Erivan plain, an Armenian who had been with us was most persistent that I stop and be his guest. At Julfa, the Governor of that district, who is passport officer as well, returned the money which I had sent him as the usual fee for the visée, and called soon after to explain that money taken by the Persian government from those who did so much for the country would be harm. The custom house chief rebuked his men for even allowing my trunk and handbags to be stopped at the custom house office, remarking that surely a doctor should be allowed to bring whatever he desired into a country for which he had done so much. The telegraph operator at the same place, a Urumia man, called to say that the wires were at my command without charge, if I desired to telegraph in any direction. At Alma Sarai, there was a cavalry escort, under orders from the Governor of Khoi, to accompany me to the Urumia borders, and at Saatlu a man whose son had been healed here this spring seemed really disappointed that I would not go and take breakfast in his house, and hastened to bring a large quantity of beautiful grapes; and so this work has its rewards, right along, from day to day, as well as its difficulties and dangers. But the greatest reward

and satisfaction comes from the fact that this relation which is formed between the physician and patient, and often continues for years, gives, frequently, the opportunity of bringing an influence to bear upon him which is helpful.

Dr. Cochran's medical work was characterized by the moral qualities of the man. He was of quick and accurate judgment, very quiet in tone and demeanour, but firm and decided; ready to listen to others and to change his decision, if reason could be shown, but otherwise gentle and inflexible. There were certain moral and spiritual characteristics that were essential elements in his life. First of all may be mentioned his perfect truthfulness. He never yielded to the practice that is generally regarded as perfectly justifiable of deceiving his patients. Once a man of distinction who was his patient said to him, "Doctor, my friends who are near me will not tell me the truth regarding my condition, and I cannot rely upon what they say. What is the truth? Is my disease fatal?" The doctor told him the truth—that he could not live much longer—and then he urged him to prepare his soul for the great change. And so it was with many other patients and their friends. Never, in order to secure an end that he had in view, did he misrepresent the facts. Sometimes it was necessary for him to correct statements that had been made by him to the government or others, and he never failed to do so. His anger was slow, but it would be kindled against those who had led him astray. So men believed and trusted him when they trusted no one else. Another element of strength and power was his unselfishness. He sought nothing for himself, but he gained the best things that men can give—the honour, the respect, and the love of his

fellows, as well as the peace of a conscience clear towards men and God.

He took in the most serious way his responsibility for the care of his fellow-missionaries, and he made conscientious reports to the Board. He was not of those who relieve themselves of their burdens easily by sending cases home. He did not hesitate to do this when there was nothing else to do, but first of all he exhausted every resource upon the field. If an operation was necessary, he performed it if it was at all possible, even if it was an operation new to him. If a change was indispensable, he would not approve of return to America until nearer possibilities were exhausted. In 1885 he presented to the Mission a careful paper on "Missionary Ill Health." He lamented the prevailing ill health of the missionaries at that time. Among the causes and remedies, he mentioned:—

I. *Climate.*—That of western Persia is in many respects a delightful one, free from the sudden changes of temperature that are so trying to the body. On the other hand, the altitude of our Stations and the dryness of the atmosphere are both exceedingly trying to persons whose work is largely mental, and to persons once suffering from nervous debility a great hindrance to their recovery. Malaria is the only other unfavourable condition in the climate which specially needs mention. The ravages of this poison when once received into the system are familiar to all, and the effect which the disease exerts upon the nervous system tends only to aggravate any existing trouble there, or puts the person into such a condition that nervous exhaustion more readily supervenes.

II. *Overwork.*—This is suggested as a cause by some, but when we consider the amount of hard work, physical and mental, done by many even in poor health, we are led to think differently. A man who is interested in his work and at the same time can be free from adverse circumstances,

chiefly of anxiety, can do a surprising amount of work without any injury to himself, but as soon as fret and worry are superimposed the tables are turned. To quote from Dr. Wallace Taylor of Japan, "I would not detract from the labours of any missionary, nor disparage what he has done, while I say of the many whom I have known sent home on account of ill health, none have broken down from overwork, while many have been the victims of worry and fret." It is not the work, but the anxiety, the worry, and the care that wears and kills.

III. *The Character of Missionary Work.*—In this work we find some elements which render it trying to the body and mind that are not to be found in other forms of labour. As Dr. Taylor puts it, "It is a labour of the sensibilities, a labour in which the sympathy, the emotions, the higher passions are brought to the front and receive the brunt of the wear. It is a labour in which the heavier drafts are made on the sensibilities. Of man's complex psychical nature these are the most susceptible to friction and wear. Drafts made on these are the most exhaustive, and tell the heaviest on body and mind." Then the missionary has to labour at a disadvantage. He is a stranger among strange people. He must familiarize himself with their language, their ways, their customs; until this is done, it is uphill work. The conditions, religious and moral, in which the people are found, born and bred in sin, their consciences warped and blunted, all these tell on the missionary. He has to spend not a little time in settling oft repeated difficulties among the native Christians, bringing peace and Christian love out of discord and envy. Such work as this forms a large part of missionary labour and taxes his mind and burdens his heart to an extent known only to those who have experienced it.

IV. *Worry.*—Worry very naturally springs up and plays a most important part in exhausting the mind when the work draws largely on the sensibilities, when it is done at a disadvantage, and when the results are but partially under control. The new missionary worries because he does not make more rapid progress in the language, because he cannot take hold of work sooner, and because of the perplexities of his duties and of the difficulty in understanding and in

making himself understood. The results of worry, of course, have different effects, though none the less sure, on different individuals.

V. The absence of opportunities for recreation or diversion. This is undoubtedly one of the most fruitful causes of breaking down. There is no chance to get completely away from the work, the people, the care and anxiety, even for a few days, unless one goes entirely out of our field. Wherever the missionary goes, he is surrounded by his work; if possible, he is the more harassed by its difficulties when endeavouring to seek a rest in new places than at home. There being even no Europeans outside of the small missionary circle, whenever we meet our minds and our tongues very naturally run on the same things which have engaged our attention all day, and so it is that this constant, perpetual thinking and planning and talking over the same work from one year's end to the other becomes at last really a dangerous element, and no wonder one's dreams even keep up the same thoughts.

Remedies and Preventives.—Nervous exhaustion, statistics show, is the disease that the missionary is especially liable to, and it is at the same time one of the most trying and obstinate when once it gets a good hold on the system. For this reason, and for the good of the cause, every effort should be made to find any and all means whereby the new missionary can be saved this trying ordeal and to secure a larger amount of effective labour. Admitting that there are adverse circumstances against which the missionary must labour, and that worry and friction to a certain degree always will exist, there are, nevertheless, mistakes into which both Boards and Missions have fallen, according to the experiences of many who have looked into this subject which should be avoided, and some new laws or regulations should be put into practice.

I. More care should be taken in the selection and examination of candidates for the field by the Board and its medical advisers. Dr. Taylor rightly says, "A mistake is frequently made in sending persons to a foreign field who are too young and immature. But few persons under thirty are physically and mentally prepared for the hard, anxious work which is to devolve upon them. Married ladies should not be sent

out under twenty-two or twenty-four. Especially would I insist that no single lady be sent out under twenty-four or twenty-six. The strain which comes upon a single lady in coming to and engaging in foreign work is much greater than that which falls upon her married sister. Again the mistake is made of sending out men whose health has been very much impaired seriously (though not permanently) from a course of hard study and close confinement. Frequently ladies whose health has been very much impaired from years of hard labour as teachers are sent out. The vain thought is entertained that a change and sea air will work marvellously in their cases." "We need men in whom the element of fret is small and the element of patience large."

II. The length of time given to the study of the language before responsible work is taken up. To look at this subject from a standpoint of health we are led to the same conclusion that at least three of the Foreign Missions have come to, viz.: that much too little time is given to this most important preparation before responsible work is laid upon the new worker. Either his own sincere desire to be at work or the ill advice of his older associates, or the want of the necessary direction from the Board, or all together, launch the young missionary into a sea of duties, be they great or small, before he has acquired enough familiarity with the language and people, which is enough, if the person has any sensitiveness, to cause him or her immediately to chafe and worry, and in all probability, never to acquire the language perfectly, nor to learn calm, easy habits of work. As Dr. Taylor says, "The labour of acquiring the language, and the responsible trying duties of missionary life are too great to be assumed at the same time. They react on each other." In our field in Persia, a number have had to, and will have to, chafe through their entire service because of just this mistake. Two Missions have recently passed resolutions giving three full years to all new missionaries to secure a knowledge of the language and people. For us in this field I am not prepared to recommend so long a preparation, but I would insist that one entire year be given to all newcomers free from any responsible work whatever, and that during the second year, only light burdens

be laid upon the beginner, allowing him to get familiar with the people and work, and to obtain a good knowledge of the language before assuming responsible duties.

III. How often should missionaries be expected to take a furlough? My opinion is that in the West Persia Mission, if for two years the new missionary devotes most of his time and strength in getting the language and familiarizing himself with the work and people, at the close of the seventh year it will be advisable for him to go home for one and a half years to two years, and subsequently every tenth year. By adopting these two rules together, that of not doing any responsible work the first year, and but little the second, and then looking forward to a cordial invitation by the Board to take a vacation of two years at the end of the seventh, and after that once in ten years, I feel sure, and the statistics and experience of older observers confirm me in this view, that the labourer will do better and longer work, and the Board will be called upon for a smaller outlay of money upon its broken-down missionaries.

IV. Such rest as can be obtained should be taken yearly. It seems clear that although no real change and rest can be obtained short of Europe or Russia, it is all important that all the missionaries avail themselves of what rest and change of residence for two or three weeks can give by the lakeside or in some high village. This should be done once a year at least. If these four remedies or preventives be accepted, I am sure we will get good results from them.

The conscience which Dr. Cochran put into all his medical work was a Christian conscience. He was no mere physician and surgeon. He was a Christian man and a missionary. He was very generous and tolerant in his attitude toward the practices of others, but he was very careful and strict in all his personal ways. In the Station he never allowed the hospital to take precedence over forms of work which he deemed even more vital to the development of the native Church. In a careful appeal for re-enforcements and enlargement, he placed first some ordained mission-

aries, second native preachers, third intermediate and village schools, and at the end of the list additional appropriations for the hospital. Another year he closes a statement of his needs with the words, "I have hesitated to ask for more than we do of the Board, lest it seem too much in proportion to the estimate for strictly evangelistic work." He was no mere philanthropist or healer of men's bodies.

And he might truthfully have claimed that much of his work was strictly evangelistic. "Dr. Cochran is not a 'reverend,'" wrote Dr. Shedd in 1886, "but he does excellent work visiting congregations on Sunday, and talking to them as a layman." Here is an outline of one of his talks on the men in the Book of Daniel who were faithful and not afraid:—

LESSONS IN CONSCIENCE AND FAITH

Conscience:—

I.—What were the men asked to do?
How simple was the request.
How easy to escape from punishment.
How explicit was their duty?

II.—Conscience supreme as soon as tested.
Supreme above all violence of kings.
Supreme over all statutes of men.
Supreme over all majorities in public sentiment.
Supreme over all personal consideration of safety.

Faith:—

I.—What was the ground of their trust?
Sustained by consciousness of right.
Sustained by companionship.
Sustained because God was with them.

II.—Full triumph of faith.
A great victory to be unhurt by fire.
A great victory to disappoint and humiliate the king.
A great victory to establish their faith in Jehovah forever.

And in the hospital he had no other thought than that he was preaching Christianity, and no timidity deterred him from making the hospital a centre of active and unhesitating effort to win to Christ all who came,—Nestorian, Armenian, Jew, or Moslem. In one of his reports he wrote:—

It is the rule to have morning and evening public prayers which, on an average, more than half of the patients can attend. Until this fall, for want of room, we have conducted these exercises in the wards, but now we have a good-sized room, formerly occupied by the matron, especially set aside for a chapel, where two services are held every day. Short morning prayers before breakfast are conducted by the medical students, while the evening services, to which more time is given, Hakim Oshana leads. These exercises are in Syriac or Turkish, as the case requires. Both for the men and women special reading of the Scripture and prayers are held every day by the matron or others whom she calls on. On the Sabbath, during the college session, all who can are required to attend the services there, while those who are confined to their rooms have special exercises. During the vacations of the college, I have a Bible class in the forenoon for the hospital patients, to which all the servants in the yard come, and in the afternoon a preaching service is held. If the service has been in Syriac, and part have not understood it, a subsequent talk has been given them in a language they understand.

It has always been my rule in dealing with individual patients in the hospital, and as far as practicable outside, to conduct the conversation in such a way as to lead them to look to the Great Physician, who alone can heal them and bless the means we use for their recovery. I endeavour to direct their thoughts to God, and give them to understand that our only reliance for their cure is on Him. This has led to many very interesting conversations with persons of the different religions.

We have reason to hope that the hospital is having a considerable influence for good throughout the districts from

which our patients come. A few instances may better show this.

Baron Sahik, a dissolute Armenian of Salmas, being badly wounded, remained in the hospital five months. For most of the time some one or other of our helpers occupied the same ward. He daily read the Scriptures, and usually attended all the meetings. On leaving, he testified to his former bad character, and said he believed that God had afflicted him that he might have this opportunity of coming here and learning the true way. He promised, too, to do everything in his power to help along the gospel work in his district.

Another case is that of a young and warlike mountain Nestorian who was with us nine months, and was at last relieved of a most distressing malady. He has gone back to his mountain home, and we are told that he says to every one who speaks lightly of the gospel work, "I have lived nine months with the missionaries, and I know they are a Godly people. I, for one, will always listen to their preachers."

Another, a Khan, master of several villages, whose son was operated on, told us while here that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian, and when the Armenian priest endeavoured to prevent our teacher from getting a school in his village, this master called both to his house, and after examining them as to their motives and purposes, decided in favour of our helper, saying, "I have become acquainted with the missionaries, and desire their men in my village, and shall send my own boys to their teacher." His friendship continues steadfast.

Recently Sheikh Sadik's wife and daughter were in the hospital, and this now insures the safety of our evangelists and teachers in his district.

Examples might be multiplied, but this will suffice to illustrate the effect this branch of our work may have on the direct evangelistic work.

Another case may be quoted from a report of one of his associates in 1898:—

Mirza Ali of Khoi, a member of the medical class, died last week at the hospital. When he came to Urumia about

four years ago, he was a very strict Mohammedan, belonging to a family of sayids and mullahs, so strict, indeed, that there was some thought of his not being permitted to return the following year, as it was feared he might report what was being done for his fellow-religionists. He attended Dr. Cochran's Bible Class on Sunday afternoons, however, and especially this year seemed much interested. Lately, he more than once declared quite openly, in this class of Moslems, that he believed Christ was the only Saviour, and in Him alone was there hope of life eternal. He was much afraid to die, and before the days of unconsciousness had frequent conversations with Dr. Cochran upon this subject.

He was greatly interested in temperance. In a Moslem land, he felt keenly the reproach which Oriental Christianity suffers because of the use of wine. He knew how deep were the ravages made by opium and alcohol among Mohammedans, and how untrue is the idea of the West that in Mohammedan countries wine and all liquor are unused. But he knew, also, that Christian lands, and the example of supposed Christian peoples were responsible for the growing evil, and he earnestly argued that the Evangelical Church should be clean of all guilt. He realized the sacrifice which was involved where so much of the wealth of the people was in vineyards and their product. In one report he wrote:—

The question of temperance has been before the Church frequently during the year, but we regret to have to report that but few of our congregations have practised total abstinence. Opium and alcohol are the two remedies obtainable in nearly all places and resorted to quite universally for all pains and aches, and it is very difficult to eradicate from the mind of one whose severe pains have been smothered by arack that it is not the necessary cure for pain. But aside from its medicinal uses, it is employed by many of our Church people with the evening meal. The question is a vital one

with us. The other three large Missions make a practise of drinking, and their followers often drink heavily. Wine and arack are being used more universally by all classes every year. Some feel that total abstinence should be required of all communicants, and that nothing short of this can be safely allowed in this country, while others favour the constant working upon the consciences of our Church members until it shall be a voluntary step. Prayerful consideration of this subject must be given by both the missionaries and the native Church.

He often made speeches on the subject. Here is one of his outlines:—

ALCOHOL—SEVEN FACTS

1.—*Affinity for Water.*
Enters every part body. Leaves tissues hard and dry. Osmose.

2.—*Enters Directly Into Blood.*
Shrinks corpuscles, lessens oxidation. Effete matter increased. Fatty, bloating, degeneration.

3.—*Disorders and Diminishes Working Power of Every Organ.*
Irritates stomach, lessens gastric juice, precipitates pepsin.
Irritates kidneys, lessens elimination.
Irritates, congests, thickens liver.
Obstructs aeration in lungs.
Excites heart, then depresses it.
Congests brain, then makes it anæmic.

4.—*Does not Warm Body.*
Its effects on corpuscles prevent it from warming the body.

5.—*It is Not a Food in Any Sense.*
Nor does it diminish waste.

6.—*Uses as a Medicine.*

External, excitant.

7.—*Foreigner to the Body. An Enemy.*

Usurped sceptre and throne, through seas of blood greater than J. C.

Blood from every pore and tissue, from within.

Blood from feuds without.

Blood from wretchedness, misery, starvation, disease, and crime.

Virtues. Yes, but so had Nero, Alexander, and Napoleon.

Nero killed himself. Alexander conquered by it, and killed by it.

Napoleon robbed by his own people, exiled.

It will not die.

Banish it.

I stand before a Christian congregation, in a church. Gough's conversion.

I do not appeal to you for your bodies merely, but for your souls.

I do not appeal to you as irresponsible individuals.

You cannot live in this world to yourselves.

Your examples and your lives must affect others.

It is a dangerous thing to see a new light, and make a consequent resolve which we fail to conserve in a deed done!

"True manliness is the quality in any man by which he is capable of first receiving into himself, and then distributing through himself to others, some part of the life of God."

He pressed the matter on his medical students, also.

This chapter on Dr. Cochran's life and work, his spirit and aims as a medical missionary, cannot be closed better than by three testimonies from those who saw him closely, and watched him, not for a few days only, but through many years. The first is from one of the Nestorian preachers, Rabbi Ephrem Orshan:—

Before I was a patient, I knew well Dr. Cochran for many years, but my knowledge was increased while I was a patient in the hospital, and I can say that he was more than a doctor.

Reasons why he was more than a doctor:—

1st. He was more than a doctor in his profession; that is, he was expert in all the branches of doctorship. For instance, he was an oculist, a surgeon, etc.

2nd. In his treatment of patients he was very pleasant to his patients in his encouragement and sympathy. He suffered with the sufferers, was sorry when they were in pain, did not sleep nights, but was ready to go to them, was very glad when they were dismissed cured.

3rd. Because he had many valuable characteristics. He was faithful when at work, was never idle, was always in the hospital, although he had many assistants and pupils, he tried to visit the patients every day. The patients never complained of him, although they wanted him always with them. He visited them during the night if it was necessary, and in the night he was as pleasant as in midday. More than all, he had patience and forbearance, although there were always many irregularities in the hospital just as in a family in a home. He was quiet always at his post like a courageous man. He was an expert in his dealings with various classes of the sick that came to the hospital, as officials, literary men, and nobility, etc. He knew how to deal with each one properly. Many officials used to come to him, not only for physical troubles, but for advice about other business. They looked upon him not only as an independent physician, but as a king and prince. There came to him the officers of the State, the Chiefs of the Kurds, Sheikhs, Sunnees and ecclesiastics to consult him. The Turkish Vice-Consul Shahbandar said to me, if you want to know perfectly Dr. Cochran, you should visit Turkey as far as Mosul and other places, and then you would know how much honour he has from valis, kaimakams, and pashas. All these characteristics had united to make such a worthy man.

4th. The other thing which made Dr. Cochran famous was his saintly character, in his treatment always trusting the power of God. He was of humble spirit.

5th. In his missionary work he was more than a doctor. He was as a missionary in the hospital preaching Christ, and this was one of his aims there. He advised the sick to trust first Christ. While I was on a bed in the hospital myself, he came to me at first, and said, "Do not put all your hope upon my profession, but remember Christ who is the chief doctor, and I will try by His power to cure you." He had arranged to have religious services both morning and evening in the hospital. So the hospital was a sort of theological school. There was discussion always going on between men of different religions. I remember a sayid once in the hospital when I was there. Dr. Cochran asked me to talk with him about religion. In the end he asked what he should do to be saved. Well, we told him to believe in Jesus Christ, and he left the hospital under this impression. There are many others who left the hospital carrying with them these influences and impressions. One of the officials in Urumia said to me, "If there is a good man in the world he is Dr. Cochran." Yes, he was a doctor and more than a doctor.

The second is from the Rev. W. A. Shedd:—

I have been out at the college to-day for the Communion service. It was a very delightful time. It is the first time I have been at the college for Sunday since we came into the city, and for a service possibly since doctor's death. At any rate, I don't know when I have felt so keenly doctor's absence. That he rejoiced with us we must believe. I have preached many times at the college, and usually doctor has been in the audience. I could always be sure that there was one sympathetic, humble listener in him. My mind has been going to-day on this aspect—the religious—of his character, and perhaps a few things I can jot down may be of help. I think the predominant religious trait was his genuine humility. He always seemed glad to hear and to learn. This real humility marked his character in everything. He scarcely ever voluntarily told any one of his medical work, his surgical operations, government work, that in any way displayed his influence, and least of all, religious work. I think he felt more and more deeply the

importance of following up his medical work with direct religious work, and did more such work himself. He had no taste for theological subtleties, and I doubt whether he ever engaged in religious controversy—certainly very rarely. I have at various times made suggestions as to religious work in the hospital or Bible teaching of the medical class, and he was always most grateful and ready to co-operate in such plans. So in every line with this genuine humility there was also real positiveness of religious conviction and influence. He preferred to give place to the other men of the Station in leading our prayer meeting, but he often led. When he did, he always had something suggestive and positive to say, based on the careful study of some Scripture passage. So in relation to the native Church he took a very definite interest in the plans for its work, and was always ready to do all he could to help it on. It was doubtless a wise conservation of strength that kept him from taking any active part in direct evangelization by means of preaching. He had no use for physicians who only half learned their profession or who allowed other lines of work to dissipate their strength and skill. His deep interest in the Church work was marked in the Station counsels, where any question involving men or measures for evangelistic work always enlisted his heartiest consideration. His knowledge of the native brethren, of the field, even those parts he had never visited, and of the people, made his advice in these matters second to that of no one, even those directly engaged in the Church work.

He said but little of his own spiritual life, but I am sure that prayer was a very vital part of it. No one can doubt that his private devotions were regular and genuine, as were family prayers in his home. Prayer was also a vital force in his medical practice. At one time, when the question of faith healing *vs.* medicine was being discussed, it was very noticeable how he never permitted himself to doubt the efficiency or limit the power of prayer. He said once that he himself never undertook a surgical operation without definite prayer for help. In our meetings together as missionaries, and also in more public meetings, he was more ready to lead in prayer than to make remarks.

But, of course, the great beauty of his religious life was

Dispensary Day (indoors)

its fruitage in Christlikeness of character and activity. His great aim was missionary, and not philanthropic. I used to feel sometimes that he insisted too strongly that medical work was justified, not by its merciful relieving of suffering, but as a means to the preaching of Christ. So his sympathies and his influence were as broad as the work. And in his religious life and character he grew. I don't know that there were any crises in his spiritual life, certainly there were not as many ups and downs as is the case with most of us, but there was growth which was very perceptible.

As I have thought of doctor, especially as I have had to try to do some of the work he did, what I have wondered at more than anything else is the degree of perfectness, of real Christlikeness, in the details of his work, his patience, considerateness, and faithfulness. It is hard, but it is also very inspiring to take up any part of such a man's life.

The third is from his sister, Mrs. Ponafidine:—

The hospital was ever a revelation to the people. Mother made the *home* part of it so perfect with flowers and pictures, and her own bright, cheery presence, and Joe the physicians', and one could hardly say that one could have worked without the other those first years, in making the institution what it was. There were always many Kurds in the hospital, and to them the contrast between their own homes and it must have been particularly great. I remember one case, a petty Sheikh who, on a robbing excursion, had been wounded in rather a strange way. The bullet had passed through the lower part of the horse's body, and through the man's ankle, crushing the small bones. The horse was able to carry his master safely out of the melée and almost to his home, when the faithful beast dropped dead. The wounded man was attended to in the primitive Kurdish fashion, but after a month of suffering he was at last, like so many of his tribe, brought down to the hospital with a very bad leg. He was accompanied by a large retinue of riders, and a very pretty young wife. He was in the hospital a long time, and finally dismissed quite cured. He suffered greatly, and was twice chloroformed for minor operations. All through it he was

in most comical terror of betraying himself by a cry or groan. It took a great deal of talking to persuade him to consent to chloroform, as he had heard that people under the influence of the anæsthetic often cried out or groaned, and he said if his wife or servants heard him, the former would forsake him for a braver man, and the latter would, on returning home, tell his people, and his influence with the tribe would be gone. We promised him that none of them should be within hearing, and I remember during the operation once or twice the door opened, and we saw the wife peeping in, and she had to be coaxed away. When the operation was over, and the effects of the chloroform were off, one of the first words the chieftain asked was if he had betrayed himself, and his relief was very evident when told that not a sound had escaped him. As I came to know the young wife better, in a moment of rash confidence she slipped down her loose long robe, and showed me her back and shoulders. To my horror I saw she was a mass of bruises and great welts. She explained that when her husband suffered very much at night, nothing so relieved him as to have his men lay her across the bed, face down, and let him pound her with his stick, and listen to her cries. She happened to tell me this, but did not think of complaining of her husband. I at once told Joe of it, for he had already been puzzled by the reports of cries in the Sheikh's room that ceased if any one knocked, and no explanation could be had. I think I never remember Joe so indignant as he was then, for he, like all of us, had learned to admire and like the patient little woman who was so devoted a nurse to her very exacting lord. He at once went to the Sheikh's room, and had a long talk with him, trying to instil into his mind our ideas of the duties of husband and wife, but as none of them seemed to sink in, he declared very decidedly to the Sheikh that if he knew of his touching his wife again, he would be at once dismissed from the hospital, no matter how ill he might be. This made a great impression, for the man saw he was being cured, and he also knew, as every one who came in contact with Joe at once felt, that he would keep his word. So from that time on he had to bear his pain as best he could without hearing his wife's cries to cover his own groans. These were the people among whom

Joe worked for years, and however rough and rude they were, they always seemed to be touched by contact with him.

I remember a journey to Van, Turkey, in 1886, I think. Coming back, we took a cut right through the mountains among the wildest Kurds. Almost everywhere we were asked if we were the people of the Hakim Sahib, and great was their delight when they found he himself was there. One night, after a very bad day of pouring rain, during which the packhorse with the bedding got carried down by a mountain torrent for some distance, soaking the bedding, we at last halted at a little village way up among the clouds and snows, though it was summer. We were nearly frozen, for it was a great altitude, the horses were exhausted, and we ourselves dripping. Now every one who has lived in Persia knows that if there is anything more objectionable to a fanatical Moslem than an ordinary Christian, it is a wet one, and these mountain villagers seemed the most fanatical of the fanatic, and not even a stable was open to us. From hovel to hovel we went, offering good pay, and at last it seemed as if we should have to put up our wet tent and sleep under it, while the poor horses were in the open. Just then a man came along, and peering into Joe's face, gave a cry, and seized his coat, and began kissing it. It was the old story—a hospital patient—and we knew our troubles were over. The best he had, which was a large room inhabited by his whole family and the animals to boot, was at our disposal, and the shivering horses were led in, too. We found the corner, which was the living-room, swept clean, and with some signs of comfort, and the beaming host explained to us that on his return he had tried to teach his wife to keep things clean as the "great lady" did the hospital. I remember with what trouble Joe persuaded them the next morning to accept at least enough to cover the actual food and fodder used by us—they were evidently very, very poor, but they did not wish pay. That evening half the village came in, and many said, in a half-astonished way, "If you had only told us at the beginning who you were, none would have refused you shelter, for many of our tribe have been in your hospital, and have told us of you and your mother, who is as a mother to all the sick." This is one of many, many incidents that those travelling in

the mountains and plains could tell, and always hand in hand with the devotion to the Hakim was the love and reverence expressed for the great lady—for her love for them and for her *cleanliness*. This latter point in connection with European hospitals is regarded as a matter of course, but to these miserable, dirty mountaineers, the daily struggles mother had with them to get them to regard the most elementary rules of hygiene and decency, made so deep an impression that they veritably believed that "cleanliness was next to Godliness" in her eyes. To those in hospital work in civilized countries, it is impossible to realize what mother and Joe went through the first years when the nurses and servants and assistants were such only in name, and showed more disgust and disinclination to touch the poor filthy creatures than did they. Twice he visited us in Russia. There he was unknown, and the want of a common language was an obstacle to any real acquaintance, and yet our friends used to speak, and they have expressed it by letter since his death, of the feeling that there was something in him that drew them to him. They felt the goodness and the sweetness of the man even when many words could not pass between them.

I feel that I have said so little and so badly what I would like to say of the best and noblest life I have ever known.

XVII

AS A CHRISTIAN MAN

"I REMEMBER him and his brother Theodore," writes Mrs. S. J. Rhea, who lived in Urumia when Dr. Cochran was a little boy there, "as inseparable companions, always together, emphasizing each other, beautiful, brave, manly, athletic in their plays and struggles, never complaining or crying, never cheating or taking any mean advantage or making unlawful reprisals, like David and Jonathan. Then Theodore died of typhus fever, and we wondered how Joseph could live without his shadow. But he did live to comfort and help his parents and sisters and us all. His form was dignified, and straight, and strong, and manly. Though a little child he made the very most of his body, developing every muscle as though he had studied his after profession then, and he put every rule into practice. He knew just how to sit, and stand, and walk, and breathe, and hold his head; and there was a special grace in every motion always, such as we expect in courtiers: and perhaps he took in, like the breath of his native air, an Oriental courtesy, so unattainable to us brusque Occidentals, always ready to lift his cap and give most cordial greeting and show reverence, especially to those older, and give up his own plans and convenience to help any one in need, and confer a favour or help a young child. He was like a trained knight of the Round Table, and in purity a very Galahad. Every one who knew him

will agree to this, and say, 'He made the very same impression on me,' and I can see him now with his head up, like a king, and as if he were going on an errand of importance, but never so self-centred and preoccupied that he could not watch for appeals or 'adventures' on the right and left, and ready to stop and turn aside to attend to any call. He was always ready to give himself; his ears were quick to hear, and his eyes to see, and if he tried to help you he knew how, and you felt that he *could* help you. He was so efficient and handy; what he undertook you knew he would accomplish. Those little hands were getting ready for surgery by using toys and tools, and making and fixing things. He was always so appreciative of any little favour from us older ones, any invitation or entertainment or birthday party, and afterward when he had motherless children and was so occupied with his varied and absorbing cares, he made it his business to give his own and the other children some little treat every week, such as a ride, or a stroll, or a picnic, giving himself as a boy to the boys, and making their lives to overflow with good cheer."

What he had been as a boy he was as a man. Courtesy and considerateness were part of his nature. He was a man of clear and quick judgment, and of strong and unhesitating action, but he was not overbearing or assertive or discourteous. He did not surrender his politeness or dignity under excitement. No one ever saw his forbearance overtaxed, though there were times when the strain was greater than even those closest to him knew. Jealousy and malice and selfishness were qualities of a lower plane than that on which he moved. "Among those characteristics in him, which impressed me most deeply," wrote an

American woman, "was his gentlemanliness. He was a gentleman by instinct as well as training." Professor Linden, one of his instructors in the Central High School in Buffalo, said of him as a boy, "He was the most perfect gentleman I have ever known among my pupils. Instinctive gentlemanliness was emphasized by a singular gentleness towards, and thoughtfulness for others. I have never, even under most trying circumstances, known him to be impatient or thoughtless of others' feelings."

He made the same impression of courtesy and high-mindedness upon women of all classes in Persia. "When he was last here," wrote Miss Holliday of Tabriz, "two ladies of the Hadji Kalentar house asked to meet him at the hospital, as they wished to see him professionally, but dreaded going to an unfamiliar place to do so. A visit was arranged as requested, at which Mrs. Cochran was also present. The ladies were charmed with his kindness and courtesy, and said, 'We were no more afraid of him than if he had been our father.' They told their families they were glad to have been ill, as it had been the means of making his acquaintance."

As has been pointed out, he had a thorough knowledge of Persian etiquette, and was as much at his ease with the Persian nobility as with the Nestorian Christian villagers or with home people in America. He recognized the good purpose in all earnest work of others, however imprudent, but he always sought in his own work to avoid giving needless offence, and while never discouraging any one's honest efforts, he again and again protected them from unnecessary failure by his tactful adaptations to Oriental ideas of propriety.

He was a delightful conversationalist. His own experience, his knowledge of Persian stories, his contact with life in many lands, his exhaustless fund of anecdotes, and his quiet and playful wit, made him the most delightful of companions. He was always ready for any social emergency. When the Vali Ahd, the grandfather of the present Shah of Persia, visited Urumia some years ago, the doctor went out with many others to greet him. The Vali Ahd called him up to the carriage, and held out his hand to him, asking to have his pulse felt and a medical opinion of his condition given immediately. In Persia every available doctor is consulted as a matter of course, and is expected to give a correct diagnosis on the spot after feeling the pulse and looking at the tongue. Dr. Cochran felt the pulse with all due solemnity, and then, with quiet acceptance of the Oriental situation, pronounced the entirely satisfactory verdict, "It feels as though royal blood were coursing through it." It was this light humour which brightened all his social intercourse. In travelling, no matter how great the inconvenience, he would either see the funny side of things in a quiet way, or he would take the hardship and disappointment with stoical unconcern. To one of the secretaries of the Board, tried extremely by the importunity of some Persian scholars and noblemen who had come to America, and who were penniless and would not work, he wrote:—

Your letter of 4th of September came two weeks ago, in the midst of Annual Meeting. It was interesting and amusing, and notwithstanding the tone of distress, if not of despair, in it, I confess I had a feeling of a little pleasure at the thought that you were being pressed and perplexed along the lines that we are so often. There is hardly a day but that some one person at least comes with the expression

that "I know but God above and you below, and so you *must* help me," etc.

In the familiarity of the Station life he was a great tease, and loved nothing better than a good practical joke, although he very much disliked being teased.

In the spring of 1898 [wrote Mrs. Labaree] Mr. Labaree was to go to Mosul to take over the business affairs of the Station, and was much distressed over the delay in starting caused by the late snowstorms. He had instructed Dr. Yonatan of Souj Bulak to telegraph when the roads were open. On April 1st Dr. Cochran sent on a telegram in Persian for Mr. Labaree, having written on the envelope, "excuse my opening," and inside what purported to be the translation from the Persian,—"New snows, blocked road, impassable for a month.—Yonatan." This greatly distressed Mr. Labaree, and he told a number of natives about it, and then it all turned out to be an April fool hoax! Dr. Cochran was always a delightful traveller. He knew how to make the hardest journey as comfortable as possible; he was always on the lookout for the comfort of all the members of the party, and had a fund of interesting stories and information with which to beguile the long hours. When he had been off on an itinerating journey he would spend several social evenings after his return in recounting his adventures to our little circle, and telling of the interesting places he had seen and the people he had met.

When Dr. Cochran toured in the mountains, he suffered not only from the ordinary discomforts that tired other missionaries, and from the swarms of people who came to be healed and left him no time for rest, but also from a very distressing dizziness at a high altitude or going over the very narrow bridges and past steep precipices. He dared not trust himself on his mule in such places, and often was forced to go on his hands and knees when he feared to walk. I heard him tell of a steep, icy incline down which his party was coming one summer's day up among the high peaks of Kurdistan. All had dismounted, and the doctor's mule, with saddlebags containing the precious medicines and in-

struments, began to slide down the steep, slippery mountainside, and could not stop itself. Faster and faster it slid, and suddenly before it loomed up a big rock right in its path. The doctor, watching with bated breath from above, gave up mule, medicines, and all for lost. But just before reaching the rock, the mule gathered its four feet together, gave a bound clean over the rock, came down on all fours, and continued to coast down the mountainside.

His charm was heightened by his genuine modesty. There was no pretentiousness or boasting of any sort. He always depreciated his abilities. He could write the most fascinating reports, but he spoke of them with diffidence and humility. He shrank from self-advertisement of every sort.

"In 1889," wrote one of his sisters, "when my brother visited my home in Sparta, N. Y., he yielded to my wishes, and spoke in our church one Sunday evening. It was always hard for him to talk about work in which he had taken a prominent part. I wanted him to tell about the circumstances leading to his receiving the decoration from the Shah, and to show the stars to the audience. But with his characteristic modesty he went to the service without them, and they were only shown when my husband in the pulpit, against my brother's protest, fastened them upon his coat while he was speaking."

And it was so also in Persia. He went about in a quiet and unpretentious way, careful always to do what the Persians deemed proper, but with no show or retinue of any sort. Mrs. Whipple tells of the trip which Dr. Cochran and Mr. Whipple took to Bagdad:—

One incident I recall that happened when Dr. Cochran and Mr. Whipple were taking a tour to Bagdad. Whenever they would meet in after years, they would refer with great enjoyment to the difference in the way an Occidental and

an Oriental looked upon the idea of *greatness*. As long as they were in Persia there was no trouble, but when they crossed over the border into Turkey, the custom house officials stopped them, and made such exorbitant demands that Dr. Cochran protested, telling them he was the American Hakim Sahib from Urumia.

They would not believe him, saying that such a great man must be a tall, fierce person, travelling with a large retinue of servants. They robbed them and let them go. Dr. Cochran warned them that they would be sorry, for they would be compelled to return the goods and pay a heavy fine besides. They would not listen. After finishing the journey to Bagdad, floating down the Tigris on a raft of goat skins, and returning by way of Babylon, and passing many thousands of pilgrims on the way to Mecca, they reached home. Dr. Cochran reported the case to the Governor, and in some time less than a year most of the stolen goods were returned with many apologies to the great American Doctor.

With innumerable provocations to lose his temper, he was noted for his calm and tranquil spirit and his patient acceptance of disappointment and thwarted plans. How wonderful such self-control is, those will appreciate who know the strain to which it is subjected in an Oriental land. He had come, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and he did not chafe at hindrances which he could not remove, nor complain because the conditions of service were difficult and trying. The natives never ceased to be impressed with his patience and quietness. By his example he preached as powerfully as any man ever preached by words. One native pastor writes:—

In 1896 I was with the late Mr. Labaree and Dr. Cochran on their journey to Kochanis on a mission of condolence to the Patriarch on the death of his brother, Eshay. Dr. Cochran was known to me throughout my life, but on this

journey were new dispositions and influences seen in him which I was not acquainted with before. When we reached Mawana the people came out to meet us on the way with a salute of rifle discharge. This village had often been saved from plunder and massacre through the efforts of Dr. Cochran. The following day the people accompanied us to the Turkish boundary. Soon afterwards we met the guards, who pointed their muskets to stop us. Dr. Cochran asked me to whisper to the chief as to who were the travellers. As soon as they heard the name of Cochran they lowered their muskets and accompanied us respectfully.

In Gawar a number of brave riders proceeded to meet us on the way. With them was Dr. Alexander, one of his pupils. In a short while we reached Dizza, the headquarters of the local ruler. According to the custom, Dr. Cochran and his party called on the pasha, who received him with great respect.

We were informed that a delay of nine days was necessary before receiving any order from Constantinople with regard to our advance towards Kochanis. In spite of this tiresome delay, and the urgent desire of the other members of the party to go forward or return to Urumia, he was calm, quiet, and patient until the time came when we were conveyed peacefully to the Patriarch. During our stay at Dizza many Kurdish chiefs called on Dr. Cochran.

Only one person of the party knew the delight the Patriarch had had in having such a new guest as that. He told me that he owed many obligations to the doctor. One of them was that through his kind efforts he was prevented from going to Constantinople, where he was called by the Turkish government.

Our journey lasted twenty days. During this period I realized his influence in the Kurdish mountains, his sympathy with the poor of our people, his honour by the Kurdish chiefs, and his skill as a doctor, but more than all, I learned the humble spirit and patience of a great man towards those who are uneducated.

One of the native doctors trained by him bears the same testimony:—

I have known Dr. Cochran for twenty years, the first five in college, and the next five in the hospital, studying there. During all this time I never noticed in this man any word or act that was not proper, whether in his dealings with his studies, pupils, or patients. I think that I am not mistaken if I say that he was above human, because I have seen no one like him. Whenever, we his students, were wrong in something, he would correct and advise us in such a pleasant way that we felt more pleased with him. He suffered many troubles, but he was always content, satisfied. He spent much time in entertaining his poor, dirty patients. I could not do what he used to do. I was once with him on the way to Salmas to visit a sick person; there was also a servant with us, and when we arrived in Kushchi it was night. Early in the morning, while dark, we left the place, and while in the mountains, where are dangerous passes, suddenly a band of horsemen,—highwaymen,—came upon us, and began to shoot at us I think they shot about twenty bullets, and we were shouting, "It is Dr. Cochran!" "It is Dr. Cochran." When they came nearer one of them recognized Dr. Cochran, and he came down from his horse, kneeled, and apologized. He was a servant of a chief who had been cured by Dr. Cochran in the hospital. I thought hereafter Dr. Cochran will not travel in the night, but he encouraged me, saying that this is the third time he has been shot at, but the Lord has saved him from all. And he talked with these as if nothing had happened. Within the last ten years I have been working with him among the officials and nobility of the country. The respect and esteem which he had among those people was simply extraordinary. They thought of him as their elder brother, wise and honourable. They had confidence in him by revealing to him their secrets, and asking his advice when they were in distress and trouble, and he used to help them as much as he could.

And one of his younger fellow missionaries, who was born in Persia, testifies:—

I used to know Dr. Cochran when I was a young man, and to admire him; but since I came back this time, his character has been a revelation to me of quiet unassuming

power. He illustrated the repose and calm of real strength more than any man it was ever my pleasure to meet. I have found this year that nothing I have ever known is such a continual strain upon one's temper and nerves as the continual contact with the smallness and pettiness of native character. I thought that I was amiable before I came here; I have had to revise this estimate of myself, and pray daily for patience. In all this the example of Dr. Cochran has been a continual lesson. No one had more to try him, yet no one was more uniformly calm and undisturbed in his treatment of the natives. No one saw more clearly their faults of character, yet no one was more fair and kind in his judgments of them. And it was not altogether due to his natural gentleness, but it was the result of a lifelong communion with the Master. Of that there was no shadow of a doubt. And he had his reward in the love and admiration which the people gave him. In spite of the adulation and flattery he received, and the real power he exercised, he was always the same humble, unassuming man to the end.

He truly loved the people, Mohammedan and Christian, and they knew that he loved them, and that he was living for them, and that, in a true sense, in his Master's spirit and name, he was bearing their transgressions and sins, and giving himself for them.

But the inner spring of his life was not feeling, but a firm and noble sense of duty and a steadfast devotion to what was right. This unbending conscientiousness showed itself in his frugality and precision in the use of mission money. He would never countenance any extravagance. If it was necessary for some one to undertake the unpleasant duty of scrutinizing another man's accounts and making criticism, he was ready. He wrote long letters to explain the necessity of what many would regard as small expenditures. But the money was all sacred money in his eyes, and an outlay of $200 needed the same moral justification as an outlay of $200,000. He obeyed with scrupulous fidelity

all the rules of the Station, the Mission, and the Board, and he thought that others should do so. He was courteous but perfectly firm in refusing to countenance loose disregard of these rules and all easy-going irregularity. He saw no reason why righteousness should cause bad feeling. "It is news to me," he wrote of one whose carelessness he had to check, "that Mr. —— entertained any but the kindest feelings toward me, as I have never had any other toward him." All moneys which came to him in his work he carefully accounted for, and would not regard presents to him for medical service as personal, but always credited them to the hospital, and if he wanted to keep a rug or a horse which had been given him, he would pay its value into the hospital funds. He had a sense of honour in such things, as fine and keen as the edge of the sharpest dagger blade worn by any of his Kurdish friends or foes. He never shirked work or evaded duty, however hard and unpleasant. He never complained of having too much on hand or of being loaded with more than his share of work. The rules of Archbishop Benson were illustrated in his life:—

Not to call attention to crowded work, or petty fatigues, or trivial experiences.

To heal wounds which in times past my cruel and careless hands have made.

To seek no favour, no compassion; to deserve, not ask, for tenderness.

Not to feel any uneasiness when my advice or opinion is not asked, or is set aside.

But he had no careless hands. His touch was ever gentle and healing, and he threw his whole self into all that he did. "He was so very careful," wrote one of the Anglican missionaries, "at every turn to do the

thing he had in hand, and that only, and had an extraordinary capacity for throwing himself into the work that he was for the time engrossed with. On each occasion he seemed to be a different person, yet through all he was the same. It is difficult to explain what I mean, but I know it came to him on account of his being able to throw himself so whole-heartedly into the task he had in hand, that for the time being he forgot his other gifts. It is from such lives that we learn the meaning of missionary zeal."

Seeing him in his work of unselfish mediation one would have supposed him to be a high-minded diplomatist and no doctor, and seeing him in simple social intercourse he would never have been thought of as the great mediator of northwest Persia, and when he was in his wards among his patients he was so much a doctor that one could not think of him as aught else. Whatever his hands found to do, they did with their might.

Such a man was, of course, a great element of peace and good will and concord in a Mission Station. He could get on with anybody, for the simple reason that he could be unselfish, and he would not quarrel. "I think I am right," he wrote once of certain troubles in other Stations, "in saying that the root of most of this evil is the sin which all of us are in danger of falling into, of not getting on nicely with our associates—a sin which, though difficult to keep out of, after all, we have no excuse for committing. I confess I am tired of it—so tired that it will, I know, be easier for me to keep away from it. I believe one of our chief duties is to get on peaceably with those who are working with us, and if we don't do it, we are not worthy to hold the high positions given to us. Look-

ing at the least evil which this produces the missionaries have no right to be the cause of the loss of so much money out of the Lord's Treasury."

He kept the peace in his own Station always, and though often difficult problems arose, they were cared for with a tact and good judgment and Christian kindness which made the Station a model in these regards, or as nearly a model as a Mission Station of human beings is likely to become.

And there were still more perplexing problems always present in the matter of the relation of the Mission to other Missions. For years the Mission cultivated the field alone. There never was room for more than one Mission, but first the Roman Catholics came, then the Anglican Mission, then innumerable small ventures—American and European congregations or individuals supporting Nestorian preachers, educated, for the most part, in the Presbyterian schools, some honest but others eager for the larger pay and for the absence of all supervision, enjoyed by them as independent missionaries. Dozens of these Missions grew up, many of them of the most fraudulent character, some of them manned by Persians who had married American young women, whom they had brought back to Oriental conditions. The problem of self-support, which one Mission undisturbed could have worked out, and the problem of national self-respect among the Nestorians, became almost impossible of solution. All of these Missions depended more or less on Dr. Cochran. His shadow rested upon every one of them. The young men who had gone to America and Europe, and had come back with support for independent and divisive work, still went to him when in trouble, and looked to him as the great protector of the nation. He refused none.

He showed no resentment or ill will, though the conditions which came to exist presented the most flagrant violation of the principles of Mission comity and co-operation to be found anywhere in the world. It cut him to the heart to see what was being done in the name of Christ, but he would quarrel with none, and kept the friendship of all, though they knew what his views were and the earnestness of his disapproval of all sectarian divisions.

His religious life was unostentatious, but it was deep and true. Mrs. Cochran writes:—

He said he never could make speeches and prepare prayer-meeting talks, though perhaps not all who heard him would agree with him. However that may have been, he had a gift for *living* his religion down to the minutest detail of his daily life.

From what I learned of his life, I feel that it came from his habit of frequent, I might say, constant prayer.

He had always a freshness about his public prayer that showed it was not a routine performance. He had none of those set phrases, to one who listened to his daily morning and evening family prayers, as well as joined many times in his private devotions. But one phrase could I ever detect as recurring frequently and that may have been only for those few trying months,—"as in the hollow of Thy hand."

And God kept him so. Once at Tabriz I remember he received a note or telegram while we were at dinner which involved us in serious perplexity, upsetting plans we had made. Directly dinner was over he said he would go and see some one relative to the business in hand. I asked him to come to our room a moment first, and when we were alone I said, "I think we ought to pray about it a few minutes first before you do anything." He turned to me with such wide-open, blue eyes and said, "Why certainly, I've been praying about it ever since I received the letter." And yet to have seen him taking his part in the conversation during dinner, one would not have guessed. Any one who came close enough to know his heart realized how vital a

part of his being prayer was. He conducted morning prayers in Syriac and evening prayers with the family alone, without the servants, in English. He had his private devotions as well, and has told me that he made it a practice the first thing when he awoke in the morning to go over all the duties he had before him in the day and pray over them. He prayed as he walked or rode about the city. When any knotty problem came up, no matter where, his calm, partial preoccupation meant in him prayer, as he has confessed to me. He once said, "I spend very little time on my knees in prayer, but a great deal on my feet."

"Knowing that we have constantly committed our way to the Lord," he wrote regarding a great disappointment, "and believing that He is leading us, although not in paths that we would choose, we yield to His will." This was not perfunctory. It was his life. But his life was not a passive submission. It was an active fulfilling of the will of God. As the *Buffalo Express* said in a leading editorial after the tidings of his death had come:—

The late Dr. Cochran was an inspired example of the consecrated mission worker. He was earnest and tireless, not only in spreading the faith, but in disseminating a knowledge of health conditions among the masses of ignorant natives in Persia. With the aid of funds from home, he built up a flourishing hospital for the benefit of thousands who had never even heard of such an institution before. He gained a standing which gave him power among the native authorities, and he used it for the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the people among whom he had placed himself. He buried himself in darkness in which a mind so finely educated as his could find no reward but that of seeing his work prosper and seeing his thousands of charges benefit. He gave to this far-away land talents which would have won him distinction and remuneration in civilization, and he leaves an indispensable gift to Persia in the form of a well-organized medical institution and a corps of efficient assistants to promote the work.

In his relations to his fellows his magnanimity was unbounded. He offered once to give up his post in Urumia to another and go to Salmas, or if it would be more acceptable, to have the friend to whom he was writing come to Urumia and take the first place, Dr. Cochran taking a place as his assistant. And the proposition was made in all honesty and sincerity. He was not seeking his own, but the things of Jesus Christ.

Such a man made a profound impression on all who came to know him. The Engish and Russian consuls were won by him, and took him into their confidence. Whatever was worth knowing about affairs in northwestern Persia he knew. Officials all over the Empire knew him and respected him. In Urumia he walked to and fro as a living Christian evidence. "Mingling so freely as he does with the higher classes of Moslems in this town," wrote Dr. Labaree in 1903, "he is creating a deeper impression upon them as to the superior worth of the Christian faith than arguments from the most able controversialists could do." And his work was helping to produce wide-reaching and enduring changes. In religious character, as well as in social and political conditions, the Nestorians, and to no small extent, the Moslems of the field in which he worked were deeply affected by his life. They are not, and never can be again what they were when he came, in 1878, as a young man, to contribute his life to the enlarged work of the "Mission to the Nestorians." "It is a vindication of the American missionary effort beyond cavil, that when their field is lighted up by an event of world-wide interest such a work is revealed, the fruit of two generations of Americans," said the *Boston Transcript* in an editorial in January, 1907, with regard to the agitation in Persia for a constitution, which it closed

with an account of Dr. Cochran, "who played a rôle to some extent such as the one that other modern hero 'Chinese Gordon' enacted in China."

But only in the intimacy of the fellowship of his own Mission Station, where sickness, and sorrow, and common work, and common peril drew men together in a brotherhood closer than a brotherhood of blood, was Dr. Cochran known in his true worth. And Dr. W. A. Shedd writes:—

One of the aspects of Dr. Cochran's character that ought to be mentioned is his great usefulness as a member of the Station in its councils and its community life. It is well within the truth to say that in all Station questions, certainly since my father's death, his counsel has always been depended on as the most weighty of all. This has been the case not merely in his own department, but in every department of the work. He was never hasty or forward in the expression of his opinion, but he never dodged an issue when it came up squarely. We could always be sure in Station Meeting that he would have a well considered opinion on every important subject, and that this opinion would be carefully and clearly expressed. He never pressed the claims of his own department of work at the expense of other departments. He always took cheerfully the share of the "cut" that fell to him, and that share was likely to be larger rather than smaller than his proportion. He was very faithful in attending all Station Meetings, regarding them as part of his work just as much as anything else, and just as conscientiously performed. Outside of Station Meeting in the more informal but equally important counsels of work, he was just as indispensable. Matters that were complicated by a personal element he did more than any one else to guide. His reticence and his absolute loyalty to any confidences confided to him led missionaries to go to him in matters that they might hesitate to mention in Station Meeting. This was true in all his work. Every one had confidence in him and had no fear in telling him their private affairs. While his own personal preferences had

but little weight in the decisions made, he allowed very generously for the preferences of others—possibly too much. In all these ways he was a most useful and helpful missionary associate, just as much depended on in private matters as in matters of more public character, and not least in those questions which are most difficult in missionary life because they are neither exclusively private nor wholly public. I remember how emphatically he once spoke of the deference and cordiality with which my father treated his juniors in missionary service. What he said was true, and I have no doubt that Dr. Cochran owed not a little to the wise companionship of my father and mother; and all that he said of my father could just as truly be said of himself. I have many times had occasion to ask his advice, and always got the best, but I have no single memory of a case in which he intruded or insisted upon his opinion being followed.

While he was such a burden-bearer, he was very chary of placing burdens on others. He carried his own work on alone in very great measure, partly, perhaps, from a quiet and just sense of his own strength, certainly not from any selfish desire to have his own way, and mainly, I believe, from an unwillingness to increase the burdens of others. His reticence as to his own work, and his unwillingness to trouble others were possibly carried too far—too far, at least, for the curiosity and interest of some of us. Another reason, I think, for this characteristic of quiet independence was that he was too calm and clear-sighted to exaggerate the importance of incidents. He was not unmindful of the abiding importance of our work, but he did not feel that every difficult question was a momentous one. When crises came, he met them calmly, and asked advice; but he did not anticipate troubles by peering into the future to find them. It may be that he bore his burdens too much alone, that he would have lived longer if he had shared more with others. He certainly had his share of bitterness and ingratitude and unkindness from others; but these personal troubles he never spoke of, unless some missionary interest were at stake. Most of the occurrences of this nature were never mentioned to any one except, perhaps, those nearest of all; and no personal issue ever entered into his relations

to others. In the social life of the Station, his place was a large one. Genial, refined, and of unusual conversational power, he entered heartily into the little social occasions that enliven and refresh the missionary life. He said that nothing in America was more refreshing than the fact that he could cast off reserve and ceremony. Here he never felt that he could cast off his public position. The servants in the house at least were witnesses. In spite of this real limitation, he enjoyed the relaxation of games, music, and social intercourse. Besides these, his recreations were horseback riding, of which he was fond, and an occasional excursion to some place where the scenery was grand. The troubles of the last two years of his life made it impossible to ride freely on short rides, for even the nearer hills were too near the Kurds. How many times he headed parties to the top of Seir Mountain no one can tell, but it is safe enough to say that there were as many ascents as years in his life, and that his zest for the ride and the scenery never lost its keenness. Much as we loved him as a friend, host, companion, and associate in work, we loved him most as our physician. He was never too weary to respond to a call, nothing was too trivial to gain his attention, and nothing so serious as to disturb his self-control. For years he was an almost daily visitor in my home, and the memories of weakness and suffering are hallowed by his presence. His sense of humour and the quiet feeling of his strength were more marked in the sick room than anywhere else. And as he went with us down into the valleys, dark with the shadows of death, and even to the brink of the river, his tenderness and skill never failed him. As my father wrote on the bed of his last sickness, Dr. Cochran's presence in the sick room was a revelation of the blessings of a missionary physician. What he was to us he was, as opportunity offered, to the poorest and most degraded. We who knew him best, honoured him, trusted him, reverenced him, and loved him; and more than ever, if possible, now that he is not with us.

There was one in America who knew him as well as his associates in Urumia, one who had known him from his boyhood, and had loved him from the first for what

he was and what he was to be and do. "His was a pure life of consecration to the highest ideals, and an absolutely unselfish devotion to duty," writes Mr. S. M. Clement, of Buffalo. "Here was a man who had put aside the alluring ambitions of a most promising professional career in this country, and was living day by day, and every day, the Christ-life amid the perils and privations of fanatical, heathen Persia. Nothing but the teaching and example of Christ can explain such a life; and he had more of His spirit than any man I have ever known."

And Mr. Clement has nobly pictured him in the inscription on the tablet now set in the wall of the new Cochran Memorial Hospital which Mr. Clement has built in Urumia, where Dr. Cochran was born and did his work, and died, and now rests from his toil:—

THIS BUILDING IS ERECTED IN LOVING MEMORY OF

JOSEPH PLUMB COCHRAN, M. D.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN, THE FOUNDER OF THIS HOSPITAL, AND THE FRIEND OF PEOPLE OF EVERY RACE, CREED, AND RANK, SKILFUL IN HEALING, WISE IN COUNSEL, GENTLE IN SPIRIT, DEFENDING THE OPPRESSED, RELIEVING THE POOR, COMFORTING THE DYING. IN LOYAL DEVOTION TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, "WHO CAME NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO BUT TO MINISTER," HE HERE GAVE HIS LIFE THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE.

BORN URUMIA, JANUARY 14, 1855.
DIED URUMIA, AUGUST 18, 1905.

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